

THE ART REVIEW



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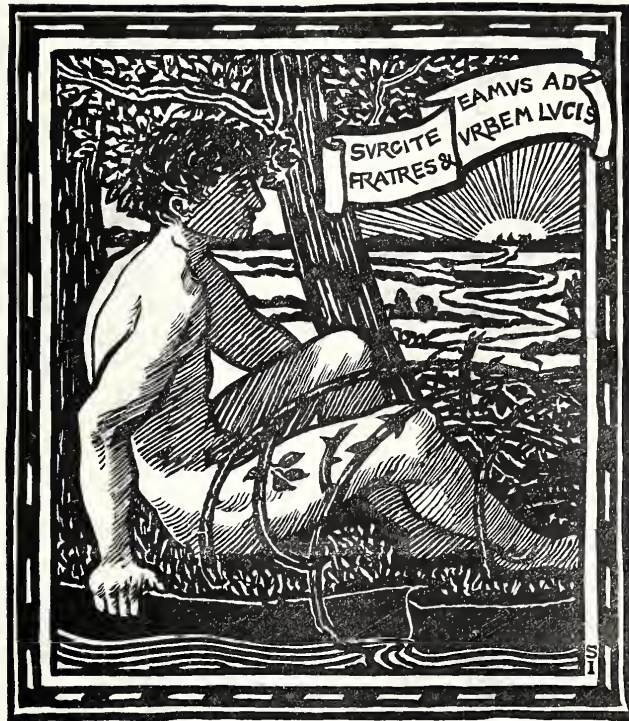
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THE ART REVIEW



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WALTER SCOTT,
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THE OLD AND NEW

Together meet,
Around the world, across the street,
As neighbours side by side that greet;
As friends, or foes, as false or true;
Whose tale the heedless hours repeat

Two stems entwined, to part & greet,
From one root springing, bitter-sweet
With flower & fruitage, seed to sown,
The Old & New.

Since, serpent-twined, their knowledge knew
The heart of man, between the two,
With clinging hands, & winged feet,
He stands, the sport of time's deceit,
The parti-coloured shield in view -
The Old & New.

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WEEDING OUT WALHALLA: A VISION OF JUDGMENT.



THE nineteenth century, co-incidentally with the appearance of this magazine, enters upon its nonage, and before it passes from that last stage into the night with 'yesterday's seven thousand years,' were it not a kindly action and timely, to rearrange its Walhalla of Men of the Time, so that the young twentieth century might find some room in those chambers of heroes (and horrors?) to erect its own brave puppets. For the strain upon one's organs of veneration, if immortals are turned out so rapidly, and permitted to accumulate at compound interest, as it were, would be a cruelly appalling burden to lay on the shoulders of even a lusty new century. At present the mixed crew of ramshackle effigies we have allowed to be set up therein crowd and confuse those few great ones in every class that the world would not willingly allow to sink into forgetfulness. For the motley mob are, as a whole, somewhat in the state that Dart, chronicler of Westminster Abbey in the eighteenth century, describes the waxen images of kings and queens as shown to the public therein. He says of them: 'Sadly mangled some, some with their faces broke, others broken in sunder, and most of them stripped of their robes, I suppose by the late rebels. I observe the ancients have escaped best.' This sentence is so apt in connection with the subject, particularly when regarding the special group of art-heroes which alone concern us in this paper, that it might have been written of set purpose to describe the puppets of painters, sculptors, and musicians added to the English Walhalla in this now expiring century.

Any one who seriously took the trouble to hunt up the men in all the branches of the arts who are still supposed to be beyond criticism, and their very names breathed with bated breath, would find a noble army of arrant humbings enshrined cheek-by-jowl with the real immortals. For without any wish to speak ill of the king who enters his last decade to-day, in his youth he had only bucolic conceptions of art that seem insufferable when we recall the polished super-refinement of his late royal parent, Century the Eighteenth, and towards middle age became positively unbearable. At fifty-one the dreadful Philistine was seized with a passion for Art, and indulged his depraved taste in reckless fashion, decorating all sorts of non-entities with orders of nobility, and even conferring

immortality' on a few of his courtiers. The peaceful disposition of which he boasted during this saturnalia of sentiment lasted but a few years, and then, perhaps by way of penance for having lost his temper and actually lifting his blameless hands in battle, he betrayed strong ecclesiastical tendencies, and until he was nearly seventy made all the arts assume the old-fashioned vestments and speak in the obsolete tongue of some hundreds of years ago. This period of his reign was spiky and spotty beyond precedent. At seventy, like other old men, he altered, and welcomed a relative of his, said to be a lineal descendant of his royal ancestress, Queen Anne, a consort of Century XVIII., to assist him in matters of taste. This excellent female, whose early life had been passed among the Dutch, was undoubtedly artistic in her tendencies,—bourgeois and homely it is true, but still with a smattering of respect for the arts, heretofore singularly wanting in his character. Now the old king, if ageing rapidly, yet has a clear, bright brain, and seems disposed, like many a hoary reprobate, to revert to his father's tastes, and believe again in the artists of old, and the moderns who work consistently forward on the old lines.

By order of the king and the sudden clamour of the mob (always painfully anxious to atone for their neglect during an artist's life by erecting a memorial tablet to record his many virtues) the number of tenth-rate prosaic plodders and superficial amateurs who have been hoisted upon pedestals in the gallery of worthies is a lamentable sight. But to weed out the rubbish and leave only the real celebrities is a task beset with difficulty, for who could be trusted to undertake it? If to-day we arraign all the ninety years' accumulation of great ones, we must naturally insist that each class is judged by its peers alone. And as the province of the arts is tolerably wide, to adequately sort, dust, and replace the heterogeneous rows of artistic immortals would be a work both delicate and laborious. For, of course, in common justice every hero should be honoured with a fair trial; witnesses—if any could be found—to extol his virtues and speak of his good works, and an *advocatus diaboli* to bring up all his past crimes and misdeeds ere he received canonisation, and was labelled with a government stamp (without which he would not be genuine) as a warranted pure master of veritable nineteenth-century reputation, with patent everlasting laurels.

To select the forty immortals who reign at Burlington House, and enrol them as judges, would be an easy solution, but quite impracticable. Their graceful President lacks the requisite brutality that must infuse such an undertaking; and again, if so, we could do no less than allow vacant pedestals to the present forty, duly warranted, to be occupied at such times as circumstances permitted them to fulfil the engagement.

Now, to devote forty places in the Walhalla to the present group of R.A.'s were exactly — too many. (The number is here left to the imagination; it would look over-large set forth in black and white.) Again, the Royal Academy might, when granted such an immense extension of its power of conferring immortality, suddenly develop a feeling of mutual admiration, which, as we know, is entirely absent at present, and in a fine frenzy of log-rolling decide that the title of R.A., past, present, and future, was in itself equivalent to the official stamp of immortality.

The editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* might be trusted to rise to the occasion, and by invoking a plebiscite of his readers, with the assistance of His Holiness the Pope, Cardinal Manning, and the Lord Mayor, satisfactorily dispose of the whole question in a week. But with all deference to his great genius for organisation, he has in him too much of the element of a re-incarnation of the good and great Prince Consort to wield the sceptre of Rhadamanthus in the arts. Had morals been our province, then indeed we could have turned for relief to him, but he is not even hypothetically possible in this position.

Mr. James McNeil Whistler is obviously the next to be thought of; he could not drag in Velasquez this time, yet a Walhalla of one only would be——! But the subject is too delicate, and we may pass on to those who would not confess the whole truth quite so frankly. We want the truth, of course, but not too much of it. The new English Art Club suggests another alternative, and could be trusted to be aggressively honest in its rejection; but the known modesty of many of its choicest members would hinder them from claiming any vacant pedestals, and we would fain in the rearranged Walhalla have examples of that mixture of impudence and dignity so typical of the latter days of this century. Messrs. Pears, again, have experience in testing the actual popularity of our draughtsmen; but a Walhalla all Pears's-soap artists would be too monotonous if sober and charming in the colour of its heroes' robes. The *Punch* staff would hardly do for this royal commission; for, bashful as they are, they might hesitate in according their late members the immortality which they deserve, and be too timid to claim it for their present self-effacing helpers.

Set as a puzzle it might add a new delight to dull country-houses at the same time. A prize for the nearest correct answer to the heroes of the arts for the last ninety years (from memory) would be a happy-go-lucky way out of the difficulty singularly like the natural course of fame. But memories are short, and the ordinary visitors to picture galleries would probably select the explosive, sensational tableaux, and disregard the quiet and more earnest work that should be represented in such a gathering. For men who placed art first, and left notoriety and gold out of their reckoning, at least deserve posthumous fame. The more one ponders over the initial difficulties of the task, the less practical it becomes; but it should be

faced. If any one doubt it, let him go to Christie's when a fine old crusted collection of masters of the 'thirties' to the 'sixties' is being dispersed; or, if that experiment is out of his reach, let him conscientiously wade through a set of the *Art Journal*, and the flagrant atrocities miscalled art that faced him constantly would impart vigour to his arm, and enable him to wield a broom to sweep away the lumber. For a large proportion of the ill-assorted crowd of hallowed notabilities might go to-morrow, and they never would be missed.

To recall even in memory the manner of their crimes, the visible tokens of their shortcomings, is a depressing but a healthy penance. The scenes from Shakespeare and the standard play-writers, with their anachronisms and want of truth; the sentimental young women with fanciful names, large eyes, and unholy complexions; the historical distortions of facts and fiction; the shipwrecks and rescued passengers; the fisherwives' vigils; the humorous yet moral subjects; the pathetic but yet more moral ones, and the scriptural burlesques that are unintentional blasphemies of the deepest dye; the fulsomely loyal pictures of Her Gracious Majesty and H.R.H. her late Consort, picnicking, reading Bibles to sick cottagers, gazing sentimentally at sunsets, and bespattered with babies above, around, and below them; the awful series when the *Idylls of the King* sent painters to Wardour Street and the theatrical property-men to repeople the Middle Ages with scarecrows, and thousands of others, could all be exchanged gladly for a single impression of a woodcut by some of our living men.

Not that, by reason of later appreciation of certain truths of light and colour, one would willingly lose all the rather-old masters, those who in their day worked sincerely and honestly up to the level of their knowledge, although to us it seems they wilfully shut their eyes to the greater truths that some of the still older masters held in store for them, as clearly as they now do for us. But the feeble folk who, all through the Victorian epoch, hid their heads ostrich-like to all other schools, and blindly groped after nature, not in their own way, but in humble imitation of greater workers—who took their truths of technique and their truths of feeling at second or third hand, *they* deserve no sentimental leniency, but a swift and final dismissal to that obscurity from which they never should have emerged. Some of the same half-hearted renegades are yet alive, and gain gold and fame, to the exclusion of more simple and honest workers, and for such one doubts whether the benevolent neutrality of silence is not almost equivalent to becoming accessories after the fact to their mean crimes.

But to wish that besides dethroning the effigies of these gods with feet of clay we could also efface their works, and by a drastic sentence clear the country of their presence, is a dream too wild to indulge even in fancy. But if, armed with a brush and whitewash, we could hide certain frescoes at Westminster and elsewhere, or could despatch by one of Mr. Plimsoll's con-

demned vessels most of the statues in London and our provinces, in a vessel bound for Africa, and in charge of a carefully assorted crew of incompetent usurpers to the title of artist, it would be good. The whole army of marble and bronze terrors might be exported to some tribe of savages in Mid-Africa, cannibals if possible, who yet worship the personification of ugliness in their fetishes, and who might be trusted to forsake their aboriginal devils for the imported substitutes.

Fancy a free England relieved of the hideous nightmare of these libels upon humanity in paint and plaster. At the same time, the presentation pictures commemorative of royal and civic events, after being reproduced in photography, as possibly useful records to future historians, might also be given to the slave-dealers as a more fascinating crime, because more lasting, than even the cruelties they indulge themselves with, and practise on their sentient victims.

But it is evidently impossible; the evolution of events must be gradual, yet Time, the great democrat, will undertake the task, and fulfil it, if we may not, and perhaps more speedily than many good people think. There are to-day, beyond all doubt, certain new forces at work that, however wild and incoherent the more conservative may deem them in their expression at present, are yet founded upon a study of natural laws and effects.

The art of photography has taught us many things: has made us dissatisfied with incorrect perspective, has shown us that the old conventional arrangement of a picture into certain set forms of composition is a ghastly attempt to improve upon nature. We realise, too, to-day that life is at once less typical and more subtle than the older moderns (if the phrase may be allowed) viewed it. That dramatic handling of a subject need not be theatrical is beginning to dawn upon us. We see that nature out of doors cannot be mimicked by paintings in a studio; that the model, though ever so skilfully bedecked, fails to satisfy us; and that kings, saints, heroes, and beggars cannot be reproduced from an immovable sitter at a shilling an hour.

For if the standard that satisfied the Royal Academy of twenty years since—we dare not say of to-day—is yet acceptable, then the hand-painted pictures cannot compare with their mechanical imitations. A coloured

photograph—nay, that climax of horror, an oleograph—is yet as full of feeling, truth, and colour as the works of the dear departed worthies who reigned but lately. As the old chronicle observed, so it is now: 'The ancients suffer least.' Constable, Linnell, Mulready, Phillip, Turner, and many an one of the earlier group, with Rossetti, Stevens, Fred Walker, and not a few of those.

'the loveliest and best,
That from his vintage rolling Time hath prest,'

and who have crept so silently to rest, it seems but yesterday, would remain enshrined in the most honourable places; while of those among us, who, we may hope, will live long into the coming century, but yet belong to the dying one, there are not wanting plenty with unchallenged right to equal honours. But if the rest of the whilom heroes, by reason of their brief usurpation, should linger on in legend as martyrs to a new ideal of perfection, we should know that their only claim for modified respect was that they knew no better, and that although their martyrdom came so late, they deserved it long ere it arrived. To speak of living men by name in this connection were an ungracious thing; but for those who still presume on the ignorance of the public, who still debase their art by dishonest content with worn-out traditions, and cover their canvases after receipts of a time when Art was unknown, when the satisfied insularity of Englishmen forbade any comparison with foreign schools, and claimed its ignorance of all but native work as a virtue, the day is nearly over. The signs of the times are ominous. What the younger generation prize as a watchword, and hardly dare to utter, lest they be scouted as rebels, becomes the law and custom of to-morrow. The ruling powers of the new century are among us to-day at school, at college, or with the first laurel leaf yet fresh on their brows, and they are after all the real judges of the past, and may, in view of wider knowledge and increased belief in Gainsborough's oft-quoted 'God Almighty' as the Headmaster of Art, weed out the Walhalla of the century, and hang fresh garlands before the images of those heroes who carried on the glorious legend of Art pure and untainted throughout a dark period, that broke, however, towards its close into a new Renaissance, too near at present to appreciate at its true worth.



AMATEUR WORKERS.

ONE of the manifestations of the modern spirit of the age, to which the elders of the generation can with difficulty reconcile themselves, is the universal desire for publicity that has broken out like a disease among women. To be spoken of in the papers is as honey and butter in the mouth of the sex which once dreaded to see its name in print, as it would have dreaded any other form of disgrace. To be discussed as platform speakers or as insurgents against all the rules and laws which once distinguished women of honourable name from those of shady repute, is as delightful as the act of shooting stags and tigers—as pleasant as that of smoking in railway carriages quite comfortably with their chance fellow-travellers. When their claim soars no higher, a laudatory notice of the cut of a cloak or the colour of a gown satisfies the ambitious craving, and is for the moment sufficiency of honour. Whatever else may stand as characteristic of this special time, the extraordinary influx of women into public life, and their intense desire for notoriety, must be put in the forefront—heading all the rest.

It is this desire for notoriety which leads to the eager display of amateur work. Any girl who can mix two colours together to make a third, or who can draw a figure which in some sort resembles the thing it is meant to represent, forthwith rushes into an exhibition of Ladies' Art, and thinks she has achieved distinction by the process. She knows so little of the art she attempts as to be ignorant of her shortcomings; and because she finds the occupation pleasant, and has been praised by the home circle, she imagines she has the 'divine spark,' and can win the approbation of the criticising world. She does not see that it is just here where the difference of merit lies. A thing which is pleasant, useful, lovely in the home, is valueless when brought out into the public market-place, and the proficiency which the family does well to honour the criticising world is in its right to disregard.

We have only to visit the unregistered exhibitions of ladies' art-work, held in certain places in London, to see the pitifulness of the majority of these outputs by amateurs. A few may be vigorous—striking in design and broad in execution—worthy to be ranked as real artistic effort; but the greater proportion is pure feebleness, both in thought and manipulation, and utterly unworthy of exhibition. How should it not be so? Neither in art nor in any work of human hand can excellence be reached without trained endeavour. And this trained endeavour is the key to success which amateurs lack. They mistake facility for perfectness, and pleasure in the doing for skill in the execution. Like those humbler workers who gaily offer themselves as capable cooks when they have not been taught to

properly roast a leg of mutton, or who undertake the responsibilities of a nurse when they cannot dress an infant without hurting it, these self-taught, home-bred Angelica Kauffmans offer their productions as finished achievements without having properly learned the essential rudiments. Of that severity of training which is part and parcel of the professional's education the amateur knows nothing. Of that steady devotion to work, which also is part and parcel of the professional's education, she knows as little of that other. Yet, lacking these two essentials for proficiency, she rushes into competition with the well-trained and fully equipped; and while she fortifies her own pride by this publicity, pours on the world a flood of bad work not deserving the name of art at all—work which makes the compassionate, and those who have the woman's cause at heart, sorrowful and ashamed, and which gives the enemy cause to blaspheme.

Home praise has had its fatal effect, and misled the untrained amateur by its false echo of public acclaim. So has the personal pleasure which she finds in what she does, and which she mistakes for the joy of genius glad to express itself. Want of opportunity for comparison leaves her ignorant of the height that has been attained by others, and consequently of the lowness of the level where she stands. The desire for notoriety, so universal at this moment, spurs her on to publicly parade her failure; and the hope of making money, which haunts the impecunious and leads them like a will-o'-the-wisp into unfathomable morasses, dazzles her with the belief that for her poor little attempts purchasers will be found, by whom the meagrely supplied family coffers will be replenished. This is true of ninety-nine in a hundred of those who can draw a cow with four 'straight standers' and not five, and who can indicate some kind of difference between a weeping willow and a Lombardy poplar.

All this is a mistake—a mistake in direction and in calculation. The amount of proficiency which may well adorn a house and keep a girl pleasantly employed, and yet not unprofitably, when held good enough for professional success and professional competition, sinks into the very abyss of failure. Family approbation is no sign of the world's acclaim. Sanguine faith in a success hoped for, but not rigidly worked for, ends in that tumble-down from the sunny skies of hope into the bitter waters of disappointment which more than one of these mournful sisters has had to endure. And yet modestly handled and quietly applied, this amateur art is practically invaluable. Kept for the home, it adorns the home; and a girl who can handle pencil, brush, or needle, and who has a tolerably good eye for colour, may make a barren house beautiful.

We all know houses where the domestic art is good and the family finances are small. The girls of the house are here the good fairies whose touch changes the face of all things. They paint and decorate and adorn all at the cost of a few shillings, but at the comparative worth of many pounds. From basement to garret those busy fingers have transformed ugliness into beauty. Instead of meagreness there is a wealth of design and a flood of colour. Simple material is painted over till it has lost its poverty and put on richness. Ugly fireplaces are draped in well-worked material of which the upset price is only a few pence. Worn-out and old-fashioned furniture is adorned and renovated in the same way. Hideous wall-papers are blotted out by a harmonious tint of cheap wash, where perhaps a few pretty touches are thrown by way of relief to the monotony. The effect of this once poor and distorted house is that of harmony, colour, sufficiency, artistic beauty; and no one looks too closely, for no one is called on to criticise. In one place known to us, where the stuff for the curtains ran short, the clever-fingered daughter of the house painted a paper valance with such exactness of reproduction as to deceive even those who were in the secret; and her painted tambourines, bellows, milk-stools, and the like, which would not fetch sixpence in the open market, here saved the outlay of pounds for bought decorations.

Here, then, is the perfectly legitimate and righteous use of the amateur's work. Things which are practically unsaleable in the streets are priceless in the home; and the work which would have been beaten out of the field if brought into competition with trained professional endeavour, kept to its legitimate issues, is as valuable as if it were a gem from a master's hand. For we can do but one of two things in the way of bettering our finances—make money or save it. Unfortunately for the world at this present time women prefer the former to the latter method, and will not save because they aspire to make. This is a pity for all concerned—for the world, which is overstocked with feeble efforts and bad work generally—for the women, who, first inflated by false hopes, afterwards collapse by disappointment—and for the sweetness of home-life, which gets not a little lost in the strain and turmoil introduced by this ambitious desire for publicity and this false hope of money-making.

It is the same with all other forms of art as it is with painting. Brilliant exponents, who know nothing of the dry science of composition, rattle off a score that sins against every law of musical grammar. It may have a kind of sparkle in some of its phrases; but the trained musician could point out a dozen faults, where the notes jar on the educated taste if the sound satisfies the uneducated ear. So with literature. The amount of wordy rubbish in this department is a standing marvel. Literature indeed is more widely resorted to by amateurs than even painting. If a girl has the very smallest faculty for day-dreaming she assumes that she can weave a readable romance, where the power of drawing lifelike characters, of keeping up a

sustained and natural conversation, of making a graphic description, and of gradually unravelling a possible plot, will come by that magic inspiration in which amateurs so touchingly confide. For the minor matters of style, of composition, of even elemental grammar, the self-complacent amateur has small heed. Not knowing the requisites, she does not know the lack of them in her own method, but offers her poor little effort with a hope, a confidence, to the last degree pathetic in view of the inevitable disappointment that has to come. Not one of the hundreds of untrained writers who rush into literature as a paying business or a private amusement has the very faintest idea of the need of an apprenticeship. All think that if they can write a letter they can write a book, and that the one requires a no more perfect literary equipment than the other, and no more arduous training. If they have money, they pay the publisher who brings them out. If they are poor, they have lost the time which might have been employed in some work of a more practical and less ambitious kind. And in either case they have emphatically wasted energies which had a valuable and useful outlet if only they would have found it.

In this flood of amateur work with which the public is overwhelmed, and by which the public taste is lowered, the failing is not necessarily so much want of faculty as want of training. Many who now turn out work not worth the cost of the material would be able to do really creditably if they had due cultivation and disciplinary training; just as many who send into the public market artistic wares that excite only critical derision could make their own houses beautiful, and could help in the enrichment of the bare and barren parish church. In the first case they would save more money than they could ever hope to make; and, what is quite as valuable to the refined and impecunious well-born, they would save appearances by hiding the ugly fact of straitened means. In the second, the whole neighbourhood would be the gainers by the exhibition of colour, form, and decoration in the place of emptiness. This would be the rule and not the exception, were it not for the modern mad desire for notoriety, and the as mad belief that money is to be made by untrained work as easily as by sweeping a crossing on a wet Sunday morning in a populous neighbourhood. This modern madness is an incubus on production, or rather it is like the addition of so much water to wine. It swells the amount, but it lowers the standard of strength. It breeds false hopes and a spirit of vanity not apt to make the home happier where the unrecognised genius neglects her everyday household duties for the enchantments of unsaleable art and the fascination of unpaid literature. It diverts the channel of energies which would be fertilising enough in their own true direction, but which, thus diverted, either damage that tract whereon they empty themselves, or run through a waste which they are too feeble to enrich.

E. LYNN LINTON.

LETTERS FROM EGYPT.—I., II.

I.

PORT SAID, 20th December 1888.

THE rash promise I made you the other day is already harder of fulfilment than promises usually are, and that, you will admit, is saying a good deal. Fortunately I have not undertaken to keep a diary for your benefit, nor to attempt the description for you of places you already know, and none other am I likely to see; I am merely from time to time to set down the impression made upon me by the actual sight of those scenes of nature and monuments of art of which we have both read so much, and in which we both take so keen an interest. Mere archaeology has no charm for either of us. We care only for ancient works in which art still abides; we value for themselves neither size nor supreme antiquity. Beauty, wherever we can find it, whether in nature or in art—beauty, and the beautiful memory of great men and great peoples, these are what you desire me to write of, and I will endeavour to burden my pages with as little else as may be.

On the sea a landsman must be excused for not keeping his observational faculties long or often awake. I have fortunately, therefore, little to tell you about our voyage. It was early in the morning of Sunday, the 9th of December, that we sailed from Plymouth in the Orient Company's fine steamer *Orizaba*. By noon we had begun to leave winter behind. The sea gradually became calmer and calmer, till, on the following day, when the coast of Spain first appeared in sight, the surface smoothed down to a lakelike stillness, made beautiful under the fair sky by a long, low swell, that hardly rocked the great ship. The noble mountain outline to the south-west sharpened into clear visibility, and then melted away and vanished in the soft evening light.

At noon on the 11th we were off Cintra, some three or four miles from shore, and could clearly distinguish the Castle of Peñas on the hill-top, and the great modern Palace away to the north. The weather was glorious—a smooth sea and soft May-day air. Smitten with light, the grandly outlined Cintra hills stood forth, all 'sunburnt and sorrowful,' rock-knuckles poking everywhere through the brown scanty grass, rock walls surrounding the bare brown fields, and a rockbound coast below. Between us and the land hung a veil of spray, that joined the misty clouds above and softened the finely-drawn vertical edges of the strata which decorate the faces of the cliffs. As we rounded the rocky headland and caught a distant view of Lisbon, the sea about us exchanged its jet-black tones for a vivid green.

Early the following morning we were abreast of Trafalgar, and could clearly discover in the light that

struck across them the cliffs before which the great battle was fought. Presently from the opposite shore the white houses of Tangier shone over the bay. The tower of Tarifa marked our entrance into the Mediterranean, and the Pillars of Hercules ushered us into the Ancient World we have come to see. We landed at Gibraltar, and spent some hours there; in the evening we sailed away once more. On Thursday we awoke to find the coast of Spain, backed by the Sierra Nevada, rising out of the sea to the north, some twelve miles distant. Warm red and yellow tones glorified the hills, and here and there faintly visible snow patches crowned the higher peaks. During the succeeding night and day the wind continually rose, and the sky became overcast and grey, almost London-smoky in appearance. Next day the storm was at its height, and we shipped several heavy seas.

Sunday morning was again cold and grey. When Ischia and Capri came in sight, it was hard to believe that these were the ethereal islands the sight of which carries Naples so near to heaven. We landed for a short visit to the Museum, and then spent some two or three hours at Pompeii, till the twilight crept over the ruins and Vesuvius lit his ill-omened torch. We stayed on shore for the night at one of the hotels high up above the town of Naples, and next morning we watched the sun rise in rosy splendour across the bay, harbinger of many hours perfect in beauty and delight. We sailed early, with all nature at its loveliest and its best, and kept passing islands, and coast scenes, and villages that the world has loved and sought and sung since man awoke to consciousness of beauty under the Mediterranean sky. Towards sunset we gazed from no great distance upon Stromboli's impressive cone; and presently the full moon shone forth and smote both coasts of the Straits of Messina with its silver beams. Etna we were forbidden to behold, for a sea-mist clasped it in a chill embrace.

All Tuesday, the 18th, we made swift progress over the level sea, and early on Wednesday the outline of Crete appeared to the north. We were passing the island for hours. Mount Ida with its long jutting crest formed the most conspicuous object, but it owed its glory to the fellowship of its neighbours, all standing together, shoulder to shoulder, faint blue like the sky, and crowned with fields of new-fallen snow. Sometime to-day the Pharos of Alexandria was said to have been sighted, and towards sunset we came to anchor here at Port Said, close to the entrance of the Suez Canal.

As I write, the moon, a little past full, is endeavouring to flood the harbour with its beams, but there is a blackness about this place that nothing can brighten. Moreover, we are coaling, and the sight seems to me one that I shall remember to my dying day. The Brocken scene in the Lyceum *Faust*, if suddenly

transferred into the midst of this hellish prospect, would look like an angelic apparition. After night came on, numerous black coal-hulks, casting shadows towards us, came gliding along the black water. Each was lit by smoky beacons of burning coals in iron baskets, and black ghosts with cowed heads and wiry angular arms kept fitting hither and thither across these ill-omened lights.

Now and again shouts and strange voices arose from the hulks with more frequency and distinctness as the two destined for our ship came alongside and moored to her. Presently the fearful creatures began labouring all together to raise some long planks for gangways to the ship, two on each side, one of each pair for going, one for returning, and as they worked they chanted, or rather shrieked, a piercing refrain of undistinguishable words,—*dō rē dō, dō rē dō*. Then began a whirling and hurrying of the black ghosts, as of ants on a disturbed heap, a seemingly aimless running to and fro, with confused shouting; but visible order presently emerged, and a continuous stream of soot-black humanity, noiseless and naked of foot, now pours from each hulk up one of the long gangway planks that leads to the ship. Each man carries on his head a basket foul as himself, holding, say, half a sackful of coals. One after another they vanish shrilly shrieking into the bowels of the ship, almost treading upon each other's heels. Presently they reappear with baskets empty, race down the return plank, and vanish into the smoke and confusion of their hulk. There is no moment's pause, no cessation of the piercing cry, which may mean Quick! quick! As they begin to descend they cast their baskets down into the hulk below, and when they get down themselves they separate, running to different corners, where they at once pick up and bear off on their heads other baskets, filled meanwhile by other ghosts, working ceaselessly with clicking spades. It is impossible to follow the distribution of the returning stream. Again and again I have fixed my eyes upon one man, determined to watch his complete orbit, but in a moment he seems to melt into the night and a different creature appears in his place. Never is there a pause, never a check in the double current of upward and downward hastening ghosts. The smoke from the flaring beacons drifts and eddies over all, and now the whole scene is engulfed in the deeper blackness of a cloud of fine coal-dust, rising like steam from every labourer, tossed up by the heavens and scattered from the baskets. The flaring beacons only fitfully illumine one side of the figures close to them; the other side is drowned in darkness. The calm moon is shining over all; beyond all lies the still water; enshrouding all is the silent night.

SUEZ, December 22d.

It is surprising that so little is commonly said of the beauty of the passage through the Suez Canal. I sat up last night (or rather this morning) until we started.

A great electric search-light was fastened somewhere in our rigging, so that, ourselves hidden in the night, we carried a few acres of day, or rather of whiteness, before us. Everything that came within its range looked unearthly and unsubstantial. Most unearthly and unsubstantial of all was a monstrous tall thing, like a piece of the Eiffel Tower, built, as it were, of shafts of light or glowing beams of crystal, or anything bright and marvellous you like to imagine. It appeared to advance towards us, a silvery fretwork of wonder cut into the night. To the workaday world it was, I believe, some sort of dredge or other canal machine; but we were not the workaday world, and to us it seemed the creation of Jinns.

After two or three hours' sleep I was again on deck in the night, now absolutely dark but for the stars. The mysterious presence of some great watery expanse was felt on the one hand, and a vague mystery of another sort stretched away on the other. The electric day went before us, blackness devoured our path behind. I beheld throngs of ghosts on either bank—the *kas* of those that were slain in the making of the canal. Everything was still, and strange, and changeless; the order of nature that we know at home seemed gone. In such a place why should the sun ever rise? It was a moment for Jean Paul: 'As yet struggles the last hour of the night, birds of darkness are on the wing, spectres uprear, the dead walk, the living dream—Thou, Eternal Providence, wilt cause the day to dawn!' And when the dawn did come in mysterious splendour, a dawn grander in its simplicity than any I ever saw on Alp, ocean, forest, or field, it was like a god-sent gift, the doing of an Intelligence. With it spread out before me, I understood the Bedawin's faith. Nothing was ever more simple—a featureless expanse of bluish-grey desert in front, with one jackal running across it, a great curtain of rich rose along the horizon, presently changing into gold, no flecks of cloud, no undulations of earth to catch varied shadows, no trees, no anything to break the noble breadth of the desert plain. Presently, without fuss or circumstance, the round sun appeared, and we had to look elsewhere. 'What! when the sun rises, do you not see a disc of fire, somewhat like a guinea? Oh no, no!' I could have cried with Blake, 'I see an innumerable company of the heavenly host, crying, Holy, holy, holy is the Lord God Almighty!'

All day long the wide magnificence of the desert held our eyes enthralled. Probably I was in no mood for admiration when we reached Ismailia; at all events it seemed to me tame and relatively uninteresting. Not so the Old Bitter Lakes. The sunset came upon us as we were nearing the south end of the Great Basin, and flushed the faces of the hills, which look down with so much dignity upon the calm waters. In the dry gullies, that mocked the cloudless sky with the memory of ancient rains and torrents, wonderful tinted shadows lurked—shadows which, if you looked at them, if you made them the centre of the picture,

yielded all manner of marvellous tones. So, too, when the eye rested on the blue heaven, its colour seemed incredibly intense, and the same was true of the desert, and of every green thing. Yet a painter who should truly match each and all of these tints, and place them side by side, would paint a picture utterly false to nature. For each tint is only such when the eye regards it directly. When you look straight at the sky it seems deep blue, but when the eye is turned upon the sandy desert, the sky is no longer blue but grey, and so it happens all over the view. For this reason many patient studies of oriental—for that matter European—scenery fail utterly to give any idea of the places they pretend to depict.

It was past midnight when we anchored off Suez. A steam launch carried us to the landing-place, over some five miles of lakelike water, on which the stars were rocking, like diamonds afloat.

This morning we wandered about Suez for an hour or two, and then committed ourselves to a train, which carried us across the beautiful desert, round the Bitter Lakes again, and along the palm-grown bank of the fresh-water canal back to Ismailia. Thence the line turned westward, and took us past the battle-fields of the English campaign, and into the fertile lands of the Delta. The Egypt of fancy became fact before our eyes. Palm-groves, water-wheels, crude-brick villages incredibly picturesque, orientally dressed or undressed *fellaheen* working on the visibly rich and fertile soil, all harmonised so perfectly together that in half an hour they ceased to seem strange. The ruins of Bubastis, impressive at first view as those of Pompeii, carried us back to the Pharaohs and the faith of Pasht. Presently the sun set, and in the sudden night we gave ourselves up to memories and dreams. The arrival at Cairo was more a nightmare than an awakening.

II.

DAHABIEH 'LOHENGRIIN,' below BEDRSHEEN,
20th January 1889.

WE have been one month in Cairo. Eight hours a day of Boulak Museum, Coptic churches, Mosques, Wakalas, and so forth, besides the normal and abnormal anxieties of life, have left the memory impressed as with a year's experience and acquisitions. Not the least of my pleasures has arisen from daily and intentionally neglecting to write you a single word. The luxury of breaking a promise is refreshing. Nor am I now going to send you any impressions of Cairo. I shall reserve all that till our second stay there is completed.

We are at length afloat on an ancient Egyptian vessel, heavy as the very *Argo*, and requiring more hands to manage her and us than would take a large sailing ship safely round the world. There are the two dragomans, Ibrahim Selim and Said Mohammed, the captain, the steersman, the waiter, the second

waiter, the cook, the second cook, the crew of twelve and their cook, the singer, and finally, the captain's little grandson. Several of these men are clearly ancient Egyptians, and doubtless all of them manage the boat and live their lives much as their predecessors here have done for the last six thousand years.

Not that Egypt impresses me as the changeless, unprogressive place it is vulgarly reported to have been. At no time was it less progressive than the average of the world. But the civilisation of ancient Egypt advanced, not by destroying its earlier stages and building upon them, but, as it were, by fossilising them, and retaining them complete within itself. Whatever we may say of the history of Egyptian sculpture, Egyptian architecture at any rate manifests one long and continuous advance; and developing architecture is, at all times and in all places, the sign of a developing civilisation.

You will not expect me to say much about those ancient frauds, the Pyramids of Gizeh. They have no more claim to be called works of architecture than has a bird's nest or a beaver's habitation. They are just so much building of squared stone upon squared stone. A machine might have been constructed to direct the operations of the workmen. The *folies* which stud our English parks may in every case be referred to an individual fool, but a nation of fools was needed to build a pyramid. The pyramids are the vastest 'follies' in the world. They possess indeed the grandeur and beauty of moderately *large* natural objects. Standing where they do, they are as fine as small hills planted in an excellent situation. When the rosy light of dawn or eve paints them with impartial generosity, they do indeed look beautiful from a distance,—small thanks to their builders! Near at hand they are without charm. Any one familiar with the upper regions of the Alps will find in the Great Pyramid a mean imitation of that part of the Matterhorn which lies between the 'shoulder' and the summit. The 'glorious throne of Khufu' is 451 feet high. I give you my word it looks just about that.

I met at the bottom a creature stuffed with guide-books. He was on the lookout for some one to rave to.

'I've walked round it, and been to the top of it,' he said, 'and now I begin to get some idea of its wonderful size. It seems almost impossible to believe that there is stone enough in it to build 20,000 ten-foot cube rooms, but I think I begin to grasp the "notion."'

'I neither know,' I answered, 'nor want to know, how big a pile of stone sufficient for the useless purpose you mention would make, but I know what a hill 450 feet high looks like, and this pyramid, so far from looking smaller, looks if anything larger than one would expect.'

A plague on the fussy statistical people who are for ever struggling to give you an idea of the size of a thing by comparing it to something else of which you

are equally or more ignorant ! The astronomer trying to juggle into his own head some conception of our distance from the nearest fixed star, the preacher endeavouring to appal his congregation with a rude notion of the length of what he calls eternity, the arithmetician desirous of making a lot of school-children conceive the idea of a million—it is the very lack of imagination that sets these worthies on their folly. Most people know the sort of size of a 450 feet hill, but how much stuff there is in it only a surveyor can be conceived of as wanting to know.

So far as I have at present seen there was no stone architecture in the time of the ancient Empire. There is not and never was any architecture about the Pyramids. The loss of their outer coatings makes no difference. Cover the Great Pyramid with polished granite if you like, you will not convert it into a work of architectural art. Neither is there any architecture about the sepulchral edifice called *The Temple of the Sphinx*, for it has no virtues of proportion and no structural decoration, except that its outer surface is said to be 'ornamented with long grooves, vertical and horizontal, skilfully crossed.' Existing indications prove that it was not a subterranean building, but stood free, and had an open court on its roof, surrounded by a high parapet wall. This granite temple was directly connected with the temple at the foot of the Second Pyramid by a causeway, or *via sacra*, 15 feet wide and a quarter of a mile long, cut in the rock and paved. The oblique direction of the causeway was determined by the existence of a ridge of rock, along which it had to run. It was bordered on both sides by a row of mastabas, of which only the mummy-pits remain. Where pyramids, temples, and mastabas were complete and uninjured, the whole must have produced a dignified and solemn effect, but it was an effect in which art had no share.

The three chief pyramid temples are now in utter ruin. They were clearly similar in style to the granite temple, and we need only regret the loss of the many objects of sculpture, painting, and metal-work which they doubtless contained. Fourmont gives the following account of them as they appeared in his day (*Description d'Héliopolis et de Memphis*, Paris, 1775, p. 259):—

'A quelques pas de la seconde Pyramide, on découvre les restes d'un temple ; qui en occupoient presque toute la face ; mais ceux que l'on voit tout près de la troisième Pyramide, sont beaucoup plus entiers. On trouve quatre piliers, et on tournoit autour de ces piliers comme par une espèce de collatérale : les pierres dont ces temples étoient bâtis, avoient 27 pieds de long sur 18 de large, et quatre d'épaisseur. C'est à leur grosseur énorme qu'on est redevable de ce qui en reste : ces pierres étoient revêtues de marbre granite.'

According to Mr. Petrie, all these temples were built after the same fashion, having a core of megalithic limestone blocks, weighing some 100 tons each, over which was a casing of granite or alabaster. The

temple of the Second Pyramid seems, like the granite temple, to have had an open court on its roof. Light was admitted by holes in the roof. The doorways were unadorned. Flat walls, monolith piers, and beams of square section supporting flat roof slabs,—in all this there is no trace of architectural art. Plenty of skilful handiwork is implied, but no artistic conception. The elaborate proportions of the Great Pyramid are not artistic, for no impression is produced upon the eye by the position of hidden chambers or the slope of passages. One does not see how any decoration was to be suggested by stone monoliths lying one upon another ; fancy could not be expected to play with them. She had to begin on something lighter. Crude brick and wood were the first building materials artistically treated by the ancient Egyptians. The gorge or cornice moulding with which every Egyptian edifice was crowned, the circular moulding which went horizontally beneath it, and finished the outer angles of a building, and finally, the panel decorations sometimes found over large surfaces,—all these elements were borrowed from wood or crude brick architecture. They were used hesitatingly by the architects of the old Empire, and applied for the most part to small objects. A few stone sarcophagi (Khefren's, for instance, or Khu-fu-anhk's at Boulak), and many steles within mastabas of this period, gave proof of a growing idea of stone architecture which presently produces so promising a result, as is shown by the portico-entrance to a mastaba at Sakkarah, figured by Mariette (see Perrot and Chipiez, vol. i. 110).

What deceives people into imagining that they are wondering at the architecture of the ancient Empire is the vast size and antiquity of the monuments, and the use in some of them of precious stones, such as granite, alabaster, and even diorite, as building material. But it was the architectural poverty of the Egyptian builders at that time which made them have recourse to expensive materials. Art can dignify the commonest stuff, but where art is not, costly stuffs and substances are often employed. It is so in London at the present day. Many a hideous city building is made to impress the beholder with an idea of wealth by the free use in it of polished granite. Thus does Philistine London lock hands with nascent Egypt.

The fact is that at the foot of the pyramids the ordinary Philistine gets his head turned ; and most travellers, even most archæologists, are Philistine. Unaccustomed to the emotion of wonder, they know not how to express their feelings in words, and they cast around for superlatives of every category to help them out. A man, whom the Hermes of Praxiteles would leave cold, gapes and flutters with excitement in the presence of buildings which admit of being described, like large fortunes, in long rows of figures. Hence it comes that an undeserved glamour has been cast over everything about the pyramids. The poor old Sphinx comes in for his share. Mark Twain even images him to be made of granite. It is now becoming

the fashion to talk vaguely of him as 10,000 years old, and the work of the fabulous 'followers of Horus.' Truth to tell, he is but a feeble-looking beast in his present condition,—little more impressive than the 'Toad Rock,' near Tunbridge Wells.

There is no earthly reason for thinking him particularly ancient. The famous stele which pretends to be contemporary with Khufu is late, and its mention of the Sphinx is of no historic value whatever. As Mr.

Petrie says, the Sphinx is an Asiatic idea, and was not heard of in Egypt before the twelfth dynasty. Similarly the carving of the living rock into monumental forms did not take any considerable development till the time of the new Empire. The tradition that connects the name of Thothmes III. with this ruined monument is probably deserving of more respect than it has received in recent years.

W. M. CONWAY.

JULES DUPRÉ.

ON the 6th October 1889, while the turmoil of the Exhibition was at its height in Paris, there died Jules Dupré, the *doyen* of French landscape painting, the last survivor of the school of 1830. As lately as 1883 he sent eight pictures to the Triennial Exhibition, and only a few weeks before his death his name appeared in the papers among the artists who received the *médaille d'honneur* at the Exposition Universelle. But his achievements belong to the record of a past generation, and his death recalls the struggles of other days. The friend and comrade of Rousseau, of Corot, and of Diaz and Daubigny, he bore his part in the battle which ended in the victory of the new ideas, and left the men of 1830 in possession of the field. Alone among them all he has lived to see the fulness of their triumph, and to hear the school of landscape painting to which he belonged hailed on all sides as the crowning glory of the art of the century. Jules Dupré was the son of a potter. Born at Nantes in 1811, he spent his early years in a porcelain manufactory managed by his father at L'Isle-Adam, a village in the department of Oise, twenty miles to the north of Paris. All his life he retained his love for his old home, and was fond of saying that the scenery on the banks of Oise and the forest of Compiègne had made a landscape-painter of him. He began by painting china in his father's factory, and decorating clock-cases with Alpine scenes, but soon tired of this kind of work, and came to Paris, where he entered the studio of Diebold. Like Millet, he learnt more from the mornings which he spent in the Louvre than from any master. The study of the great Dutch painters, the sight of the Ruysdaels, the Hobbemas, and, above all, of Constable's landscapes, made a deep impression upon his young mind.

The moment was an eventful one in the history of art. The long apathy engendered by the reign of classicism was over. People had grown weary of the formal pedantry that had reduced landscape art to cold conventionalism. Everywhere new dreams and new hopes were stirring. The exhibition of English pictures, and among them of Constable's 'Hay-Wain,' in Paris in 1824, had worked an unexpected revolution, and had given what M. Paul Mantz terms the death-

blow to academic landscape. The effect produced upon these few young artists was extraordinary. Corot saw them, and said the scales had fallen from his eyes. Paul Huet went away sorely troubled in mind to ponder over the new ideal here revealed to him. And the boy Rousseau became aware of the passionate sympathy with nature within him, and awoke to the consciousness of his power to put it upon canvas. Young Dupré felt the same impulse, and, as soon as he had earned a little money, left Paris to spend the summer in the forest of Compiègne, impelled by the conviction that no art was worthy of the name which had not been grounded on a close study of nature. The first results of his labours appeared in the Salon of 1831, where he made his *début*, and no less than three landscapes bore his signature. That was the famous Salon where Diaz, who had also begun life as a porcelain-painter in the factory of Dupré's uncle, had his first picture, and Théodore Rousseau won the applause of his fellow-artists by his Auvergne landscape. Born a year after Dupré, Rousseau was only nineteen, but his genius already made him the recognised leader of the little group. In the evenings they met at an *estaminet* of the Faubourg St. Denis, which Decamps and the other Romanticists frequented, and there discussed art and life. The material prospects of the young painters were not by any means brilliant. Most of them were dependent for daily bread on their own exertions, and, as they were soon to learn, the tide of public opinion was slowly but surely setting against them. The Classicists were beginning to realise how fatal to their position the propagation of the new ideas was to prove, and prepared themselves for stout resistance. At first Dupré was more fortunate than his companions. One of the first pictures which he exhibited was bought by the Duc de Nemours, and in 1833 he and Corot were both awarded second-class medals. Then the fury of the storm burst. In the Salon of 1835 Jules Dupré exhibited two important works—the 'Pavage Limousin' and 'Environs de Southampton'—which lately figured among the *chef-d'œuvres* of the school of Barbizon in the Centennial Exhibition at the Champ de Mars. Both were landscapes of the finest order, admirably composed and

carefully executed. In both the sincerity of the painter is evident. We feel his determination to be true to his own impressions, to put on record what he himself sees and feels rather than what others have seen and felt before him. He is not afraid to paint the green grass of the meadow, the storm-clouds, and wind-swept bushes of the marshy ground as they are in nature. At the same time, by knowledge of effect and chiaroscuro, he harmonises everything. Many of his works are richer in tone, but here we have a robustness of thought, a power and energy in the composition, which impress us as they impressed the painter's contemporaries. No wonder people were startled, and became conscious of the presence of a new and disturbing element in their midst. The men of the ancient *régime* felt these innovations must be put down with a strong hand if the old order were to be maintained and academical art were to keep the field. Accordingly the following year the official jury, with Bidault as their president, combined to keep out the men of the new school. During thirteen years the landscapes of Rousseau—those pictures which command the highest prices and are the joy and wonder of every lover of nature—were refused admission to the yearly exhibition, and a talent the most incontestable ever known was, in the words of Edmond About, contested on every side. Dupré's pictures before long shared the same fate, although the hostility was less personal in his case than in that of his more illustrious friend. But he, too, had an uphill path to climb, and there were days when he knew not where to turn in order to meet the demands of his creditors. At one time, M. Albert Wolff tells us, he owed forty thousand francs—a debt which seemed to him insurmountable. In his distress he applied to a picture-seller. The man recognised his talent, and told him that he was ready and willing to give him an order on a large scale, on condition that Dupré would modify his style to suit the popular taste. His art, as the shrewd vendor of pictures expressed it, was not sufficiently amiable to carry favour with the multitude. Let him give up painting these rainy skies and common everyday scenes of river-banks and forest-trees and green pastures, and instead give us the classic temples and azure lakes of Italian landscape: then all would be well, and there would be no need for the artist to vex his soul with petty cares. But Jules Dupré was not the man to stoop to such a compromise. He painted what he saw and felt, and his artistic conscience was too unbending to permit him to change his style even to pay his debts.

Fortunately for Dupré, there were some picture-lovers who thought differently, or at least saw the merit of his loving and patient transcripts of natural beauty. Certain it is that he managed to sell his pictures—far below their present value, it is true, but still in such a manner as to earn his own living and find himself in a position to help others. His generosity towards his brother artists who were in worse straits

than himself is well known. He helped Constant Troyon, the famous animal painter, who began by painting china in his early struggles, and gave him the benefit of his advice and example. The elder master's influence is strongly felt in Troyon's earlier landscapes, and does not pass unnoticed in 'La Vallée de La Tonque' or 'Le Pâturage en Normandie.' But it was Rousseau on whose behalf he exerted himself the most strenuously. Many a time this loyal friend tramped the streets of Paris in the vain endeavour to sell the despised works of him who has been called *le Grand Refusé*. On one occasion, after several further attempts he succeeded in persuading the great opera-singer Baroilhet to give five hundred francs for a work by Rousseau. That work was the famous winter landscape known as 'Le Givre,' a picture which has been often described. Twenty years after Baroilhet sold the same picture again for 17,000 francs, upon which Dupré, happening to meet the singer, at the time remarked that he had made a good bargain; upon which Baroilhet replied, with a smile, that he had his own good taste to thank, for when he bought the picture there was not another on the pavements of Paris who would have given five hundred francs for it! This was only one of countless services rendered by Dupré to the illustrious friend whose superiority to himself as a painter he was always the first to recognise. Rousseau had a studio next door to Dupré in the Place Pigalle, and spent many summer months at L'Isle-Adam, as his lovely pictures of 'Les Bords de l'Oise' bear witness. This close connection between the two men was of great advantage to both; and if Dupré owes the splendour of his colouring in a measure to Rousseau, there can be no doubt that his way of interpreting nature had an important share in the development of Rousseau's style. Rousseau on his part did not always requite the generous kindness of his friend as he deserved. His temper, embittered by long injustice, sometimes broke out into unreasonable fits of anger; and when in 1849 Dupré was decorated with the Legion of Honour while he only secured a first-class medal, his disappointment showed itself in moody resentment for some time, and he remained estranged from the man who had been his truest friend. Fortunately Dupré was not the man to bear him a grudge, and to the end spoke of Rousseau with the greatest respect and admiration as 'the chief,' who, in the words of their mutual friend and brother artist Diaz, 'had led them all to victory.'

When the reaction set in, Dupré had his share in the triumph of the movement, and was consoled for the long neglect which he, in common with his friends, had experienced. The political Revolution of 1848 freed French art from tyranny. The old jury was abolished, and the Salon once more opened its doors to the works of Rousseau and Dupré. In 1849 he and Troyon were decorated together by Louis Napoleon as President of the Republic, and twenty-one years later he received his promotion to the coveted rank of



SEA PIECE

By JULES DORRÉ

By permission of JAMES DONALD, Esq.

Officer of the Legion of Honour. At the Exposition Universelle of 1867, twelve of his finest landscapes were brought together, and in the Exhibition which has just closed its doors the same number of oil-paintings by his hand, as well as five characteristic drawings, hung on the walls. Meanwhile his works, in common with those of Corot, of Rousseau, of Millet, and of Daubigny, had risen enormously in public estimation, and the canvases which he sold for a few hundred francs forty years ago now command their tens of thousands. The 'Environs de Southampton,' painted by him, let it be remembered, at four-and-twenty, sold in 1873 for £1680; while last summer a small but very fine 'Bords de Rivière' brought in the same amount at the Secrétan sale. Many of his finest works have been exhibited at one time or another in England, where he has occasionally sought his subjects. In America they are still more highly appreciated.

But through good and evil days alike Jules Dupré retained the same proud and independent spirit. He troubled himself little about selling his works, and he shared Daubigny's openly avowed opinion that 'the best pictures are those which do not sell.' As for painting to order, or suiting his style to please his customers, or increase his popularity, he was as little likely to stoop to this as he had been in the days of his poverty. So distasteful to him, indeed, were the intrigues of the Salon and the tricks and methods by which some men rise to fame, that for many years he refused to exhibit, and at all times held aloof from Parisian society. His isolation has been sometimes spoken of as '*sauvagerie*,' but the few cultivated friends who, during the last years of his life, were privileged visitors to his country home at L'Isle-Adam, have given us pleasant glimpses of the veteran painter. Twenty years ago this charming spot on the banks of the Oise had become another Barbizon. There Daubigny, when he had become famous, painted the river scenery from his floating studio on the Oise. A little further off he built himself that beautiful country-house which Corot and Diaz decorated for him, and where they were frequent visitors. In his retreat at L'Isle-Adam Dupré enjoyed the company of these artist-friends and the rural scenes where his youth had been spent. There he would take long rambles by the Oise, or in the forest of Compiègne, which was the Fontainebleau of his Barbizon. Surrounded by the members of his family and a few intimate friends, he cared nothing for politics and little for fame, but lived apart from the great world.

To the end his mind kept its freshness, and he loved to show the friends who came from Paris his familiar haunts, and to entertain them by frequent quotations from his favourite authors. One by one these friends of his youth went from him: first, poor Rousseau, worn before his time by cares; then, in the same year, Corot and Millet, and after that Diaz. The younger men, Troyon and Daubigny,

had gone before, and still he who had led the van remained a patriarchal figure in his long white head and flowing locks. One day last autumn the pictures which bore his name in the Great Exhibition were draped in black, and Paris learnt that Jules Dupré, the last of the heroes of 1830, was dead.

The immense services which Dupré rendered to his leader, and the subordinate part which he himself played in the movement, must not blind our eyes to his own merits as a painter. Whatever may be the exact place in the Barbizon group which may hereafter be assigned to him, he must rank high among the idyllic painters of the century. On the whole we are inclined to think his place is in the second rank, a little below Daubigny perhaps, and above Diaz. But no one who knows his landscapes of Le Limousin and Le Corrèze, of Artois and Berri, of the Landes and the forest of Compiègne, will deny the rare charm and originality of his work. Now and then he reminds us of Constable, more often perhaps of Ruysdael and Hobbema, only that there is a distinctly modern and personal note in his rendering of natural fact which is absent from the pictures of the great Dutchmen.

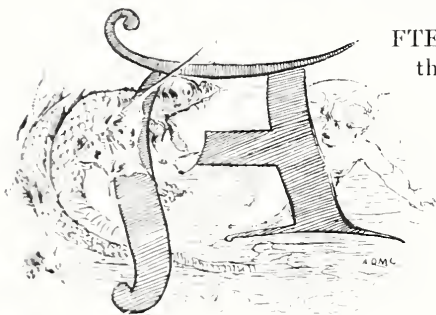
Jules Dupré is above all things a painter of what has been termed '*paysage intime*.' In him, as in Millet and Daubigny, we are constantly reminded of the strong affinity which exists between these painters and ourselves. Not only is this scenery of the north-west of France practically the same as that of our southern counties: the silver streak which parts the two countries does not alter the close resemblance that exists in the general features of the landscape on either shore. The rugged coast and green pastures of Normandy, the willows along the banks of the smooth-flowing river, and the lanes winding up the hillside might belong to Kent or Sussex. But, more than this, in the work of these masters we are conscious of a depth of poetry and a solemn seriousness of purpose which is the heritage of men born under Northern skies. And in Dupré's work this strain is the more remarkable because he often painted English scenery, and our rain-laden skies and rich meadows had especial attractions for him. The love of the sea, again, is another feature which proves Dupré's kinship with the men of our race. He paints the Channel seas and Breton coasts in all their varied aspects, and gives us in turn the craft of the fishermen sleeping in the still moonlight on the summer sea, and the ship walking the waters as a thing of life; but best of all he loves the stormy evening when the wind chases the flying scud across the sky and the white sea-horses ride upon the waves. These pictures of open sea are among Dupré's finest creations, and show us his powers of draughtmanship and knowledge of effect at their highest point. His colour is often magnificent, especially in the landscapes of his middle period. Such pictures as 'La Méridienne,' formerly in the Laurent-Richard collection, and 'Les

Landes,' which was lately to be seen in the Palais des Beaux-Arts, justify the high praise of Edmond About, who pronounced Rousseau and Dupré to be 'the grandest colourists in landscape art which our age has produced.' In his later works we find a tendency to overload his foregrounds with detail and a certain

heaviness of touch which weakens the general effect; but these minor defects cannot detract from the greatness of his name. He thoroughly deserves the homage paid to him by Alexandre Dumas when he saluted him as 'the last of the sincere painters.'

JULIA M. ADY.

SOME REMARKS ON ANCIENT ENGRAVED GEMS.—I.



AFTER a long wail over the use and abuse of rings, we find in Pliny (Lib. 33) the words, 'What a life was led, what a state of innocence before that anything was sealed; but now even our very food and drink is rendered safe against thieving through the seal-ring.' 'The worst crime which brought suffering into the world was committed by him who first encircled his finger with gold, though it is not known who did this, as I hold all stories related about Prometheus to be fabulous, though antiquity gives him an iron ring, to be however considered as fetter and not as ornament.' He then tells us that the statues of the early kings of Rome on the Capitolium were ringless, even those of the Tarquini, which causes him some astonishment, as the family sprang from Greece, whence the habit of wearing rings first came into use. The name itself is a matter of discussion: 'The Greeks named a ring after the fingers, δακτύλιος (from δάκτυλος), our forefathers used the word Ungulus (which, according to Festus, equals annulus), and later, however, the Greeks and ourselves adopted the word Synbolon.' As a proof of the scarcity of gold in Rome in former times, he mentions that in the year 382 B.C., when the Gauls invaded the city, not more than one thousand pounds weight could be got together to purchase peace. Whether we are to gather from this statement that the three bushels of rings sent by Hannibal to Carthage after the battle of Cannæ were not of gold, but of some inferior metal, we cannot tell from the construction of the passage, though from the date, 216 B.C., they probably were. In the 37th Book Pliny mentions the ring of the Samian Polykrates, who endeavoured to atone for his too great good fortune by casting into the sea a ring supposed to be the bringer of all his prosperity. To propitiate Nemesis he went out to sea in a boat and threw away his ring, which was immediately swallowed by a large fish as bait; the fish, being afterwards caught, was prepared for the king's table, and the ring restored to its owner. This, Pliny adds, was a foreboding of what would happen, as the unfortunate Poly-

krates, according to Herodotus, met his death at the hands of Oroetes, Satrap of Sardis, who crucified him in Magnesia 522 B.C. This ring was a sardonyx, not engraved 'intacta illibata,' and was shown during Pliny's lifetime in Rome, to those who chose to believe the story, in the Temple of Concord, set in a cornucopia, a present of the Emperor, though holding there almost the last place among many others considered of more value. Whether Pliny was one of those who believed the story we know not, but we doubt it, as Herodotus mentions that the ring of Polykrates was engraved by the celebrated artist Theodorus, and was an emerald. Pausanias also describes the celebrated signet of Polykrates as being an emerald, the work of Theodorus. We are, however, inclined to consider with Lessing the passage to advert not to the engraving, but to the setting of the stone, and we refer those of our readers who may be interested in the subject of gems to read the 22d letter of the *Briefe antiquarischen Inhalts*, in which this celebrated critic pours out the vials of his wrath on a writer of the name of Klotz, whose opinion does not seem to be of much value, if we may judge from the copy of his work (*Ueber das Nutzen und Gebrauch der alten geschnittenen Steine und ihrer Abdrücke*, 1768) now before us. Pliny would never have hazarded such a statement had he not had satisfactory grounds for his narration, though it is also probable that the relics exhibited in the various temples at Rome were as authentic as many of those shown to credulous travellers in the churches on the Continent. Among other antique rings known to him as dating from more ancient times, he mentions the ring of Pyrrhus, king of Epirus, who waged war against Rome B.C. 280-274. This ring was an achate, or agate, which by its natural shades represented Apollo and the Nine Muses, each individual muse bearing her proper attribute. Though perhaps this account may be exaggerated, yet such freaks of nature are yet to be seen, and we call the attention of our readers to the so-called 'Egyptian Pebble' in the British Museum, which has a wonderful resemblance to Chaucer wearing his hood. Another, which, if we rightly remember, belonged to the Strawberry Hill Collection, bore a curious likeness to Voltaire, the shaded strata of the stone being in themselves sufficient to cause the resemblance. Pliny also mentions the flute-player Ismenias, who, hearing of a celebrated emerald, on which the figure of the nymph Amymone, a daughter

of Danaus, was engraved, and which was for sale in Cyprus, ordered it to be bought for him at the price of six staters. The friend commissioned to ensure the purchase acquired the ring for four gold pieces, but instead of being rewarded for his trouble, was severely snubbed by Ismenias, who considered that the lesser price had detracted from the value of the ring. This rather purse-proud musician is often and unjustly mistaken for the Greek writer Ismenias, who seems to have written a work on precious stones, which work is however only known through the references made by Pliny. The flute-player had a rival, Dionysodorus, who also indulged a passion for engraved gems.

The first dactyliotheca known in Rome was in the possession of Scæurus, stepson of Sulla, and was for a long time the only one, till Pompey the Great presented among other gifts to the Capitolium the collection of Mithridates, which, according to Varro and other contemporary writers, far excelled that of Scæurus. After this the Dictator Cæsar gave to the temple of Venus Genetrix six dactyliothecæ, and Marcellus, son of Octavia, deposited another in the temple of the Palatine Apollo.

Having laid before our readers a few facts relating to gems known by ancient writers, we shall now proceed to mention some of the cameos preserved in the various European museums, and well known to all collectors and art students. Before doing this, we may be allowed to call attention to the very interesting and thorough explanations given by the late Rev. C. W. King in his works on *Ancient Gems*. This author has done more than any man in England to revive the study of this branch of ancient art, and all scholars and students must feel deeply grateful to one who passed his life at Cambridge deciphering the many myths with which these precious artistic echoes, as Goethe terms them, are adorned. To the admirer of the writings of the genial Flaccus we recommend the edition illustrated from antique gems, and bearing on the title-page an engraving of the small gem now in the British Museum, labelled by its former possessor, the Duc de Blacas, Horace. 'This bust is assigned to our poet principally, it must be confessed, on the strength of the initial H, so significantly inserted in the field. The attribution, however, is fairly supported by the bay branch in front, a proof that the portrait represents a poet. The work of the intaglio indicates a date by some century and a half later than Horace's own, and belongs to the times when he had become a "school author." This, however, does not invalidate its authenticity, as numerous busts and statues of the poet were then in existence, notably the one erected in the forum of his native town, Venusia. Yellow beryl.' Another bust of the poet may be seen on a contorniate in the British Museum. These portraits do not, however, bear traces of the premature grey head which he describes at the end of the 20th Ep. Lib. 1. :—

'Corporis exigui, præcanum, solibus aptum,
Irasci celerem, tamen ut placabilis essem.
Forte meum si quis te percontabitur ævum,
Me quater undenos sciat implevisse Decembres.
Collegam Lepidum quo duxit Lollius anno.'

The word cameo is usually derived from the Arabic *chemcia*, 'a charm.' Von Hammer makes it to be the same as *camant*, 'a camel's hump,' as applied to 'anything prominent, and therefore to gems in relief, as distinguished from signet stones.' Lessing gives us, however, another derivation which must be taken for what it is worth, though, on the whole, the evidence does not seem to be in his favour. Having found the words *gemma huga*, he says, '*Gemma huga* means nothing more nor less than the contracted and mutilated *gemma onychia*. "Aus *gemma onychia* ward *gemmahuga*; aus *gemmahuga* ward *camehuga*; aus *camehuga* ward *camayen*: so wie wiederum aus *gemmahuga*, *gammenhii* cameo."'

The two chief camei best known are 'the Agate of the Sainte Chapelle, Paris,' and the '*Gemma Augustea*' of the Imperial Museum, Vienna. The former was pawned by Baldwin, the last Frankish emperor of Constantinople, to St. Louis, together with other relics, such as the swaddling clothes of the infant Saviour, which, however, are of more doubtful antiquity. 'Le grand Camée' is a sardonyx of five strata measuring about 13 by 11 inches. Tiberius and Livia seated on a throne receive Germanicus on his return from his German campaign. Tiberius holds in his hand the lituus and sceptre, and wears a laurel wreath. Livia is depicted as Ceres holding in her hand a bunch of wheat ears and poppy heads. Germanicus fully armed stands before them; near him is his mother Antonia; behind him is his wife Agrippina, and the young Caligula bare-headed, but otherwise in armour. At the back of the throne is an armed figure, supposed by Millin to be the younger Drusus. Another female figure seated on a smaller throne adorned with sphinxes is Livilla, wife of Drusus, sister to Germanicus. A smaller figure attired in Asiatic costume typifies Armenia soliciting the aid of Rome against Parthia. The exergue is filled up with figures of male and female barbarian captives seated in attitudes of grief. One of the figures holds her child in her arms; shields and weapons are scattered about. The upper part of the cameo depicts the scene from which the name is taken, the apotheosis of Augustus. The deceased emperor veiled, draped, and holding a sceptre in his hand floats in the air, supported by a figure in Oriental costume holding an orb in both hands. Near to Augustus stands an armed bare-headed figure holding a shield; on the other side, and as if coming towards him, is a warrior, wreathed, and mounted on a winged horse which is being led by Cupid. This may be intended for the elder Drusus, who, having died some years previous to Augustus, now comes forth to greet him.

The Vienna cameo, which is reported to have cost

the enormous sum of £6000, represents the 'Coronation of Augustus.' The history of this cameo is interesting. Philippe le Bel, having acquired it by right of arms from the Knights of Jerusalem, presented it to the Abbaye de Poissy, whence it was stolen during the civil wars of the sixteenth century, finally finding its way to Austria, where it was purchased by Rudolph II. for the sum mentioned above. This sardonyx is smaller than the Paris cameo, measuring 9 by 8 inches. Augustus, holding in one hand the lituus and leaning on a long sceptre, is seated on a throne; beneath is the eagle. Above his head is his horoscope, Capricorn, radiated. Behind the throne the bearded Neptune and Cybele, veiled and turreted, who is about to place a wreath on the head of the emperor. Livia, in the character of Roma, is seated on the same throne as Augustus; she wears a crested helmet, holds a lance,

and rests her left hand on the hilt of a short sword. A pile of armour serves as footstool. Near her stands Drusus bare-headed, but in full armour; behind him the laureate figure of Tiberius alighting from a chariot guided by Victory, an allusion to his Pannonian triumph. Antonia, wife of Drusus, in the character of Abundantia, reclines behind the throne; at her knees stand her two infant sons, Germanicus and Clandius, one of whom holds ears of wheat. In the exergue are Roman soldiers erecting a trophy, under which are the seated figures of a captive barbarian and weeping female figure; together with these, on the other side are two figures, one holding a couple of lances dragging along an aged prisoner, and a female in the attitude of supplication. This gem is rich in historical reminiscences, and well deserves its high reputation.

S. FRASER CORKRAN.

(To be continued.)

THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY.

BEFORE the birth of the shadows,
In the dawn-world clear and grey,
Voiceless and viewless thou comest,
Between the dark and the day.

Thou hast never a name nor dwelling,
Never a shape nor shrine,—
But the meadows beyond the moon-rise
And the unsailed seas are thine.

The desolate lands of faëry
In glimmer of sunset shown
Through shadowy boughs enchanted,
Thou knowest, and thou alone.

Strange are the gifts thou bearest—
Shreds of a speech divine,
Dreams that were half-forgotten,
Lives that were lived long syne;

Clues to a goal familiar
Veiled under phantom skies—
Threads that escape my fingers,
Scenes that elude mine eyes.

* * * * *

A bird's first note in the dawning,
A leaf by the low wind shed,
A brighter light in the heavens,
And lo! thou art passed and fled.

Fled where I may not follow,
Lost in the twilight air;
Breath of my inmost being,
Soul of my soul's despair.

GRAHAM R. TOMSON.



PAINTINGS BY LONDON IMPRESSIONISTS.

THE larger room in the Goupil Gallery presents now an unwonted appearance.

For pictures of a more romantic tendency the impressions of some London artists have been substituted. We adopt the term 'impressions' with regard to these works mainly on the authority of their painters, for it seems one that is difficult to handle, and more difficult to define; and neither the introduction, written by two of the Impressionists, or the paintings themselves, show us a clear way of dealing with a question which, perhaps, need never have been raised.

The general aspect of the collection is so artistic that one prefers to shut one's ears to the manifesto with which this group of painters have chosen to burden themselves, and enjoy the result of their labours independent of aims and projects.

Truths that have been unsuccessfully sought after we mark here—as in other galleries,—and experiments in the manipulation of paint that will probably have no satisfactory issue; but there is, underlying these failures, an unusual sense of the possibilities of painting, of how the medium may be used to best advantage, and of what motives are best suited for artistic representation.

We miss with no little satisfaction the evidence of conventional training in the works of these Impressionists, which show often sound drawing and charming handling; but, for the rest, their authors seem to have been inspired by nature, setting academic laws at defiance.

The result is encouraging, if not entirely good: to the picture-lover the ordinary picture gallery is a source of weariness on account of the everlasting reiterations of the same thoughts and accepted methods of treatment; of efforts that had a foregone conclusion, having been started and completed on traditional lines, where signposts are as numerous as stars in the firmament.

In England we have heard overmuch of 'High Art': truly an insular term, for it was born of insular prejudice, and insular ignorance of the fitness of things. We have been told that Art divorced from Literature is mean and low; and a cult that has now removed its wares to other premises, founded, in the Grosvenor Gallery, a school which was considered alone worthy the attention of cultivated persons. It appealed to the literary and not the artistic sympathies of its admirers, and, therefore, found a wider public than will the Impressionists, who appeal less to the vanity than to the intelligence.

If this exhibition of impressions be taken as a protest against the High Art school, it has alone sufficient to recommend it. For it is indeed time that the British public should have set before them in some concise way the fact that the object of painting is not to be narrative, but simply suggestive and beautiful;

that the impulse to paint something should arise less from the reading of books than from the observation of nature, that the pictorial rendering of a myth that has been common property for centuries is a less worthy ambition than original and independent research amongst the divine beauties of nature.

Good taste in painting has suffered more from the prevalence of cant than in any other art, mainly because its appreciation has been considered desirable by all who would rank as intelligent folk. These feel more flattered by the artist when he presents to them facts familiar than facts unfamiliar. They kneel before the literary artist because he reminds them of their little stock of learning. He is the true prophet because he has ideas, and makes his public think—of what? His ideas are not his own, nor his pictorial effects, but his works do form excellent food for cant, which never will be said of the Impressionist pictures, until some new jargon be found fitting the times. The impressionist, or, we should say, the legitimate artist, chooses for his theme the essentials of nature; the minute details, which strike the less cultivated observer, he rejects, thereby considerably lessening the number of those who might understand his work. This is a necessity, for the less must be sacrificed to the greater in the struggle that takes place between Nature and her would-be delineator even as in any other conflict. The legitimate artist does not aim at illusion-making, nor has he anything in common with the photographer: his productions are, more often, the result of almost momentary impulse; they can have little topographical interest, since it is a phase of nature, and not a place, that he attempts to portray.

Even a very successful artist of this kind must meet with many failures, for the success of his endeavours depends more on the receptive capability at the time of production than on his adherence to recognised rules of picture-making.

What tradition insists on by way of finish to pictures, and the line it has attempted to draw between a picture and a sketch, has been another source of hindrance to the true development of the artistic appreciation of the public—to their right understanding of what really constitutes a work of art. One beautiful fact of nature incompletely represented is worth more than any number of completed lies.

It seems a pity that this first public protest in favour of legitimate art was not made a more comprehensive one, and that there was no attempt to show the analogy that exists between the efforts of this group of London Impressionists and other well-known painters of artistic tendencies.

We cannot think that anything has been gained by the too prominent claim to originality; for many of the pictures at Goupil's, excellent though they be, differ

little in the manner of their treatment from the best work that has been executed during the last quarter of a century.

The strongest of these pictures come from Mr. Steer, whose instincts are supported by his exceedingly clever manipulation and earnest conviction. His observation of nature has led him to adopt some of the methods originated by M. Monet; he is, nevertheless, no copyist of the master, but one who by force of circumstances has come to think in the same strain, and bids fair to carry on towards its goal one of the most interesting artistic developments of the century.

No. 39, 'A Tidal Pool,' is an admirable example of Mr. Steer's work; the whole picture vibrates with sunlight, yet the effect has not been obtained at the expense of quality of colour. With this picture 'Knuckle Bones' has much in common, and 'The Citadel' (32) seems almost a realisation of an afternoon glow.

Francis James's landscapes are exceedingly clever, but his charmingly-felt 'Anemones Growing' reminds us that Mr. James is a specialist, and that his landscapes do not adequately represent him. 'Camber Castle' (12) is very nicely drawn and excellent in tone.

Mr. Starr is a dexterous painter and a most agreeable colourist; his pictures, too, are novel and artistic in their arrangement, and have great decorative qualities.

'The City Atlas' is an example of a painter's independence of matters outside expression for the success of his productions.

The most complete of Mr. Bernard Sickert's contributions is perhaps 'The Cinder Path'; slight though it is, the facts therein are well selected and admirably expressed.

Wonderful progress has been recently made by Mr. Walter Sickert, whose further development of his Music Hall studies is one of the most pleasing features in this gallery. His pictures always were good in tone, but they seem to have gained lately in refinement of colour and other qualities, arising from his greater intimacy with his motives. He can represent now to us a Music Hall—its life, its spaces, gas-lit or in shadow, and its bizarre colouring. All this he does in a manner worthy of an artist.

There is sunlight in Mr. Bate's pictures, and atmosphere; and graceful handling in Mr. Roussel's, especially in the smaller ones, which seem to be also the more truthful.

Mr. Maitland's work in many respects resembles Mr. Roussel's.

Mr. Brown's pictures have an individuality of their own; they are all very careful renderings of various moods of Nature. One or two of them ('The Roofs of Montreuil,' for instance) are most charming interpretations.

GREEN AND WHITE.

PIPE a song of green and white!
 Lambkins in a meadow fair,
 In whose innocent delight
 All the happy world doth share.
 Pipe and sing, ye merry birds,
 Poised on boughs of budding green—
 'Tis a joy too wild for words,
 For our weariness too keen.

Pipe a song of green and white!
 Pipe and sing, thou happy child,
 Living in the lengthened light,
 Breathing in the breezes mild.
 'Tis a new-created earth
 From the ruins of the old—
 Pipe and sing, and hail the birth
 Of another age of gold!

JANET LOGIE ROBERTSON.

DRAMATIC CAUSERIE.

PARIS, December 1889.

M. ALPHONSE DAUDET may now be said to have attained the height of the ambition of a French literary man—barring the *fauteuil* in the Académie which Daudet, like the critic Sarcy, has forsworn: he is a successful dramatist. Hitherto he has been known as a charming poet and the most delightful of novelists, who has on several occasions adapted one of his stories (*Le Nabab*, *Les Rois en Exile*, *Sappho*) to the stage with more or less success. But the great and deserved success of *La Lutte pour la Vie* classes him among the leading dramatists of the day. The new drama owes nothing but the name of its hero to the author's last novel, *L'Immortel*. Paul Astier, son of the celebrated Academician, has got on in the world, has married the duchess, ruined her, and is about to be named Councillor of State when the curtain rises on the first act. Yet, this unsuccessful young 'struggle-for-lifer,' who has picked up a superficial smattering of Darwinian aphorisms (probably at the Jesuits' College), with which he tries to justify the infamy of his conduct, is but a pale, nineteenth-century Parisian prototype of our old friend Don Juan: but a Don Giovannito who has spent all his money, who has not the pluck to poison his wife, but turns pale at the mention of M. le Procureur de la République, and allows himself to be shot like a mere Masetto by Il Commendatore—a milk-and-water Don Juan. Yet, from beginning to end, the new drama is interesting; the dialogue is full of witticisms; and, at times, a touch of pretty sentiment reminds one that Daudet owes much to Dickens. The acting is perfect. Doubtless the British public will soon be offered a 'revised' adaptation of *La Lutte pour la Vie*: let us hope that the reviser and translator will be equal to his delicate task, and that he will not spoil the most interesting and best written of Alphonse Daudet's plays.

At the Vaudeville, M. Janvier de la Motte's comedy in three acts, *Les Respectables*, has proved a failure notwithstanding all the author's wit and the anonymous assistance and collaboration of M. Alexandre Dumas, who, besides writing plays himself, sometimes acts the part of dramatic Mentor towards young authors of promise. The subject of the *Respectables* is the old, hackneyed story of the *ménage à trois*. The Baron, an over-confident husband who is often absent from home; the Baronne, his wife; and the *terzo commodo*, who is an eminent member of the Institute. The *liaison* which has existed for several years past between the two last-named personages is tacitly recognised by society, and, such is the tact displayed by the two lovers, that the affair is considered quite respectable. But one fine day the eminent member of the Institute, finding the chain of flowers which binds him to the Baronne too heavy to bear any longer, is about to make a *faua-pas*

by running off to Biarritz with a fair charmer of the *demi-monde*. The Baronne hears of this through her husband, and instantly summons the culprit to appear before her. 'What is the meaning of all this?' she says; 'why, what will people say? I shall be disgraced in the eyes of society; it would be scandalous.' And the Baron chimes in: 'Why, it would not be respectable!' In the third act appearances and respectability are saved by the member of the Institute marrying the Baron's niece. The *risqué* nature of the plot of the *Respectables*, that of an old-established *ménage à trois*, has often been treated by French dramatists, and in a particularly able and caustic manner in M. Becque's *La Parisienne*. (By the way, M. Becque is one of the candidates for the *fauteuil* of the late Emile Augier at the Académie.) But the public are showing signs of being tired of such subjects, and the combined wit and talent of Messrs. de la Motte and Dumas could not save the comedy, though it was known that the leading characters are copied from life.

An interesting and novel theatrical entertainment has just been inaugurated, for the second time, by a group of young poets, several of whom are already well known in literary circles. These gentlemen have hired for three nights a week a large room in the Galerie Vivienne, known as the 'Petit Théâtre,' where pantomimes and children's plays are performed by marionettes for the amusement of juvenile audiences. 'We also shall have a marionette theatre,' said these sons of the Muses; 'but our marionettes will have artistically carved heads and features, their limbs will move with grace and ease; they will be beautifully and appropriately attired; we shall ask our friends, artists of renown, to paint the scenery for our miniature stage; there will also be sweet music; we shall write clever adaptations of the most celebrated works of the masters of the classical drama, and elegant conceits of our own. Then we will invite people—not the vulgar herd, but a chosen few—to come and see our plays. We will beg of our audience to draw largely on their imagination, to forget dull care, the world outside M. Zola, and the Impressionists, so that they may come and spend a pleasant hour or two with us in Dreamland. By the power of sweet fancy our marionettes will soon appear to them as being inspired with all good and evil passions of mankind, the scenery of our miniature stage will carry them off to the realms of Fairyland, and they will listen to music such as Prospero could command.' This project they have carried out on a stage eight feet wide by ten in depth; the marionettes vary from 15 to 22 inches in height. The performance began last year by a clever adaptation of Aristophanes' comedy *The Birds*; soon after there was produced a very good adaptation of Shakespeare's *Tempest*, by M. Bouchor, who is the life

and soul of the Petit Théâtre. This was a great success, and ran for over twelve nights. A fortnight since the second series of performances began with a new play, *Tobie*, Biblical legend in verse, and five tableaux, by M. Maurice Bouchor; scenery painted by Messrs. Rochegrosse, Lerolle, and Doucet; music by M. Baille; heads of personages carved by M. Belloc; costumes of Madame Regour.

The *première* was attended by a select audience of 120 spectators 'by invitation' (other nights the admission price is 5 francs), among whom were MM. Renan, Coppée, Anatole France, Sarcy, Mme. de Martell ('Gyp'), and other distinguished members of the *tout Paris des premières*. The plot of *Tobie* is the story of Tobias, his son, and the fish, and the journey taken by the pious youth to Ragès in Media, in search of a wife and the ten talents of silver lent by old Tobias to Gabaël. The dialogue offers a curious combination of the naïve language and style of the old mystery-plays allied to the phantasy and *verve* of a more modern form of poetry, with here and there a touch of Rabelaisian humour. The part of the patriarch Tobias is recited with much impressiveness by M. Richepin; that of the Angel Raphael, which contains some very fine poetry, fell to the lot of M. Bouchor; the chaste and exquisitely poetical love-scenes between young Tobias and his affianced bride Sarah, the common-sense and humorous dialogue of old Tobias's wife, of Edna and her husband Raguel, of the tribe of Naphtali, were all equally well rendered by other members of the company, of whom two are ladies. Asmodeus, the demon-tempter, and the Fish, who are one and the

same character, were first-rate; even the eighth and invisible part, that of Tobias's Dog, was inimitably barked by M. Rabbe, a young poet of promise. *Tobie* forms at once a charming *passé-temps* and a curious spectacle. The following short extract from the poem will give an idea of the charm, and at the same time impressive character, of M. Bouchor's verse. Young Tobias asks his unknown travelling companion, the Angel, whether, according to the law of Israel, he may love and marry his cousin Sarah. Raphael answers him in the beautiful passage—

'Cet amour est permis,
Mais, ô candide enfant, si l'Eternel a mis
Dans l'âme et dans le corps des vierges tant de grâce,
Ce n'est pas seulement pour un plaisir qui passe.
Vous devez—et amour rend bien doux ce devoir—
Perpétuer la race élue afin de voir
Vos filles et vos fils conçus parmi la joie
Grandir pour le Seigneur et marcher dans sa voie.
Il faut que sur la bouche en fleur des épousés,
La prière du soir chante avant les baisers.
Enfant, le mariage est une sainte chose.
Afin que le regard du Seigneur se pose
Avec tranquillité sur l'épouse et l'époux,
Gardez bien la pudeur comme un voile entre vous.'

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt will shortly appear in the character of Joan of Arc in M. Jules Barbier's *Jeanne d'Arc*, which is to be produced shortly at the Porte St. Martin. Gounod has written some fine incidental music, particularly for the cathedral scene. A new translation of *Shylock* is to be brought out at the Odéon in the course of the month.

C. NICHOLSON.

JONATHAN ANGUS: A HUMOROUS SCOTCH SECEDER.

FEW countries have seen more dissent from the Church by law established than Scotland. This only proves the religiousness of the people, and the independent intelligence they throw into what are counted elsewhere more matters of feeling than intellect. The first Secession, in 1733, when four ministers, headed by Ebenezer Erskine, formed the Associate Presbytery at Gairney Bridge, was only the first of the hivings of the bees, certain to be repeated. Eleven years after, another hive flew off, on the 'Marrow' controversy; three years later, they hived again, on the burgess oath, and formed the 'Burgher' and 'Anti-Burgher' bodies; by the end of the century each of these hived once more, the stricter parties in both—known as 'Auld Lights'—claiming to hold the 'Original' Secession principles, and so designating themselves. Thus the Old Light Seceders, being at least a secession from a secession from a secession, represented the stricter sort all through the process of differentiation—the severer section of the more rigid dissenters, earnest but uncompromising. They carried out with stern thoroughness two of the original grounds of

separation, which were declared to be a protest against 'the sufferance of error without adequate censure,' and 'the neglect or relaxation of discipline,' in the old Church. It was to this inflexible band of protesters that our friend Jonathan belonged; but, as shown by the title of this paper, he was not a common specimen, for jocularity and austerity seem hardly compatible.

Some ten miles west of Edinburgh is Winchburgh, where the long tunnel occurs on the North British Railway. It stands on an elevated rolling plateau, commanding wide views of the Pentlands to the south, and the Firth of Forth to the north, and proving its antiquity by the ruins of a church and two castles.

At the beginning of the century, there lived there several staunch Seceders. In one of the farms, bearing the curious name of Lampinsdub, lived our Old Light elder, Jonathan. At once farmer and millwright, he was a busy man, much employed for his skill, and universally both favoured and feared for his tongue. This he used to such purpose, that few could or cared to cope with him in controversy,

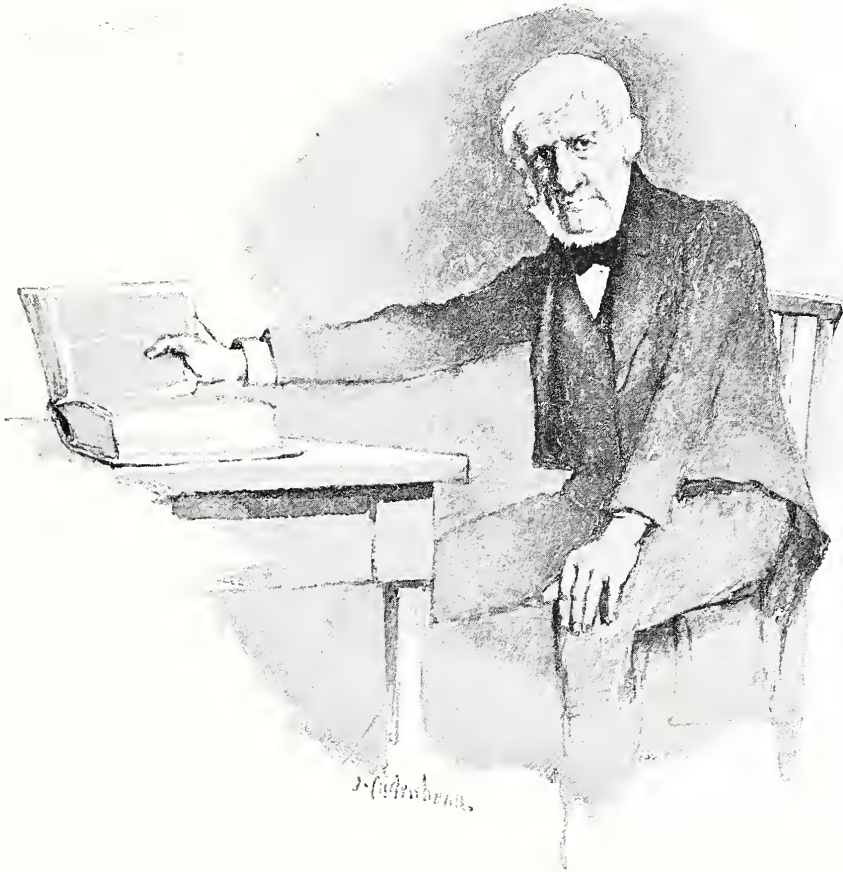


L. Cardinale.

whether sacred or secular. Tall, strong, and pious, he looked as solemn when making a wheel as when handing the sacramental cup. He was known far and wide as a remarkable man, of uncommon capacity, thoroughly proficient in all the religious questions of the day, conversant with the tortuosities of Scotch dissent, and having the Bible, the Catechism, and the 'Marrow' at his finger-ends. Few clergymen would face in argument this well-equipped Seceder, for many

And this long journey his whole household, of several sons and daughters, also weekly performed. They took the road by Kirkliston, across the Almond at Lenny Muir, through Corstorphine, and over the Leith, to a meeting-house near the Cowgate, where Jonathan was ruling elder.

His whole family were as rigid Old Lights as their worthy father. The group that set out from Lampinsdub, every Lord's Day, for the capital was certainly



had tried a fall with him, and come off second. He was a splendid specimen of the capable Auld Licht elder of the time, one of a notable class now no more.

But, puritanic as he was and looked, beneath his sage solemnity, unrippled by a smile, lurked genuine humour, almost Hibernian in its spontaneity—a well of real wit hidden in a clump of ecclesiastical thorns.

Though there was a Seceding 'meeting-house'—for so these religious republicans called their chapels—at South Queensferry, a few miles off, Jonathan chose rather to go all the way to Edinburgh, where were weekly doled out the hard cakes of ultra-Calvinism to all who abhorred the adulterated sweets of worldly Moderatism. This preference of his involved a walk every Sabbath of at least twenty-two miles—eleven each way—summer and winter, sunshine and shower!

picturesque enough, and was counted even then peculiar—a survival of olden times.

Jonathan and his sons, unusually tall and thin, all dressed in the long-tailed coat of last century, walked in fair weather in their white shirt-sleeves, with their coats over their arms, all looking serenely solemn and sententious, though by no means sour.

His daughters were of a still more uncommon type—long-legged, long-armed, long-faced women, bronzed as beech-nuts, stronger than most men, comely, but country-like; stepping with determined strides that easily equalled their brothers'. Their dress, even in 1830, when my friend last saw them, was then unique, in the style of a hundred years ago. They wore great coal-scuttle bonnets, of white Leghorn straw, from the front of which long black veils hung down to their

knees. They carried no shawls to hide their stout but shapely waists, round which were carefully pinned up their coloured gowns, to protect them from sun and rain. Beneath their gowns were revealed white embroidered petticoats, going half-way below the knee. Under all appeared their sturdy, brown, bare legs and feet; while they bore, in handkerchiefs in their hands, their shoes and stockings, to save them from needless wear on the hard highway. Thus they marched through the villages, under the wondering gaze of the folks, in self-contained unconcern; seldom speaking to any one or to each other, both from choice and from respect to the Lord's Day.

When they reached the Water of Leith at Coltbridge, they all sat down to rest on the green banks of the river after their long journey, the men refreshing themselves with bread and water, and the women washing their dusty feet and donning stockings and shoes. After dropping their gowns, adjusting their veils, and donning their coats, they walked sedately along the city streets, to the little kirk. They were generally the first to arrive there, and the good old elder, in spite of his morning exertions, stood at the door as erect and firm as if he had just come across the street.

Many stories used to be told, in that country-side, about Jonathan—his quaint sayings, and witty and waggish ways. He spoke capital Scotch, of the broadest Doric, even in prayer, like several of the Auld Licht clergy in the pulpit then, and like the shepherd in his practical petitions in Hogg's *Brownie of Bodsbeck*. While uttering the drollest things, he never moved a muscle of his countenance, though setting his hearers in a roar.

One day, the new minister of the Established Church, Mr. Scott, afterwards of Dirleton, in making the round of his parish, to become acquainted with the people, called at Lampinsdub while Jonathan was at home. Introducing himself and his errand, he was welcomed by the farmer, who wished to make his acquaintance, for he was friendly with all sects, though irrevocably bound to his own. When the clergyman found that his host belonged to the most irreconcilable of dissenters, he at once rose to leave, excusing himself for unwitting intrusion.

'Na, na!' exclaimed Jonathan assuringly, 'dinna gang awa, man. Come back, and sit down! Though we dinna belang to yer kirk, we're no oot o' sympathy wi' yer prayers.'

After further not unprofitable conversation, the household, who had gathered within, stood up, while the good man poured out his heart in petition for a blessing on their home, as being all children of the same Father above.

Shortly after the opening of the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway, a baptism was to take place at Duntarvie Castle, not far from Winchburgh. Like Jonathan, the farmer there was a member of an Auld Licht congregation, whose minister was to perform the

ceremony. A party of friends gathered to witness it, chief of whom was their neighbour of Lampinsdub, for without him no such assembly could be complete. From some cause or other the preacher had missed the train, which was then a novelty, and they waited long in vain for his appearance. To beguile the time, Jonathan, as elder, was asked to read them something from the Family Bible. He chose the story of Job, probably suggested by the patience they were exercising; and, beginning at the first verse, he had just reached the end of his grievous afflictions, when the laggard minister was announced. Shutting the volume with a bang, and no little indignation,—not against the clergyman, but the actors in the sacred drama,—Jonathan concluded his reading by remarking in his driest style: 'Ma freens! ma opeenion is—and I think ye'll agree wi' me—that, atween God an' the deevil, Job was an ill-used man!'

Once Jonathan lost his temper. It was in this wise. Everywhere appreciated, though sometimes feared, for his pungent humour, he often received provocations intended to rouse it to action. He was a great favourite at Dundas Castle, a few miles from his farm. On one occasion, after repairing the meal-mill there he was invited by the laird to dine in the servants' hall. Mr. Dundas accompanied him there—for the manners of the great were then more homely than now—to enjoy the millwright's society. Perturbed by the unwonted circumstances or other causes, the good elder, before beginning to eat, forgot to ask a blessing; and his usual grace was by no means a short one. The waggish laird, who stood in front of the fire, noticed this, and, knowing his man, cried out, 'Ye auld sinner! are ye beginnin' to eat withoot askin' a blessin'?' Jonathan, recovering himself, though greatly annoyed at such extraordinary forgetfulness on his part—certainly the only time he did so in his life—quietly inquired, 'Ah, yes, Mr. Dundas; was this meat at yer ain table?' 'Surely,' replied the laird, not divining his drift. 'And did ye bless it there?' asked his guest. 'Certainly, I asked a blessing on't there,' explained the host. 'Then,' returned Jonathan with warmth, 'it maun ha'e been in a gae curst place since it was there, to need anither blessin' noo!' 'Ah, Jonathan, ye rogue, ye ha'e me there!' and Jonathan recovered his equanimity in the laughter of the laird.

Jonathan was a truly pious man, universally respected, and devoted to religion and to God with a single-eyed sincerity that is a rebuke to most of us, as it was to his neighbours. He acted for a time as precentor—for he added song to his other accomplishments—in a Secession meeting-house on the banks of the Almond. Looking on it as a privilege to lead the psalmody in the Lord's House, he refused all recompense. When it was pressed upon him, he indignantly remarked—'He's a puir sinner that canna lay a stane on God's altar withoot gettin' paid tor't!'

WILLIAM JOLLY.



BOAT AT SEA—STORMY EFFECT.

By JULES DUPRE.

By permission of ANDREW J. KIRKPATRICK, Esq.

FRAGMENTS FROM THE LOST JOURNAL OF PIERO DI COSIMO.

(NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.)¹*The first fragment from Piero's Journal begins at page 68.*

BEFORE I went to Rome with my master Cosimo many strange things happened. No perilous or untoward incidents befell me, it is true, but I was ever so curious in the byways of life that each day brought me something whereat to marvel greatly. It was ever so with me. Life has been to me the supreme mystery: when I fathom *that* I shall have solved a secret that has puzzled the wisest men of all time. Yet the more I think (and what a strain this endless thinking is—thinking, thinking, thinking!) the more I realise that there can be no discovery for any man save the revelation that the world exists for him only. What I mean is clear, though peradventure to some it might seem either a sport in words, an untimely folly, or to others a dark saying, such as the occult wisdom of those soothsayers and astrologers who, I am well assured, play upon the ignorance of the uneducated. It is this: that whatsoever this world has, behind its veil, as it were, such hidden beauty or strangeness or terror is only to be seen of those eyes which bring their own power of seeing. Children and many ignorant country-people believe that the fogs and rains which the autumnal equinox bringeth do indeed obliterate the stars from the obscured heavens, not knowing that their shining is a thing apart, and as far removed from the vanities of this earth as the virtues of the most Blessed Virgin Mother are from the petty goodnesses and shortcomings of womankind in this world, and most certainly from those of the ladies of Florence, who seem to me to have much resemblance to those flighty insects which hover in still noons and at sundown by Arno-side, having all the characteristics of these, but lacking in the most welcome, that they perish speedily, even if they survive their long day from starsetting to moonrise. But those to whom the processes of nature are, in their superficial aspects, not in any wise strange, know well the foolishness of such surmises about the disappearance of heavenly bodies because of the rising of earthly mists and vapours. And so is it with the more occult world of thought. One must have the eye of faith as well as the eye of the body. One must know that there is light beyond darkness, life beyond death, spirit beyond clay, just as the educated know that the same stars which we saw yesternight still whirl their silver spheres through the upper spaces, whether mists and darkness intervene or the equally obscuring though royally blinding splendour of the sun. But over and above this there is a further sight which a few have. This sight brings to the mind and thence to the soul what is beyond the extremest visual ken. Men so gifted are the world's philosophers. They see not merely the fixity of the stars and the

mutability of the mists and darkness, but the causes of these obscurities: and they apprehend also the laws whereby the stars exist and scatter their remote influences upon the tides of life, whether these be of the waters of ocean, or of the sap in trees and plants, or of the hot or gelid blood in the living things of the world, from the lizard and callous newt to man himself. And yet again there are some who have a still deeper sight. These are they who are the passionate students of life. But of what avail is it that one telleth unto another his interpretation, if the other understand not also something of the occult meanings, the lost language, of which it is the halting translation? There is no salve to our undying curiosity save that which is found of ourselves. Therefore is it why I, for one, have long sought diligently of her, Madonna Natura—Natura Benigna or Natura Maligna?—my one mistress; and how I shall ever so continue, even as I have done from my youth onward.

My youth! Ah! I was young then when I started with good Master Cosimo for the court of Pope Sixtus in that near and yet far-off Rome. I have already, earlier in these journals, written of my lonely but not unhappy boyhood, but now I cannot help recalling those bygone days. Here is a letter which Cosimo Rosselli, my good master, my very father, wrote to me, now years ago. It is already stained with some chemic dissolution—as the world is with the stain of eternity: as *I* am, now that I am sere as one of those October chestnut-leaves I brought home with me the other day from that deep glade of Vallombrosa I love so well.

'MY EVER-BELOVED PIERO,' so runs the dear familiar hand, 'the tears are in my eyes to-day, and for two causes. This afternoon, after I had finished painting—and, alas! my craft is not what it was—I went forth to sun myself in the gardens of the Medici, having at all times the entry thereto. There, just as I was about to leave, owing to a twilight wind, somewhat premature and cold, coming out of the greenness of the cypress boughs, I heard a sound as of some one sobbing. It had such bitter distress in it that my heart ached. After a brief time of uncertainty I beheld, quite close, and leaning against a very ancient yew, an old man, so wearily a wreck of life that he seemed rather a human-like excrescence of the tree than a fellow-creature. But the crackling of a cone or twig beneath my feet aroused him, and he passed at once from the semblance of dismal death to the reality of a yet more dismal life. He was about to make haste away, as speedily as his age and infirmities would permit, and not without an angry and half-defiant irritation at my unwitting intrusion, such as, I bethought me, betokened some rankling memory of better days, when he stumbled over one of the two sticks whereby he aided his feeble gait. I ran forward to assist him, and whom think you, Piero, I

¹ Doubtless the Journal of Piero di Cosimo, or certain portions of it, must have been known to Vasari. His description, certainly, of the Car of Death, closely tallies with Piero's own.

recognised? None other than that true and great artist whom you have so often admired, Sandro Botticelli! Ah, how it made my tears well to my eyes. But though he knew me he would have none of me. I besought him by old friendship, by the memory of our comradeship at Rome, when he and I and Domenico Ghirlandajo, and Luca of Cortona, and Piero Perugino all wrought together for the Papal award. He laughed once, but bitterly, and taunted me by asking if I had yet turned my pictures into a jeweller's stock, alluding therein to the method whereby I gained the Pope's prime favour by the excessive gilding of my work, which made his Holiness believe it to be superior to the productions of better men—(a matter, Piero, I once took pride in, but am now ashamed of): but, on my silence, he turned away as though penitent before an old friend. "*Mio caro amico, mio maestro carissimo,*" I began, when he brusquely interrupted me, and cried "*Ecco!*" Cosimo Rosselli, I am Alessandro Filipepi, the son of Mariano Filipepi of Florence, and have nought to do with the vain dabbler in painted follies whom men call Botticelli. You knew me of old, and may call me Sandro if you will, but not that other name. Shall my tears and my bitter repentance never wash out those days of sinful vanity!" To the which heart-wrung cry I replied: "I knew you had thrown away brush and pencil, *mio Sandro*, and that you had become a Piagnone,¹ but I never believed, I cannot now believe, that you, *you*, the master Botticelli—nay, you *must* let me say it—can forget your art. How well I remember your saying to Ghirlandajo that work was good but beauty was better, as the soul is lovelier than even the most fair body. You cannot have forgotten that, nor how you once told Luca Signorelli that pure colour was like God, for the very being of God is pure music, and pure colour is but the visible and beautiful tranced body of music." Whereupon he sighed, looked at me long and earnestly; then muttering only, "I am well, I am well, I want for nought," made me sign of farewell, and went on his way. But for hours afterward, ay and oft since, methought I heard that bitter, miserable sob where the yew and cypress shadows were.

"And the other cause of my weeping to-day, though rather a soft summer rain, such as falls from my white lilac (where the young thrush revolves his song oftentimes leisurely, but again with such a marvellous swift joy and sweetness as to make me wonder at God's grace to these creatures of a springtide), rather such a rain I say than the sterner tears which I shed earlier over my unhappy Botticelli.

"For I came by chance, dear son, upon an early and a strange letter of thine, when thou wert not yet in thy fifteenth year. How keenly it recalled those bygone days! I seemed once again to see thee, ever studious, and apart from thy fellows, and oftentimes rapt in strange imaginings. Fond, indeed, thou wert then as now of remote places, and of all things fantastic, and of solitude; a dreamy youth, moreover, wont to reply vaguely to questions of common import. And in this letter of thine, writ as I say when thou wert not yet in thy fifteenth year, thou speakest strangely for a youth. "The bale of life is so bitter that one hath perforce to occupy one's-self with such diversion as is offered by the strange, the fantastic, the terrible." What manner of boy is it who writeth thus? "I saw to-day a cloud of those smoke-like balls of seed blown from a field of dandelions: how beautiful they were, how exquisite their dalliance with the light wind, how perfect each delicate part—nothing out of heaven more wondrous light and soft and aerial! All were blown upon a rotting dunghill, amidst whose indiscriminate filth and stench were perishing butterflies, and some stained apple-blossoms, and voracious beetles and centipedes and other horrible insects, with worms, unwieldy and overgorged, rejoicing in corruption. And when I went home and fell into a dream, I was sore perplexed whether I had seen all this, or had been but deliberating upon dear ambitions, and fair hopes, and human life, and the end thereof, and the immortality of the worm." Ah, Piero, Piero, as thou wert then, so art thou now; men say strange things of thy wayward life, though they praise thy genius. And the ending of thy letter, how sad it is! "But thee, Cosimo

Rosselli, my master, whom I love, can deep affection save thee from the ills of life? If so, thou art saved indeed!"

"And now, dear Piero, though I have seen nought of thee for long, we seem to be closer drawn one to the other. Wilt thou not come and visit one who, whatsoever men idly say against thee, will ever love thy person as he reveres thy genius. Thou knowest that I am thine in comradeship and love, COSIMO ROSSELLI."

* * * *

They say that I live more as a wild beast than as a man, because I bar my doors against the idle and the over-curious; eat simply when I am an-hungered; will not have my garden digged, nor the fruit-trees pruned; will not haunt the streets, or the taverns, or the guest-rooms, nor talk much and eagerly of matters that concern me not at all. So be it. Perhaps the wild beast is none the less beloved of nature than the foolish human babbler. Why should I eat save when I would? Why not be solitary, when solitude is my festival? Why have my garden digged or my fruit-trees pruned when to me the pleasure is greater to see the branches trail upon the ground, to behold the vines grow in their own way (as the human fool will not do, but persuadeth himself to ancestral follies, and conventions of outworn usage). Nature hath heed of her offspring. She hath birds to feed off these grape-clusters, whether they be high and wind-swayed, or lie all ruined in the mould; butterflies, too, and moths, that haunt the sugared ooze upon over-ripe fruit, and flame-like wasps darting hither and thither, with keen knives cutting the purple skins; and the larvæ of many insects, and caterpillars and grey slugs and worms—these hath she all to feed, from my vines, as well as me. I am but one of these: but not so happy, because I think: not so wise, because I hope.

* * * *

Last night, very late (how white the shining of the moon upon the flood of Arno, and how death-like the city in its silence, though joy's and woes, and passionate hopes and more passionate despairs quivered, like exposed nerves, beneath the cold, calm exterior), on my homeward way from Vallombrosa, I stopped at the house of Antonio del Monte, the naturalist. Walking along the chestnut glades, hours before, and wondering if ever painter would be born who would be able to paint *living* nature, and not but our dull dream of her (yet, in my vanity, thinking of that landscape which I painted for Pope Sixtus, when I went to Rome with Cosimo Rosselli, the one which gained me such praise and so many commissions): wondering also, in my strange uplifted ecstasy, if in any other world—if such there be, as I shrewdly suspect, among all those stars and planets overhead, despite what the Prior said to me about the evil and perilous thoughts of the excommunicated and already damned—wondering then if there be any more beautiful than this, with such infinities of mercy and delight for us, and indeed for all living things, I beheld somewhat that struck me as with a chill of fever. Overhead I saw a kestrel, motionless as though painted against a dome of blue; it fell suddenly, many a score of paces—

¹ That is, of the bigoted sect of Fra Girolamo Savonarola.

how many I could not say ; then hung hovering, and all in a moment crashed upon a hen-partridge cowering over her chicks, and spilt the blood from the cleft head upon the wheat-stacks close by. And further, scarce fifty yards away from where I stood, a fierce stoat crept nigher and nigher to a rabbit, all trembling and giving forth a strange choking sob at times, and at the last sprang upon it and drove its teeth into the rabbit's skull. And further, I saw a sparrow-hawk on a fir-bough, tearing a young thrush to pieces, and scattering the bloodied feathers to right and left. And further, I saw a dead and rotten branch fall and crush a white bloom of lilies on the sward underneath. And further, I saw at my feet a small but agile insect, striped like a wasp, that ran backward or sideward as easily as forward, and it waylaid a tender yellow moth and nipped its head off and devoured it. And a passion came into my heart, and I went away with my soul sick within me. And I laughed at the beauty of the world, and cursed the mercy thereof. And as I passed the village at the foot of the hill I heard a man, blaspheming, strike his wife with savage cruelty, and the cry somewhere of a child wailing in pain. And when I told all to Antonio del Monte, he laughed. He said Nature was a beast of prey. And I—I—have loved Nature, have worshipped her! The end of idolaters is death within death.

* * * *

I remember well—it was after my first carnival in Rome—that an idea of a new and striking, albeit fantastic, masquerade, came into my mind. Yet it was not there but in Florence that I fulfilled it ; but many years later. I was in great favour then with the gay Florentine youth, ever alert to novelties as to fierce deeds : they prized me for my invention in designing pleasurable surprises. Of a truth, the masquerades became new things altogether, after my dispositions were approved and carried into effect. Thenceforth they became triumphal processions, with men and horses gorgeously and strangely apparelled, and with wild or joyous music. It was a fine sight indeed, when, along the flower-strewn streets, young men (nude, or with leopard or tiger skins thrown about them, and garlanded with roses and lilies) rode upon foam-white stallions, these snorting through blood-red nostrils or neighing with hoarse clangours that rang against the black marble and basalt of the Florentine palaces! The sun shone upon the ivory skins of the men and the blanched milk-white steeds, and upon the trodden flowers, all red and white and yellow (that gave up an indescribable languorous and most sweet smell, as though the very soul of spring were dying there and passing away in forlorn fragrances), and upon the gay crowd, so brightly and variously clad, and upon the beautiful fair women—many with wind-lifted hair and loosened bodices, and breasts that gleamed like globed water-lilies, the froth and foam, these, of the carnival-tide—laughing, and throwing those deep blood-red roses which are called Hearts o' Love, and wearing

cream-hued and scarlet scarfs, twined round and trailing from the whitest of arms. And not less striking the processional array by night. Down the dark streets tramped the white horses, their riders now in gleaming armour, or fantastically garbed like chieftains of the Magyars or of the barbaric East. Two by two the riders went, and betwixt each couple not fewer than twoscore ten stalwart men on foot, each waving a burning torch in one hand and carrying an unsheathed sword in the other, so that it caught and flashed forth a hundred lights. The horses themselves were a sight to see, in their rich accoutrements! Thereafter came a high car, garlanded with flowers and draperies and many rare devices. And all this to the laughter of men and women, the neighing of the stallions, the clanking of weapons, the sputtering of the torches, the shrill shrieks of Greek fifes, and the furious challenging blare of fivescore brazen trumpets! Ay, these were goodly sights, though none equalled my Masquerade of Death, which is none other than the idea whereof I wrote a little ago : and of which men speak eagerly to this day, some with pleasant awe and dainty shudderings, others crossing themselves and muttering of devilish imaginations and antichrist and papal maledictions.

I made my Car of Death in such secrecy in the Hall of the Pope that none—no! not one—saw it aforehand. Then I made all arrangements, not only in mine own privacy, but wheresoever the procession would pass by, and these arrangements included the way itself, for I had special purposes to fulfil. And all who gave me of their service did so under a bond of secrecy, for after a while it became impossible to hide from some at least of my assistants, either the parts or the whole of my scheme. There were two of my pupils who were of especial service to me, both named Andrea. The one is still called Andrea di Cosimo : the other, a greater than his master, is known throughout all the lands northward of Rome, and even to France, as Andrea del Sarto. He was brought to me by my friend Gian' Barile, the Florentine painter, as a youth of exceeding promise ; and I came to love him, almost as the good Cosimo Rosselli loved me. He was ever a Passionate of art, from the days when he spent his leisure hours staring at the frescoes by Lionardo and Michel-Angelo in this very Hall of the Pope where I made my Car of Death. Rumours have reached me in mine old age that Andrea del Sarto, whom I see no more (whom do I see, I, Piero di Cosimo, 'the mad painter,' lonely as the falling star that last night swept the circuit of the heavens, and flashed into an oblivion of darkness beyond human ken?)—rumours, I say, have reached me that Andrea declareth my Procession of Death symbolised the return of the Medici. This is false. It is one to me whether the Medici feed upon the taxes of the Florentines, or upon those of any alien city. My device was of fantastical delight and a brooding imagination ; and I have thought of stranger things still, but have scarce dared even to suggest them.

Thus was it, then, in the height of the Carnival. My great triumphal car, instead of being drawn by prancing horses and gaily decorated, was yoked to black buffaloes, each of sombre and terrible aspect, with horns overlaid with whitest plaster, and with eyes made hollowly red and burning with virulent pigments. The car itself was all hung in black sweeping draperies, gloomful as a starless and moonless night with imminence of rain; very dolorous to look upon; and yet not the less so because, every here and there, painted with whitely gleaming dead men's bones and broad crosses. High up on the car sat the gigantic figure of Death himself, dreadful of aspect, and holding in one outstretched hand his ever thirsting and hungering scythe. Beneath him, huddled round the huge throne whereon he sat, were dismal tombs, blank and awful. Before the slow-moving car and lowering buffaloes, and after it likewise, rode a great number of the dead on horseback, all singing in a trembling voice the *Miserere*. The sight made many quake, and some who laughed broke into sobs. And at those places where, in former carnivals, the triumphal procession was wont to stop for a sweet and joyous singing, and for the interchange of blythe and happy mockeries and good fortunes, it now stopped also; but, instead, the tombs upon the huge car opened, and there crawled, or glided, or sprang forth figures garbed in close-fitting black, all painted over with the insignia of death, the grinning skull, the long-jointed arms and legs, and all the bones of the human skeleton. These dreadful things moved close one to another, and then to the drear accompaniments

of muffled strains sang, in a most melancholy music, that solemn chant beginning:—

'Dolar, pianto e penitenza,' etc.

It was a strange sight. Many, it is said, dream of it still.

* * * *

After a still evening, and a sunset sky of the most marvellous delicate green, with pale lemon-yellow spaces beyond, the weather has changed. I noted how low the fireflies flittered among the under-branches of the guelder-rose and around the bole of my old yew, and how sultry their wandering lights. The voices of the dogs barking in the gardens of Fiesole came down the slopes no more clear and sharp, but as though from afar, and muffled, as in a dense snowing. Nothing crackled in the garden. That strange beast out of Araby or Cathay, which Messer Antonio gave me in exchange for my portrait of him, made a mewling noise, very weird, yet not like any cat or other animal I have known—rather like a mad person mouthing in vague fear. Methought it might be a lost soul. If—if I—

The rain at last! Streaming, rushing, pouring down; the garden-ways aflood; the house-vents spouting forth upon the streets! Most joyous of sounds! Oh, would I were striding along, singing my Song of Death, amid the now wind-furied glades, in tempestuous Vallombrosa!

* * * *

WILLIAM SHARP.

A NOTE ON BROWNING.¹

LITERARY criticism in its better aspects has two principal objects before it—the purely impersonal one of estimating an author's work in the light of its professed or implied aim, and the more complex problem of endeavouring to define the personality of the author as shadowed forth in his writings. In the case of a dramatic author the latter is a task of the highest difficulty; and the confusion, superficial and momentary though it be, of the actor and the acted villain, which calls forth the condemnation of a sibilant pit and gallery, is liable to become a pitfall to the most careful critic. It was not a matter for wonder, therefore, that Robert Browning should have felt it necessary on more than one occasion to enact the part of the actor who disclaims villainy, in assuring his readers that a large part of his work is dramatic in principle and so many utterances of so many imaginary personages, not his own.

*'Here's my work; does work discover
What was rest from work—my life*

* * * *

Blank of such a record truly
Here's the work I hand, this scroll,
Yours to take or leave; as duly
Mine remains the unproffered soul.'

And again where he represents Shakespeare as saying—

'I baulk
Him and you, and bar my portal!
Here's my work outside.'

None the less is it true that from the utterances of all these imaginary personages there does at least emerge a personality which legitimately stands to the race as that of the author, whether Shakespeare or Browning. Some conception of an author's personality cannot but be formed by us even from the consideration of his selection of subject-matter and detail, but in a hundred other small points of treatment the author almost inevitably lifts the mask. Shakespeare is no mysterious shadow outlined to us only by a few scanty indications of date, but a large and solid figure which appeals to us as no mere product of the imagination but as the

¹ The 'Note on Browning' was written before the death of the poet, which took place while this *Review* was in the press.—ED.

legitimate result of the co-ordination of a few scattered facts with the residuary impressions of personality which his plays yield us. Mr. Browning with his head in the bush of dramatic impersonality is in reality one of the best-known literary personalities of the century—the unconcealable body of him photographed from all points of view while he thought himself invisible. Many of his poems are obviously personal and non-dramatic, but even in those which are dramatic the impurity of his dramatic method lightens the work of critical analysis. His characters tend not only to expound their own motives as they might perhaps do if they possessed some of Mr. Browning's faculty of psychological analysis, but to analyse by reference to a standard of thought and opinion which is clearly that of the author and not of the characters themselves. This involves an admixture of the narrative element in drama, and it is in the subtle flavour of philosophical narration that the individual character of Mr. Browning's dramatic work will be found in large part to consist. The personages are puppets, the voice is the voice of Mr. Browning, often admirably disguised, but unmistakable, expounding, psychologising, narrating. Pippa, Martin Ralph, James Lee's Wife, Sordello, Pacchiarotto, and Fra Lippo Lippi are all to be analysed into puppet and voice, and there is no illusion of identity. Not that this is necessarily a fault. We are conscious, as we read, of the distinction, but at the close the added matter dissolves, and the essentials of the dramatic characters stand out all the more vividly and intelligibly because of the voice which narrated and explained and made the whole complicated scheme of latent passion and thought apparent. The only thing is that with this method the plea of dramatic self-effacement holds good to a limited extent only.

On certain broad questions of personal aptitude there is not likely to be any great difference of opinion. There have been few stronger and more vigorous brains in the history of the race,—not more than two or three capable of improvising at so high a level so continuously under normal conditions of health. Few writers, again, and very few poets, have brought to their work a larger intellectual equipment. The wide range of his knowledge and the apparent ease with which it was assimilated were not less remarkable than the aptness with which its heterogeneous elements were reproduced in his verse,—in itself almost constituting a distinct departure in modern poetic treatment. He was profuse even to pedantry, and would know nothing of the ordinary standards of poetic selection and propriety. To the conventional reader it was almost as though one went to Olympus expecting Jove to throw nothing but thunderbolts, and found in him a certain vulgar promiscuity which, failing a bolt when the fit was on him, would hurl a boulder or a clod, or even, in default of these, a footstool or a bootjack. This very promiscuity in selection, however, whether of subject or detail, was an advance towards

the wider theory of poetry that there is no theme which does not come within the scope of the poet's art, though Mr. Browning has been pronounced enough in his predilections. The instincts of the scholar, the antiquarian, and the bookworm, of the artist and the musician, of the nature-student and the theologian predominate. To science he paid no very obvious heed; nationalities, politics, social theories and institutions, manufactures, the practical problems which trouble the intellectual waters of the day for the alleged healing of the race, have little weight with him except in some chance side-relation to individual characters of a more or less eccentric type. But within his own limits he is careless and contemptuous in his refusal to apply any standard of taste in selection; he throws upon the reader the task of squeezing, pounding, and clarifying his 'whelks.' Not less marked than his abundant vigour, or more fertile in surprises than the range of his knowledge, is the curious mental blend which distinguishes him—a superb endowment in respect of imaginative faculty in combination with an intellect essentially of the old scholastic type, though it applies itself to the study of human motives instead of to the degree of compressibility of angels. In Browning as a thinker the old schoolman walked the earth again: subtle, microscopic, in love with tenuity and the infinitesimal, fractional in method, striving ever to increase a denominator, seeking the infinite by way of the back-door. It helps him to his intelligence of Paracelsus; it gives him his sympathy with the old grammarian who settles *Hoti's* business, properly bases *Omi*, and gives us the doctrine of the enclitic *De*; it leads him into such logic-cobweb-spinning as the argument of *Christmas Eve*. Unhappily, the tendency of the schoolman is to be acute in logical process and subtle in detail, but to substitute conventions in place of larger generalisations; indeed it was the rigidity of theological convention that developed the scholastic character. No such rigidity now exists; but in Browning's case the substitution of conventions for larger generalisations is not less marked than his acuteness in perception and logical process. As the result, his position in regard to the thought of the age is paradoxical, if not inconsistent. He is in advance of it in every respect but one, the most important of all, the matter of fundamental principles; in these he is behind it. His processes of thought are often scientific in their precision of analysis; the sudden conclusion which he imposes upon them is transcendental and inept. The agnostic moral of *Caliban upon Setebos* is countered by a theology more anthropomorphic than that of any poet of the first rank since Wordsworth. The pessimism of the *Galuppi Toccata* and the *Weltschmerz* implied in numberless other poems is perpetually met with the quibble of Abt Vogler—

‘And what is our failure here but a triumph's evidence
For the fulness of the days?’

In the case of Ned Bratt, the evasion of the conclusion

is so marked as to make the poem to all intents and purposes a satire on conversion. These two iniquitous mammoths are suddenly laid hold of by the influence of Bunyan and *The Pilgrim's Progress*, and in their penitence successfully beseech the Court to take and hang them. There is no mystery about it, no need to seek a clue in some regenerating supernatural. It is a thoroughly concrete and non-mystical process throughout, susceptible of expression in terms of morbid animalism, but a wholly unsatisfactory subject for treatment from any standpoint of a not-ourselves-making-for-righteousness. In the old story of Halbert and Hob, again, where the actors are primitive men of the brute-heroic type, the conduct of the action is excellent; but in the close—

'Is there a reason in Nature for these hard hearts? O Lear,
That a reason out of Nature must turn them soft seems clear'—

comes the old appeal to the supernatural as a force working in Nature to determine character by non-natural means. Yet the incident is self-contained and self-explicative, and the close is a mere idle trick of convention, passing the final point of the analysis in a flourish about the unknown. His analytic method is original and forceful; his avowed message is bourgeois and conventional. He works within sight of the goal, and then turns aside with something of the rapid contortion that is familiar to students of metaphysics. The final inductive hazard he declines for himself; his readers may take it if they will. It is part of the insistent and perverse ingenuity which we display in masking with illusion the more disturbing elements of life. Veil after veil is torn down, but seldom before another has been slipped behind it, until we acquiesce without a murmur in the concealment that we ourselves have made. Two facts thus carefully shrouded from full vision by elaborate illusion conspicuously round in our lives—the life-giving and life-destroying elements, Sex and Death. We are compelled to occasional physiologic and economic discussion of the one, but we shrink from recognising the full extent to which it bases the whole social fabric, carefully concealing its insurrections, and ignoring or misreading their lessons. The other, in certain aspects, we are compelled to face, but to do it we tittle on illusions, from our cradle upwards, in dread of the coming grave, purchasing a drug for our poltroonery at the expense of our sanity. We uphold our wayward steps with the promises and the commandments for crutches, but on either side of us trudge the shadow Death and the bacchanal Sex, and we mumble prayers against the one, while we scourge ourselves for leering at the other. On one only of these can Browning be said to have spoken with novel force—the relations of sex, which he has treated with a subtlety and freedom, and often with a beauty, unapproached since Goethe. On the problem of Death, except in masquerade of robes and wings, his eupeptic temperament never allowed him to dwell. He sentimentalised where Shakespeare thought.

There is perhaps, however, one other marked departure from convention in Browning, in that the teaching of certain of his poems can hardly be taken otherwise than as setting forth the necessity and value in the world of evil, active, and passive, as constituting with good the opposites by which progress is secured. He might, indeed, have taken for motto the words he has put in the mouth of Aristophanes when contrasting himself with Euripides:—

'Little and bad exist, are natural;
Then let me know them, and be twice as great
As he who only knows one phase of life;
So doubly shall I prove best friend of man
If I report the whole truth—vice perceived
While he shut eyes to all but virtue there.
Man's made of both, and both must be of use
To somebody.'

This recognition of the utility of sin, though it never quite attains in expression a philosophic freedom from paradox, allies itself with an idea which combines the confusions of an older philosophy with a stray light caught from the new. It is in a measure the idealisation of energy for its own sake. 'Act in the living present' is the burden of the poet's verse; 'act rightly if you can, but you will be more right in acting wrongly than in not acting at all.' It is a curiously conceived theory of the conservation of force. A man conserves force to the world's good by giving the rein to his energies along the line of their greatest pressure; if he does not do so, he tends to stagnate and to defraud the world, though he would have violated the world's conception of morals had he done otherwise. Thus in *The Statue and the Bust*, in which the Duke Ferdinand and Riccardi's wife spend a lifetime in wishing to commit adultery, the verdict is:—

'Let a man contend to the uttermost
For his life's set prize, be it what it will!

* * * * *

The sin I impute to each frustrate ghost
Is—the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin,
Though the end in sight was a vice, I say.
You of the virtue (we issue join)
How strive you? *De te, fabula!*'

Not unrelated to this is the sympathy which he shows with certain primitive and barbaric impulses which in his estimation transcend law, the sympathy again proceeding from the idealisation of energy. Law may have two results—it may directly concentrate, develop force, or it may repress, and ultimately annihilate force; and on more than one occasion the implication of Browning's treatment is that the repression of a primitive impulse or energy by law may be harmful, even if the force so repressed or annihilated be one tending in many respects towards evil. Thus Ivan Ivanovitch, changed from sympathetic friend to pitiless judge under the impulse of a primitive sense of justice, smites off the head of Dmitri's wife, who has saved her own life at the cost of the lives of her children. The deed is legally criminal, an insubordination to all

principles of social order and the methodical even-hand processes of deliberative justice. Shall he therefore die? Here is the primitive impulsive, revengeful justice, vital and having latent within it immense possibilities. On the other hand the way is paved by the deed for a rough, inconsiderate popular vengeance, in whose passionate hands the unsteady balance can establish no just measure between criminality and punishment. From Browning's point of view only one reply is possible: Conserve the force, not annihilate it by visiting on the man the legal consequences of his act. A more curious illustration still is to be found in *Fifine at the Fair*, which practically resolves itself into a husband's explanation to his wife of the method by which the masculine is supposed to attain its full nobility. He loves his wife, but she is the constant amid many variables in his life and love. With her as a fixed point, his life resolves itself into a series of incursions amid the 'world of ladies' around him, all inferior creatures to himself, of whom he speedily wearies, but who are yet essential to his highest progress, and enable him to return to his wife a much better, nobler, and more heroic man. On the surface this is admirable satire, but is it all satire? In the light of the theory the utility of lawlessness 'to somebody,' it is to be read as the negation of that convention under which we habitually view life, but which for some reason or other breaks down when we have to face the problems of a Goethe, a Shelley, a Byron, or a Browning.

On the general public much of this teaching is lost by reason of the undoubted difficulty which he presents to all but the more earnest and thorough students of his works, and his influence may still further be limited by this as his readers get more and more remote from the atmosphere in which they were written. Mr. Swinburne has attributed much of Browning's obscurity to the rapidity of his thought, and the solution is of interest taken in connection with Browning's own announcement in his earliest poem, *Pauline*, of the mode of writing which seemed best to him—

'So I will sing on—fast as fancies come,
Rudely—the verse being as the mood it paints.'

He has leaped in rapid sequence from one prominent thought to another, indifferent to the fact that to most men there is need for slower toiling to the same positions by the lesser aids of intervening ideas. The wealth and variety of his information, the versatility and suddenness of the associative faculty in him, snatching materials from all quarters and crowding them into a verse-conglomerate, tend to distract the mind of the reader from the main theme which they are intended to amplify and enforce. The path to be trodden is illuminated by no steady and diffused glow, but by the flashing of successive rays from different quarters of the heavens; there are brief intervals of darkness which bewilder the ill-informed or less-confident traveller. It is easily intelligible that a mind

with this rapidity of association and suggestion should be impatient of the labour of perspicuous exposition, and that to it any removal of abruptness or rounding into obviousness should seem a doubtful gain at the expense of vigour and vividness. Some points of resemblance, indeed, may be traced to the artist who, impatient of his labour to secure in the colour medium the effect he desired, hurled the brush charged with paint at the canvas, securing by accident what he had failed to obtain by effort. Browning in his own art is fond of the brush-hurling method of solving difficulties—sometimes with marvellous results, but often with woful damage to the canvas and more finished parts of the picture. This difficulty of expression he has described in *Sordello*, and whatever may be thought of the terms in which he has stated the psychologic basis of the difficulty of the poet in attaining his ideal, the passage cannot but be taken as a fragment of personal experience. The only point of difference appears to lie in the fact that *Sordello* had the special difficulty of working in a language in the transition state—a medium fused and glowing indeed, but ill-suited to receive a durable impress. Browning was under no necessity to fashion for himself a new linguistic equipment by melting down an older panoply, and welding into the crude mass portions of a newer speech, though he chose to some extent to attempt it. *Sordello* proceeds to work in the new plastic medium upon Browning's own principle of the dramatic substitution of self in others, and the causes of his failure are indicated in terms so dubious as to make the passage one of the best illustrations of the theory. The poet's method is primarily 'perceptive,' but, as opposed to this, we have a more laborious and consciously structural process which Browning terms 'thought'—a distinction analogous to the old one between reason intuitive and discursive. The same result may be obtained by either method—the whole being conceived in the former case as by the swift and vivid impress of a lightning flash; in the latter, by the slower and lantern-like process of an examination of its parts, a building up of 'the simultaneous and the sole by the successive and the many.' It is here, according to Browning's analysis, that the main difficulty of the poet occurs. He has to apply language, which is a work of 'thought,' to set forth the dream seen whole and complete by poetic perception. Even here, however, the difficulty is not at end, for the poet has also to reckon with a public lacking in 'perception' and interpreting by slow processes of 'thought,' partly because of the nature of the medium in which the dream is presented to them, partly by reason of their own native dulness. Thus there is for the poet a double danger—first of failure in his work by an imperfect and mechanical union of the poetic percept and language, the results of distinct mental processes seldom found in the same individual; and then of failure from the absence of any adequate supplementary intelligence on the part of the public. These are the difficulties, subjective and objective, with which

Sordello-Browning avowedly set himself to contend, his critics complaining perpetually of failure on the first count, and Browning hinting ironically at failure on the second. As a matter of fact the truth lay chiefly on the side of the critics, since the poet was probably never at half the pains to translate his vision into words that his public—so far a not unintelligent one—has been to translate his words into vision, and since, too, the obscurity is often greatest where the difficulties of such translation should on both sides have been least. So far as an occasional obscurity is justifiable from the nature of the idea behind it, it is admirably typified by a figure occurring in *Fifine at the Fair*—the marble roughly shaped with the triple-toothed tool of the master Michel-Agnolo, whose hand

‘Smoothed and scraped
That mass he hammered on and hewed at, till he hurled
Life out of death and left a challenge.’

Looked at from a little distance, the marble has merely that vague suggestiveness of form which one finds in the mimetic play of Nature in her haphazard fashioning of crag and cloud.

‘Step back a pace or two!
And then who dares dispute the gradual birth its due
Of breathing life or deathless immortality

Where out she stands and yet stops short, half bold, half shy,
Hesitates on the threshold of things since partly blent
With stuff she needs must quit, her native element
I’ the mind of the master.’

But the spectator must bring with him much before he will appreciate and understand; it calls for an act of creation on the part of the spectator. Its value is to him who, in Blake’s phrase, ‘looks through the eyes, not with them, questioning them no more than a window concerning a sight.’ Such an one sees in the rugged lines the hints of a master’s design, works it out for himself, if need be, in silence and by night, to justify to his mind that interpretation which he has instinctively felt to be the true one. Not a little of Browning’s work corresponds to this Eidothee, coarsely hewn and scarred with the first rough play of the triple-tine, an incompleteness and derision for the careless. There is no place here to question the literary morality of this habit of unfinished creation; it has to be taken as we have it—

‘The man’s a Browning, he neglects the form.’

The value of the suggestion is the redemption of the workmanship, whether the faults be careless or defiant—

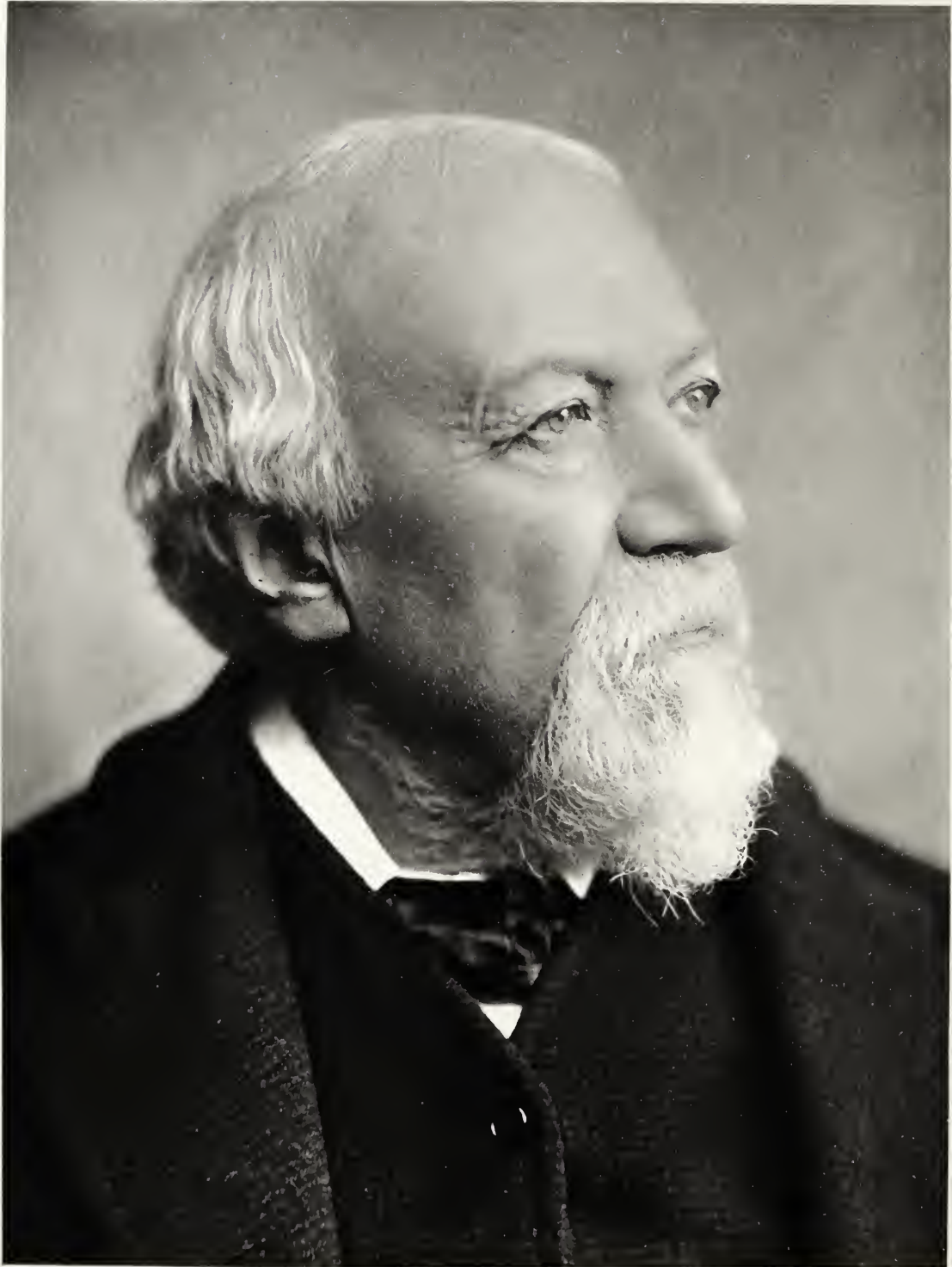
‘Bid shine what would, dismiss into the shade
What should not be—and there triumphs the paramount
Surprise o’ the master.’

W. MORTIMER.

OUR PLATES.

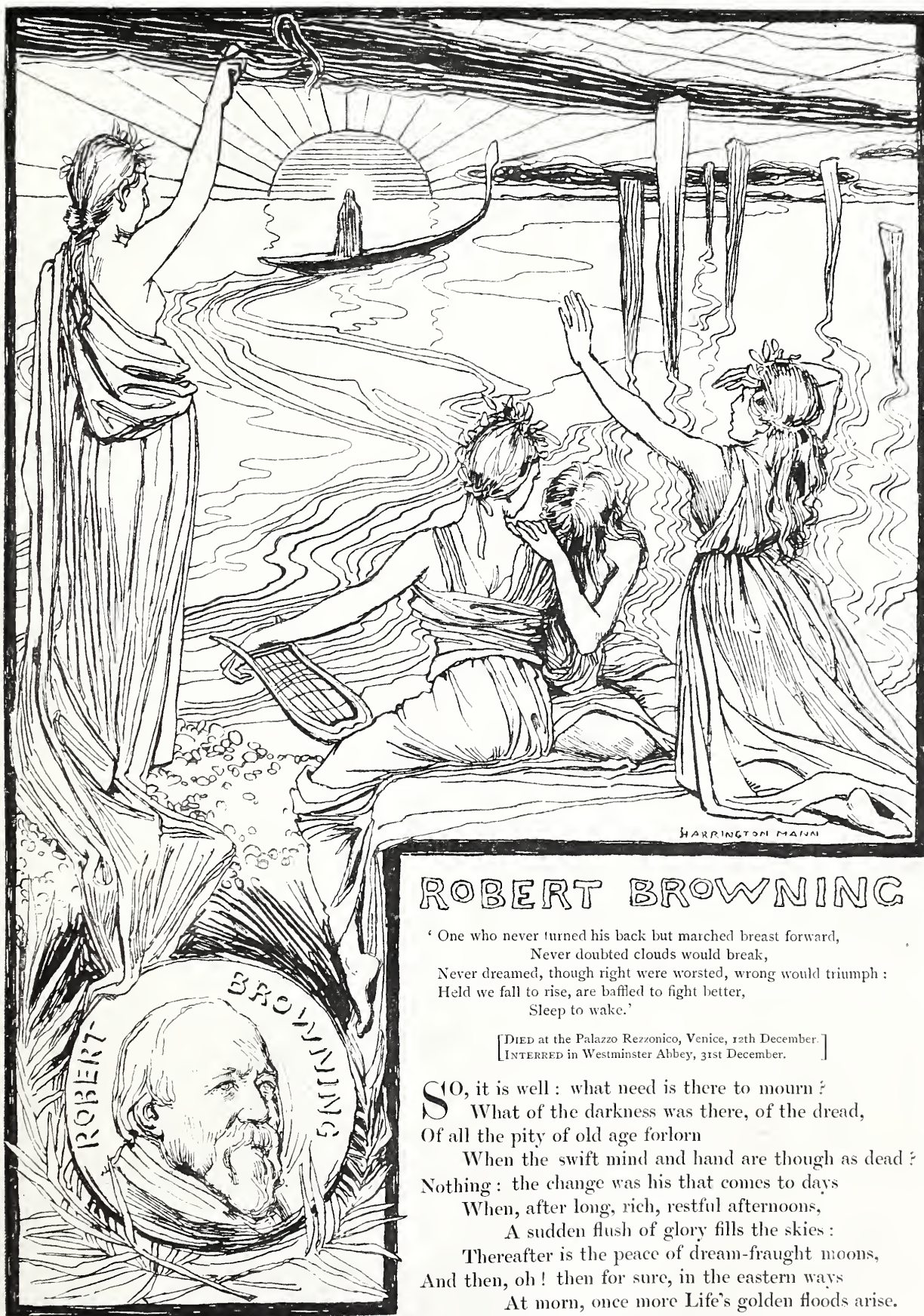
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*Yours very truly
Robert Browning.*



ROBERT BROWNING

' One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,
 Never doubted clouds would break,
 Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph :
 Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
 Sleep to wake.'

[DIED at the Palazzo Rezzonico, Venice, 12th December.]
 [INTERRED in Westminster Abbey, 31st December.]

SO, it is well : what need is there to mourn ?
 What of the darkness was there, of the dread,
 Of all the pity of old age forlorn
 When the swift mind and hand are though as dead ?
 Nothing : the change was his that comes to days
 When, after long, rich, restful afternoons,
 A sudden flush of glory fills the skies :
 Thereafter is the peace of dream-fraught moons,
 And then, oh ! then for sure, in the eastern ways
 At morn, once more Life's golden floods arise.

Ay, it is well : what better fate were his ?
 Why wish for him the twilight-greyness drear ?
 He hath not known the bitter thing it is
 To halt, and doubt, grope blindly, tremble, fear :
 The reverend snows above his forehead brought
 No ominous hints of that which might not be,
 No chill suggestion of the ephemeral soul :
 Unto the very end 'twas his to see
 Failure no drear climacteric, but wrought
 To nobler issues, a victorious goal.

There where the long lagoons by day and night
 Feel the swift journeying tides, in ebb and flow,
 Move inward from the deep with sound and light
 And splendour of the seas, or outward go
 Resurgent from the city that doth rest
 Upon the flood even as a swan asleep,
 Or as a lily 'mid encircling streams,
 Or as a flower a dusky maid doth keep,
 An orient maid, upon her love-warm breast,
 Thrilled with its inspiration through her dreams :—

There, in the city that he loved so well,
 And with the sea-sound in his ears, the sound
 Of healing waters in their miracle
 Of changeless and regenerative round,
 The strange and solemn silence that is death
 Came o'er him. 'Mid the loved ones near
 The deep suspense of the last torturing hope
 Hung like a wounded bird, ere swift and sheer
 It fall with the last frail exhausted breath
 And feeble fluttering wings that cannot ope.

There death was his : within his golden prime,
 Painless, serene, unvanquished, undismayed,
 He fronted the dark lapse of mortal time
 With eyes alit, through all the gathering shade,
 With the strange light that clothes immortal things—
 Beauty, and Truth, Faith, Hope, and Joy, and Peace,
 The garnered harvest of our human years,
 Fair dreams and hopes that triumphed o'er surcease,
 The immaculate sweetness of all bygone Springs,
 The rainbow-glory of transfigured tears.

Over him went the Powers, the Dreams, the Graces,
 The invisible Dominations that we know
 Despite the mystic veil that hides their faces,
 The immortal faces that divinely glow :
 Fair Hope was there to take him by the hand ;
 White Aspirations smiled about his bed ;
 Desires and Dreams moved gently by his side ;
 Beauty stooped low, and shone upon the dead ;
 Joy spake not, for, from out the Deathless land,
 She led God's loveliest gift, his long-lost Bride.

Oh, what a trivial mockery then was this,
 The change we so involve with alien terror :
 How lorn in light of that supernal bliss
 The ruinous wrecking folly of our error !
 Sweet beyond words the meeting that was there,
 Sweet beyond words the deep-set yearning gaze,
 Sweet, sweet the voice that long had silent been !
 Ah, how his soul, beleaguered by no maze,
 No glooms of Death, i' that Paradisal air
 Knew all was well, since She was there, his Queen.

They are not gone, those Dreams, Fair Hopes, and Graces,
 Those Powers and Dominations and Desires,
 They are not passed, though veiled the immortal faces,
 Though dimmed meanwhile their eyes' wild starry fires.
 Meanwhile, it may be, on wan wings and slender,
 Invisible to mortal gaze, they gleam
 In solemn, sad, processional array
 There where the sunshafts through stained windows stream,
 And flood the gloomful majesty with splendour,
 And charm the aisles from out their brooding grey.

They are not gone : nor shall they ever vanish,
 Those precious ministers of him, our Poet :
 What madness would it be for one to banish,
 To barter his inheritance, forego it,
 For some phantasmal gift, some transient boon !
 Thus would it be with us were we to turn
 Indifferently aside, when *they* draw nigh,
 To look with callous gaze, nor once discern
 How swift they come and go, how all too soon
 They evade for ever the unheeding eye.

They are not gone : for wheresoe'er there liveth
 One hope his song inspired—whom *they* inspired—
 Yea, wheresoever in one heart there breatheth
 An aspiration by his ardour fired :
 Where'er through him are souls made serfs to Beauty,
 Where'er through him hearts stir with lofty aim,
 Where'er through him men thrill with high endeavour,
 There shall these ministers breathe low his name,
 Linked to ideals of Love and Truth and Duty,
 And all high things of mind and soul, for ever.

No carven stone, no monumental fane,
 Can equal this : that he hath builded deep
 A cenotaph beyond the assoiling reign
 Of Her whose eyes are dusk with Night and Sleep,
 Queenly Oblivion : no Pyramid,
 No vast, gigantic Tomb, no Sepulchre
 Made awful with the imag'ries of doom,
 Evade her hand who one day shall inter
 Man's proudest monuments, as she hath hid
 The immemorial past within her womb.

For he hath built his lasting monument
 Within the hearts and in the minds of men :
 The Powers of Life around its base have bent
 The Stream of Memory : our furthest ken
 Beholds no reach, no limit to its rise :
 It hath foundations sure ; it shall not pass ;
 The ruin of Time upon it none shall see,
 Till the last wind shall wither the last grass,
 Nay, while man's Hopes, Fears, Dreams, and Agonies
 Uplift his soul to Immortality.

WILLIAM SHARP.

VELASQUEZ AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

IT must be pleasing to every lover of art to find Velasquez so well represented this year at Burlington House. There are eight of his paintings exhibited, and all of them of a high order.

It is gratifying to think that Great Britain is fortunate enough to possess nearly ten times as many works of this master as any country beside his own. This speaks not a little for the taste of our forefathers.

He was emphatically a Court painter, enjoying the friendship and patronage of Philip iv. for thirty-six years. In his youth he had, however, confined himself chiefly to still-life painting, saying that he 'would rather be the first painter of common things than second in higher art,' and it was upon these 'common things' that he based the training which enabled him to become famous in later years. His portrait of Gongora, the poet, at Madrid, first drew the notice of Olivarez, the minister, to his work, and thence he rose to Court favour. Of his many portraits of Philip we possess a fine example in the National Gallery.

The majority of his paintings on view at the Royal Academy are portraits of Royal personages. He seems to have possessed an extraordinary power of representing the dignity of the Spanish character. The haughty pride of their nobility looks out from every canvas. He was a kingly painter of kings. There is none of the affectation of pose and gesture that so often mar the work of Vandyke—the inevitable hand, for instance,—none of the conventionality of dress with which Vandyke was so often unable to cope. The figures of Velasquez stand easy in pose, graceful in gesture. In these unecclesiastical times one may be allowed to express one's pleasure that his genius was not, like that of so many others, entirely controlled by the influence of Mother Church. It is to be remembered that he executed several sacred pictures, noble in simplicity, of which the Crucifixion which hangs in the gallery at Madrid is perhaps the finest example. Sent by Philip iv. to collect works of art in Italy, he was enabled to visit the country he had longed to see, and there to study art untrammelled by the stiff rules of Court etiquette. During his sojourn there he seems

to have assimilated much that was best in Italian art, and at the same time his individuality was so great that the influence of Italy, powerful as it has been on other painters, has scarcely affected his style in any degree. And after all we may be thankful that he was not from thenceforth relegated to the exclusive production of Madonnas and children. Had it been so, perhaps we might never have had the Venus and Cupid, the chief ornament of the present Exhibition ; she would have sheathed her shapely form in that celestial blue which appears to have been the livery of the saints feminine. In this picture (135) the artist has evidently set himself to make an elaborate nude study of a graceful woman lying on a couch with her back to the spectator, with the result that he has given us one of the most superb pieces of flesh-painting which the world has ever seen. There is no need to regard her from a distance in order to appreciate every dimple in her form, or the patient pose of the Cupid who holds the mirror at which she smiles. She can be approached to within a foot of the canvas without losing the modelling of every contour. There is something in the treatment and colouring of the face reflected in the mirror which reminds one irresistibly of the methods of a later master, Jean François Millet. It has, moreover, a simplicity almost rustic, which strengthens the comparison, although its character does not quite realise the expectation raised by her own refined head. There is but one other Venus by his hand. The influence of the Spanish Inquisition was probably a powerful check in this direction, whereas in Italy there was a greater freedom of thought generated by the republican spirit of such cities as Florence and Venice.

The 'Portrait of a Lady' (141) is a fine piece of character drawing. One wishes to know who this clever-looking woman was, and what part she played in the history of those times. Doubtless she was a person of importance, for her grave and serious look and rich dress denote authority accompanied by wealth. It is to be regretted that another portrait of the same unknown lady holding a fan in her hand, in Sir R. Wallace's

collection, is not exhibited for comparison with it.

In an eminently practical age like the present it is not unnatural that such realistic painting as his should have its due meed of appreciation. Perhaps excellence of technique and realism of expression have never before been so worshipped by artists as at the present time, and Velasquez is admittedly the greatest master of technique that ever lived. The possession of one quality, however, need not exclude others, and it is somewhat surprising to find that exception has lately been taken in a high quarter to Velasquez as being lacking in imagination. There is something more in his painting, we think, than mere truthful representation of fact. He displays intellectual qualities of a higher and more subtle kind in his simplicity of design, his scheme of colour, his dignity of pose, and his grasp of subject than is required by a mere adherence to facts, however complete. And his insight into character enabled him to bring into his portraits a personal as well as a national individuality. He never descended into commonplace. Such faculties in an artist denote a suffusion of idealism both in his aims and methods. Compare, for example, the two portraits of Mariana of Austria, the one by Juan del Mazo, the son-in-law and follower in style of Velasquez (129), the other by Velasquez himself (132). In the former we have an undoubtedly well-painted portrait of a woman, but it would take a person of more than ordinary discernment to conjecture what manner of woman she was. But a glance at the same woman portrayed by the master hand of Velasquez reveals a splendid arrangement of colour, in which the whole character of the queen is laid bare. The proud direct look is of one accustomed to command, and the amplitude of her coiffure, stiff though it be, gives no suggestion of the grotesque. The personality of a sovereign speaks in the picture. Again, the ordinary observer sees, for instance, that the tanned glove in the portrait of Adrian Pareja (133) is painted with marvellous accuracy, and he at once rushes to the conclusion that the artist is nothing but a realist, and altogether devoid of ideality. He entirely forgets that the highest form of realism involves a mental conception beyond what is actually seen by the painter, and that in order to produce fine work he must bring to bear upon it something more than the reproduction of what is visible to his eye at a given moment. We are quite willing to admit, if comparison is to be made with such painters as Titian and Turner, that Velasquez does not exemplify an ideality as expressed by them; but if the term 'ideality' is held to include, and we think it does, that quality which embodies an immediate grasp of the character of the sitter in its largest sense, and the masterly interpretation of it, then we claim for Velasquez ideality of the highest order. It is easy to conceive that this extraordinary power of reality may obscure for many his ideality, but it would be mistaken to at once arrive at the conclusion that because

a great painter invests his subject with a lifelike reality, that therefore the highest qualities of his truth are not the outcome of his imagination, and his imagination only.

Then there are the four magnificent portraits of Don Balthazar Carlos (134, 136, 137, 138). Doubtless a man of less imagination than he would have seen nothing in this scion of a royal house but a sickly youngster with a pompous affectation of kingly dignity, but it is he who has raised him into an object of delight to the scholar and the artist. There is an individuality in these four portraits, taken at different times, which shows the same embodiment of ideal power. They all portray the youth as a prince, in spite of a face by no means handsome. In one portrait especially (138), as he sits on his horse with Olivarez the minister standing by, there is all the conscious pride of good horsemanship displayed in the presence of his parents, who are looking on from a balcony on the right. To this semi-heroic subject, however, the background of quiet grey wall and tiled roof is as singularly appropriate as it is true to nature. Another portrait (137) represents the prince clad in armour, and looking almost defiantly out of the picture. The third (134) is taken at an earlier age, and the fourth (136) is a replica of the equestrian portrait already described. It is difficult to compare one with another of these four hanging side by side, they are all so excellent. Though they mark well the gradual development of the mind as well as the body, it is impossible not to recognise the same child in each. Perhaps the most conventional of all these portraits is that of Adrian Pareja, the admiral of the fleet in New Spain. Black-haired, and clad in sombre hue, he stands at the corner of a house, beyond which are seen the ships which denote his profession. He scarcely seems robust enough to satisfy an Englishman's notion of a sea-dog, but there is an almost piratical curl in his black moustache, and a look in his eye which must have made his enemies tremble. It is a pity that we have not as a companion picture the superb portrait by Velasquez of Olivarez, who first befriended the painter, and to whom Velasquez adhered in firm friendship after the downfall of the minister. It is said that the King suffered this intimacy to continue purely out of respect to the painter.

Although we as a country are rich in Velasquez, it is to Madrid that his admirers must go to appreciate him thoroughly. Those who are not able to go so far can only get an idea of his power through the etchings of R. W. Macbeth, A.R.A., of three of his greatest works—'The Spears, or the Surrender of Breda,' in which there is a marvellously painted landscape; 'The Tapestry Weavers,' an effort of the highest imagination; and the portrait of Alonzo Cano.

An exceedingly fine copy of his 'Maids of Honour' is also to be seen in the Diploma Gallery by John Phillip, in whose work we can trace the influence of Velasquez.

From a public point of view it is to be regretted that

so many of his finest works remain in the possession of private owners, and hence are seen but seldom by the world at large. Considering that the admirers of Velasquez, though not so numerous as we could

wish, are decidedly increasing, it is certainly a boon to those who appreciate his painting that such good examples of his work are to be seen this year at Burlington House.

GILBERT COLERIDGE.

ART FOR THE 'MASSES.'

BY way of a sop to King Demos, possibly, the apostles of all the arts and some of the sciences are suspiciously eager just now to inoculate the unfortunate 'masses' with their particular disease. Whether because they would have the potential rulers on their side in the day after to-morrow that is looming, or because, being themselves more or less in need of morals and force, they would fain secure the 'moral force' of the millions to bolster up their weaker faith, is of little consequence. Pleasant although it be to imagine some undignified reasons for the action of other people, the true motive that urges them to infect the masses with a restless craving for Art, the solution may be left in the tentative keeping of a tame hypothesis.

So the factions fight for the masses, and are ready—as they often say, in print and in exhortation—to give their lives, their energies, and money collected from sympathising outsiders, to bring the special truth, of which they each hold the absolute patent, to the toiling workers. Yet those for whom the many crusades are undertaken wait with that calm apathy that is the historical feature of a *casus belli*. For it is really only too evident, to those who care to probe below the surface, that, to take a single instance, the masses care for Art in the abstract much in the same way as for the great bi-metallic currency question—that is, not at all. But, whereas on the latter subject they have a distinct and powerful desire to acquire as much of the concrete example of the debated currency, beyond liking pictures, they are doggedly indifferent to Art, and, if anything, betray a curious instinct of hate to any manifestation of its special qualities.

If this conjecture be true, the coaxed ones care not for the charmers, and, on the other hand, it is more than questionable whether some of us who profess so much anxiety for their conversion would be unfeignedly glad, if, like a villain in the last act of a comedy, they miraculously turned virtuous, and in a great burst of enthusiasm came over *en masse* to either of the schools—Romanticists, Realists, Naturalists, and the rest—who are angling for their support.

For the enjoyment of the secret of Art is, like all mysteries, a source of conscious power to the few who know its eternal essence, and can whisper to each other the mystic syllable 'OM.' Whether the high priests in the temple of Minerva-with-the-peplum would be genuinely delighted to hear 'the wild mob's million feet' rushing through the gates to share their esoteric doctrines is extremely problematical. For the

love of the priestly office and natural dislike to resign the delightful position of leader or teacher is as rampant to-day in the liberal Arts as it was heretofore in the illiberal theologies. It is at present almost the only way to that power over one's fellows which, however illusive or unrecognised by the people supposed to be obedient to its sway, is yet a source of innocent happiness to those who think they wield it. There was a time when to add another sect to the few hundreds collated in *Whitaker's Almanac*, or become the apostle of a theologic secession, gave a man the place he coveted, but at present theology, except in three-volume novels, is less certain to attract. The satellites of the circles that revolve around Madame Blavatsky for their central sun do at times, indeed, break off into independent bodies, and become lesser luminaries, but as a rule they are mere meteors, and with their not very sparkling tails, disappear into the great night ere we are familiar with their novel splendour.

In Art, however, there is still, among the middle class who are neither artists nor the 'masses,' a faith in the supreme truth of novelty, almost childlike in its Arcadian flavour, which seems handed down from the Golden Age. In these people the entirely complex and intricate arrangement of what they are pleased to call their 'views' on Art is always ready for a touch from the spear of Ithuriel to crystallise its solution into clearly defined lines. Thus, among the panting crowd who conscientiously visit all the galleries and go through the catalogues from No. 1 to the printer's signature, there is possibly that yearning aspiration for Art supposed to be permeating the 'masses' to-day.

But if this class be untrustworthy enough, it is after all the buyers who block the way most obstinately, for if they evinced the faintest wish to discover the more rare quality of painting and sculpture that is expressed by the most hard-worked world of the century, then would all other converts become theoretically possible. Yet while the taste of the classes is, to put it gently, rather doubtful, and the taste of the masses an unproven thing, that, in spite of optimistic explorers in the slums, is at best a latent possibility, the taste of the buyers is, broadly speaking, an item of absolutely no significance whatever in their purchases. There are of course a few who know true Art in its higher sense, and whose example blindly followed inspires many a *nouveau riche* to buy Art by mistake when he only thought he was buying pictures; but the ordinary purchaser has an entirely speculative in-

terest in the money he puts into paintings, and for the most part does it with instincts as purely commercial as those that cause him to buy debentures of the non-artistic sort. In buying a picture he regards the artist as a company (unlimited) whose stock will probably rise in the market. If Mr. A. B., the painter, be a Royal Academician with a great name, then he feels as if he were buying consols, and has no more doubt in the wisdom of his enterprise than he distrusts Government securities. If, however, Mr. C. D. be one of the younger men, he looks upon it as a more risky speculation; but if the artist's career seems promising, and he can point to such tangible successes as a picture bought by the Trustees of the Chantrey Bequest, a caricature of the same in *Punch*, good notices in the leading papers, and some reproductions of his work in the illustrated magazines, then the man who 'fancies' pictures feels justified in investing some of his money in shares of the 'Mr. C. D. Co.,' so to speak. True, he gets no direct monetary interest paid quarterly, but he has a certain payment in the pleasure of owning and in showing the pictures to his friends, and in lending them to exhibitions with the pleasant note, *The property of Ponsonby de Tomkyns, Esq.*, inscribed in their catalogues. For direct gain he reckons that the deferred interest during the upward tendency of the painter's reputation will recoup him handsomely when the time comes to bring his collection to the hammer. So far as Art is concerned, the pictures are chosen just as were tulips in the days of the tulip mania, that is, with a certain personal regard for the kind, but not the slightest trace of a wish to improve the culture of the bulb, or to advance the cause of Art, but solely as a transaction in property of somewhat hazardous value. This attitude from natives of a nation of shopkeepers is a logical, and indeed an admirable one, so far as it goes, but it has as little to do with Art as the sentimental discussions on abstract morality and a highly spiritual purpose. A painter is not, so far as we can judge by living examples, always a conscious preacher of virtue or philosophy. That he in all earnestness tries to do his best, and to express in his own way his delight in the beauties of things seen and things felt, is, one would imagine, sufficient to exact from any man. But the followers of Mr. Ruskin, fascinated by the charming paradoxes and delightful rhapsodies of his teaching, parody their hero in deadly earnest, and repeat his fallacies with all their brilliancy and charm reduced to dull platitudes too foolish to consider seriously, were it not that they are obviously opiates that dull many otherwise vivid brains.

If this view be correct, neither the classes nor the masses, nor even the buyers as a whole, care largely for that Art concerning which they talk so glibly. To one sect it represents culture, to another interesting anecdotes told by pictures, to another mystic allegories whereon to hang their own moralisings. In every class there may be real Art-lovers, but in the proportion of one in a thousand, and remaining each in the splendid

isolation of the honoured exception that proves the rule, not in any way qualifying the utterly inartistic mood of the mean average.

In spite of the true value of all the gush upon Art, being patent enough to any one who cares to consider it, we are apt to go on talking about Art and the masses, and to quote hopeful signs of the coming millennium. Does any one believe that a few loan exhibitions in the slums, with graceful welcome dispensed to working men and their families by amateur showmen, or a few more Schools of Art in the Provinces, or a plenitude of lectures by University Extension men, will make Art 'of the town'? Mr. Whistler has said, 'Art is on the town,' and the epigram has truth in it; but the time when Art shall be indeed the joy of the common people, and its appreciation the common instinct of the masses, is not here, and, so far as we may venture to prophesy, never can arrive. Surely to insist upon this foolish optimism is calculated to do harm, if, indeed, it has any influence. For the very expression, artist, in its most limited and precise sense, includes but a few creators in all the centuries, and has found only a limited audience to admire their products with knowledge at any period.

The whole mistake seems to grow out of a perverted syllogism: 'The masses love pictures—pictures are Art—therefore the masses love Art.' But the fallacy of the undistributed middle term, to employ the jargon of the schools, is obvious enough. Pictures and Art are two entirely distinct terms. A picture may indeed be a work of Art in its most exact meaning—for, in spite of painful disillusion caused by the experience of popular exhibitions, one yet clings to that belief—but no more necessarily so than is an umbrella.

To attempt even to define Art is a hopeless task. A dictionary of unblemished reputation, the chosen judge for a final appeal during the American madness yeapt 'spelling-bees' that once turned our sober Britannie brains, gives those definitions: 'Art—a practical skill gained by rules, the rules or methods of doing certain actions, a profession, a trade, contrivance, skill, cunning, artifice.' Now, to believe that such a serious work as the book of reference in question is consciously cynical would be to lose one's faith in everything, and notwithstanding the delightfully unconscious satire of some of its chosen explanations, we may, perhaps, take it seriously as the nearest approach to a definition of Art easily available. Yet the qualifications it demands might be observed in almost any ordinary painting and statue that is as destitute of that indefinable quality which, if called 'art,' 'poetry,' or 'genius,' is equally hard to define, and yet exists beyond all doubt.

For if the masses seriously ask the boding question, 'What is Art?' where shall they find a clear reply? Hardly in the dictionary and only more elaborately obscured in current Art-criticism, or in the many volumes of Mr. Ruskin, and other competent writers upon Art. It seems that we can no more hope to discover an easily-grasped definition of Art than to convey

in black and white the subtle fragrance of a bed of mignonette in the sunshine. We know, indeed, the scent of the one, we fancy we detect the exquisite aroma of the other, but we can pass neither on to our fellows, who must find it for themselves, since the most learned specialist cannot impart the secret in carefully tabulated rules.

That the technical importance of brush-work may be set forth and explained is true. That the poetic imagination and fine insight into nature of a master can be analysed and commented upon to the advantage of all who care to listen is also evident. But when it comes to explaining why this painting is a pure work of Art, and that simply more or less exquisite mechanism, it is hard, if not impossible, to make the difference clear to the uneducated masses, or to the educated classes.

It may be that the charm of those Hellenic deities of the Elgin Room at the British Museum, that each time you revisit them seem more and more above and beyond all others, is a mere sentimental fancy, and that the supreme glory they appear to possess is purely subjective; but it is hard to believe that in those marbles, in the colour symphony of a Titian or a Velasquez, in the clear truth of a Holbein, the mystic sensuousness of a Burne-Jones, or the subtle grace of a Whistler, there is not evidence of that elusive quality, whether called 'art,' 'poetry,' or 'genius,' that awakens such real emotions in a lover of beautiful things.

Recognising that Art demands knowledge from those who see its manifestations only secondary to that required in its productions, a crusade to bring the masses to Art, if persisted in, must needs end in bringing Art to the level of the masses. That its primal elements may be imparted is true enough, if the pupil have the receptive mind to embrace them, but the divine appreciation must come from within, and can but be awakened, not implanted, by any outside influence. Looking at the lukewarm response from those who are already in touch with the artists of to-day, and who know the work of the younger men, as well as that of the old masters, the prospect of the proletariat being brought to the full understanding of Art appears wellnigh hopeless.

One very awkward truth must be faced, namely, that the word 'Art' is becoming the watchword of intolerance and fanaticism, with the narrow vision and hypocritical profession once used only to degrade pure religion, but now well on the way to degrade Art itself. The evil of conflicting schools is not an un-mixed one; without some intensity of belief in their own grasp of truth, very little good has resulted from any workers in any department of the world's life. Yet neither Art nor truth can be known so fully that their students may look with contempt upon rival claimants to their possession.

'My heart ferments not with the bigot's leaven,
All creeds I view with toleration thorough,
And have a horror of reaching heaven
As anybody's rotten borough,'

was intended by Tom Hood to apply to the rampant theology of his own day, but is not out of place as a pertinent motto to be applied to Art evangelisation.

It would be a useful thing if we had secondary terms to express those productions in either of the Arts that just escape greatness. A term is needed that should convey no reproach to the sonorous lines and musical rhythms of verse that, good as it may be, is not 'poetry'; or to painting and sculpture that misses the inspiration of genuine inventive work worked out with complete mastery; or, again, to the faithfully rendered transcripts of nature, and the conscientiously academic studies of historical or anecdotal subjects, that are yet in no sense great works. In each class we want a title that conveys approbation without the misuse of the word which is our text, and which should be jealously reserved for the very highest only.

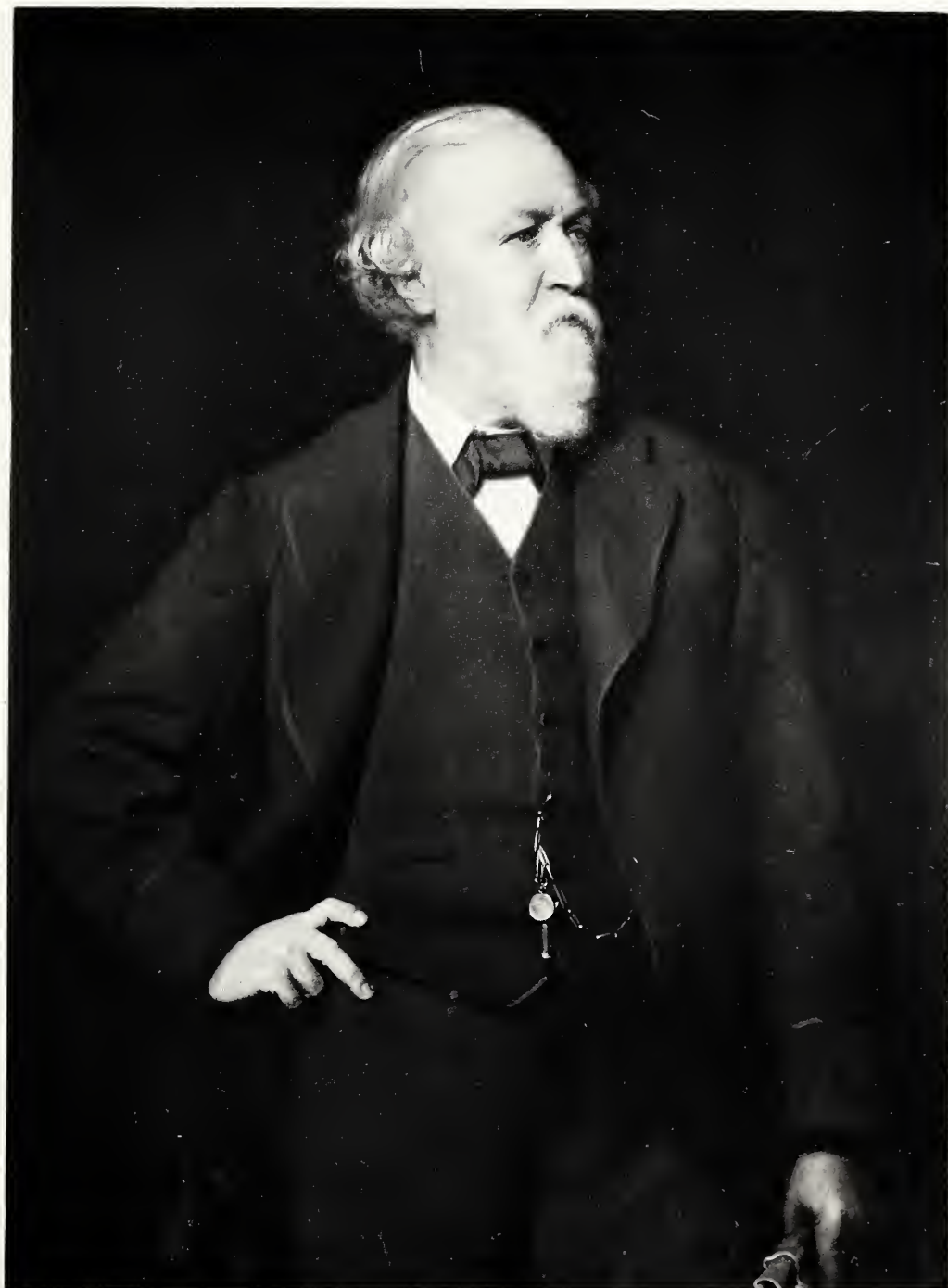
To the lower level that would be expressed by these non-existent terms the masses might indeed be brought, —to that height the dictionary might lead them safely. But whether they would be practically any nearer the goal there is not quite certain. A great mountain impresses us more from the plain at its foot than some few hundred feet up. Having gained that slight eminence, we are tempted to measure and appraise the height we have soared above the dead level of utter incompetency, rather than to note the towering peaks yet out of reach.

Familiarity with the externals and the shibboleth or the shrine does not always increase the respect of the servers for the hidden deity within.

The fixed idea of to-day is that the mute inglorious Miltons may be helped to become 'mighty-mouthed inventors of harmonies, skilled to sing of Time and Eternity,' by a Board School training; that impotent Raphaels may be taught to produce Madonnas to be 'seen by us and all the world in circle,' after a course at the local Art School and a final coat of varnish at South Kensington. But to think that any training can instil that superabundant energy of thought, purpose, and idea which is required for great work, is surely a distorted view.

That the secondary plane of Art may be reached by the masses—as a body,—and its influence so far be good for the State and the units who compose it, is probable enough; but to confuse this appreciation of things that belong to the Arts with the true essence of Art itself, is calculated to damage both the lesser good and the greater. For indeed, trite though it be, the old Latin saw, that the poet must be born, not made, is the only solution to the vexed question raised herein.

An untutored lad may produce sketches, faulty in all respects, even showing the germ of greatness, that needs only technical expression to speak clearly; yet what right have we to conclude that this rare gift, never bestowed on more than a hundred men in all the Arts and sciences at any given period, probably on a greatly

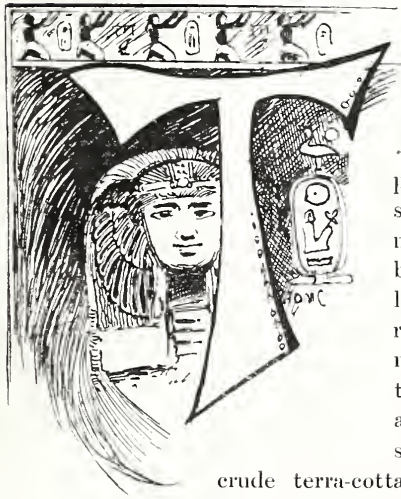


inferior number, can be brought to the masses and given them. The production of Art has always been limited, the full recognition of it only a shade less so, and, judging from past history, Art can never be the

property of the masses, unless we rob it of those intrinsic qualities that are almost superhuman in their rarity, and accept virtuosity, elegant mechanism, and pedantic statistics in their place.

LETTERS FROM EGYPT.—III.

A FEW MILES BELOW DENDERAH,
19th February 1889.



O complete the interest of a Nile journey, one of the party should be a sculptor. The mud of the river-banks is an excellent material for rough modelling; mixed with a little tow, and baked for a few hours in the

sun, it forms a crude terra-cotta, which, in this climate at any rate, lasts its three

or four thousand years uninjured. I am sending you the upper half of the figure of a cynocephalous ape, which came out of a tomb at Assouan, and is modelled in this material. The very thumb-marks of its maker are still visible upon it, and excellent indeed is the convention whereby he has translated complex forms into such few and simple planes.

The charm of the Nile to a sculptor would lie in the quantity of subjects for study which must daily pass before his eyes. In Europe he has to pay for a nude model. Here most of the natives are more or less nude when at work. The boatmen close at hand wear only a thin cotton garment, which is laid aside when they have to go overboard. Some of them are glorious specimens of humanity. The children, dabbling at the edge of the stream, are as God made them, undefiled with clothes. The sunshine bathes the glossy skins of the labourers working in the fields. All these a sculptor would sketch in the clay ready to his hand. Moreover, the draped figures here are more dignified and monumental than any we see at home. The village women at eventide by the river-bank, bearing heavy water-jars upon their heads, and casting long shadows from the descending sun, or outlined against the glowing sky, give one a new sense of the meaning and grandeur which can reside in drapery, simply fashioned and rightly worn. But this sculptor friend, had I power to make him, should chiefly study the *shadoof*-men, and of all years this is the one for him to have been here.

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The *shadoof*, or hand-swipe, is the simple machine whereby they raise water from the river up to the fields. A couple of posts, placed near together close to the river-bank, support a horizontal axle, at right angles to which is a long rod unequally divided by the point of support. At the land end of this rod is a heavy weight; from the other end (that of the longer portion which reaches over the water) hangs a leather bucket or water-scoop, depending from a sugar-cane or other suitable hanger. The *shadoof*-man pulls this scoop down and ducks it in the stream; when it is full he lets the weight at the other end of the balanced lever lift it up, and finally he upsets the water into a little irrigating canal. Thence it either passes directly over the fields, or into a puddle, from which another *shadoof* works on a higher level. When the river is very low, as it is this year, three or even four stages may be required to raise water from it on to the fields. The apparatus is as old as the most ancient monuments of Egypt, and was likewise used by the Assyrians, and doubtless by all the people of antiquity.

It is not its anthropological or archaeological interest, however, that affects me, but its picturesque value. One can never get tired of watching these naked men going through the beautiful cycle of movements which the simple machine involves. Fine figures they are, every one of them, and their muscles are called into full activity by the work. The splashing of the water all over them makes their black or brown skins shine in the brilliant sunlight like ebony or polished mahogany. The labourer pulls down the hanger of the bowl, hand-over-hand, working with increasing force the lower he has to bend. Then he must move his body, at its lowest, riverwards, whilst he dips the bowl sideways into the stream. As the weight raises the filled bowl, he rises too, with muscles relaxed. Finally standing upright, and slightly swaying landwards, he tips the water into the upper channel. In so doing his arm is bent at right angles, the upper part of his body is slightly bowed over towards the channel, and his head is turned down. Moreover, his back is now twisted somewhat towards the river, so that his whole body is both slightly twisted and slightly bent. All the limbs are finely grouped, while the well-exercised and developed muscles repose for a moment after hard labour. The figure at this point forms a perfect subject for sculpture.

We pass men, literally by hundreds, working in this fashion. There is always one in sight, and I have counted as many as fifty visible at a time. Thus my

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sculptor friend might work not from one model only, taking up an invented attitude, but from a continual succession of models, going through the same round of movements, and one after another resting naturally for a moment in the same posture.

To make the party quite complete we should want a musician to write an Egyptian symphony. The labour cries of Egypt would afford him the *motives*. Most of them are plaintive; the *shadoof*-men's is saddest of all. Throughout this brilliant, beautiful day light breezes have wafted us fitfully along, lying as we do on the deck in languorous delight. But the sun has been hot on the labourers' backs, and one after another they have kept crying aloud in varieties of this strain:—



From shore to shore, and up and down, I hear them still, even while I write, crying as in infinite pain: tortured beings forced to labour a while upon a miserable earth, Dantesque figures in a real Inferno. The sun is now setting in glory; the hills are pale and violet, and the sky above them is pink; a light, sweet-scented mist drifts across the magic air. The river goes rustling and rippling by; the breeze murmurs softly about the sail, and gently kisses the cheek; but above it all the sound of pain throbs and thrills through the listening sense. Strange that the melancholy it induces should be so sweet!

The boatmen, too, have several characteristic cries, each employed to secure common action for a particular purpose. I will give you one or two examples. We have experienced many windless days, when our only possible method of advance has been by towing from the bank. Sometimes the rough tow-path changes from one side of the river to the other, and then the boat has to be tugged across. In order to accomplish this, the *felucca* is sent out, carrying the anchor attached to about a quarter of a mile of rope. When this limit is reached they drop the anchor into the stream and row back, bringing the loose end of the rope on board. Then all the men catch hold of it and hawl, walking along with it as far as the lower deck permits. As each in turn comes to the end, he drops the rope and runs forward again to catch hold of it where it comes out of the water. Thus the whole crew circulates on the deck, stamping time and singing one of these refrains:—



Another, and perhaps commoner, variety of the second is—



the words being permutable to any extent. One man sings the first phrase alone, the rest answer in chorus with the second phrase; and so it goes on, like a psalm—verse and response—the words being continually changed, not according to any rule, yet with remarkable unanimity.

Often enough it happens, alike to dahabiyehs and cargo-boats, that they go aground on the ever-shifting banks. When there is so little water in the river as this year is the case, it sometimes seems as though more boats were aground than afloat. We have, in fear and trembling, passed places where as many as forty boats of all sorts and sizes have been stuck fast at one and the same time. Then, indeed, there arises a mighty and extraordinary shouting, which, but for its association with the idea of delay, would be a joy to listen to. Every man on board of every grounded boat gets out his punt-pole and begins to shove. Under these circumstances they work not to a tune but to a rhythmical grunting in anapæsts and spondees upon one note:—

hūm, ūm | ūm, ūm, ūm | ūm, ūm, ūm | ūm, ūm

—and so on.

All the men within hearing of one another keep both time and tune together, though some will be grunting spondees while others are throwing in an anapæst. Now and again a boy's shrill treble will pierce above the rest. Such a chorus, heard as we heard it the other morning about sunrise, from a distance of a mile or two, has charms of its own which a composer's ear would be quick to appreciate.

When our own boat has been less firmly stuck, I have noticed that the men go to work with their poles to a more hopeful tune:—

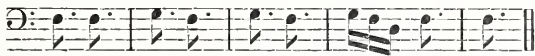


but if the grounding turns out serious, they presently drop into the dogged and resigned grunting of spondees, with an occasional sanguine anapæst. The motive last written is, however, properly a rowing and not a punting motive. Dahabiyehs coming down stream, when there is no wind, are simply carried by the current. From time to time the men row, but drifting is the main order of the day. Of course the boat turns about and heads in all sorts of directions, so that the men may have to back-water instead of rowing in the normal manner. They row to a simple rhythm of a single note, repeated seven times, but

they back to this refrain, which is like the hopeful punting phrase :—



I will give you one more rower's refrain, though I only heard it on a single occasion, and then it was sung by the crew of a light boat who were at the moment 'bucketing' their hardest with a very rapid stroke. I may mention in passing that every Egyptian oarsman follows the brief and golden rule for bad rowing, 'Dig your oar in deep, and bring it out with a jerk!' The refrain I refer to is this, sung in very quick time :—



The nature of our travelling brings us chiefly in contact with the river and river-side workers. What may be the cries of quarrymen and other inland labourers I cannot say. The other day I heard a number of men rolling cotton bales down the bank and into a boat. They were doing this to so cheerful and pretty an air that I thought I could not forget it, and therefore did not write it down at the time ; unfortunately my memory has let it slip beyond recall. Men carrying corn in baskets to land or lade it keep quick step and time to this refrain, which is the last I shall send you; the only word I could distinguish amongst those they used was the common exhortation *helisa!* (pull!)—



You will have noticed that all the examples I have given you are motives of the European type. They are not

(To be continued.)

EMIN PASHA.

PEOPLE are apt to meet strangely in Central Africa, and a witty writer once said that two Englishmen meeting in the centre of any unknown region would in all probability raise their hats and ride on. My first meeting with Emin Pasha was of a different character, and I am glad that circumstances precluded all possibility of such a brief and ceremonious rencontre.

On the evening of the 8th of October 1878, I was steaming up the White Nile, and had reached a place just to the southward of the ruins of the mission station known by the name of 'The Holy Cross,' that station where so many noble men had surrendered their lives in their brave endeavour to introduce religion and civilisation to the intractable natives. It was towards evening, when, just turning a bend in the river, we noticed a steamer coming rapidly down-

of the typical Oriental character. In the evening, after the day's work is done and dinner is ended, our crew delight to sit in a circle and listen to the singer droning forth through his nose, in an indescribable falsetto whine, the interminable tales with some of which the *Thousand-and-One Nights* have made all the world familiar. That is the modern Egyptian's idea of serious music. But it is not truly Egyptian music at all. Like the Arabic language, it came into Egypt with Islam. The old Egyptian music, like the Coptic tongue, was forgotten, and now the only traces of it that survive are the labour cries, a few of which I have quoted for you. From the monuments we gather that in the time even of the ancient Empire music must have been in a relatively advanced state. We can find representations of an orchestra of mixed wind and stringed instruments accompanying singers, male and female. A conductor is generally depicted beating time with his hands.

The Egyptians seem always to have had a keen sense for rhythm. This must naturally have arisen amongst a people who executed such large public works, where scattered power had to be concentrated if rocks were to move. Not a labourer along the whole valley of the Nile but must have been compelled to work in unison—that is, rhythmically—with his fellows. It is this rhythmic labour which is symbolised by famous legends. Unless we are to carry the so-called Pelasgic civilisation back to a much remoter past than our present knowledge warrants, the inventor of rhythmic labour is to be looked for, not on the northern shores of the Mediterranean, but in the valley of the Nile. The *motives* I have quoted above are actual specimens of the songs of Orpheus.

W. M. CONWAY.

stream, and, informed by the flag she hoisted, our pilot told us that the Governor of the Egyptian Equatorial Province was on board. In a few minutes both steamers had made fast, and, shortly after, I, with my companions, entered the presence of His Excellency the Governor. From that time to this it has been my privilege to be his friend.

It is somewhat difficult to know what to write in an article of this description, as during the past two or three years so much has been published with respect to the justly celebrated Pasha. The minutest details of his life, most of them apocryphal, have been published in various colours in all kinds of newspapers and magazines, and one must often smile at the grotesque mistakes made by those who are ever ready to seize upon a new sensation when they write at second-hand concerning contemporary celebrities. The facts of

Emin Pasha's history up to 1874 are of little practical interest just now, and it seems to me that I shall best fulfil the request of the editor of the *Art Review* if I sketch briefly Emin Pasha's work as a Governor and his scientific labours during the past fifteen years. I must premise, however, that Emin is an educated physician, a naturalist by preference, and that he has only been the Governor of a province by the force of circumstances, and because his humanitarian instincts compelled him to undertake the onerous duties. He therefore for many years unselfishly placed his inclinations in the background, and threw himself heart and soul into the uncongenial task of cleansing an Augean stable.

In order to make what I have to say quite clear, I must refer for a moment to what the Egyptian Soudan was, for I constantly find that its history and its extent are unknown, or at any rate unappreciated, by British readers.

Mehemet Ali, in extending Egyptian territories towards the south, arrived at Khartum, at the junction of the Blue and White Niles, in 1838. He found it to be a simple fishing-village, but, seeing its strategical importance, he established a fort there, which gradually grew into a well-known city, and from which caravans commenced to trade with the south-east and south-west, and boat expeditions were sent to the south in search of ivory and slaves. A large extent of country was overrun by these slave and ivory hunters, when, in 1863, Baker, in his search for Speke and Grant, met the two celebrated travellers at Gondokoro. Subsequently Baker discovered the Albert Nyanza and returned to England. Such were the accounts of the atrocious slave-trade given by these explorers, that, after considerable pressure by Great Britain, the Khedive of Egypt appointed Baker Governor of the Equatorial Province, a vague term, then used to indicate any countries which might be brought under Egyptian rule south of the junction of the Sobat with the White Nile. Space forbids detailed mention of Baker's expedition; suffice it to say that in three years he had instituted a line of steamers from Khartum to Gondokoro, had to a certain extent expelled the slave-traders, and had practically annexed the whole valley of the White Nile as far as the Albert Lake and the Victoria Nile. He then retired, and, Gordon Pasha being appointed Governor of the Equatorial Province in 1874, it was then that the consolidation of the province commenced. It must be noticed that, both to the right and left of the Nile, Egyptian influence rapidly spread. Kordofan and Darfur soon after this date were annexed by Egypt; the Bahr-el-Ghazal Province was wrested from the slave-dealers and also annexed, and to the east of the Nile the Egyptian territory was extended throughout the whole of the country as far as the Red Sea, bounded on the south by the Abyssinian frontier. From 1874 to 1876 Gordon was engaged in consolidating this equatorial region, in which work he was greatly assisted by

various Europeans, and amongst others by Emin, who, soon after Gordon's appointment, had been sent to him as surgeon. At first he acted simply in this capacity, but whilst travelling about the province he evinced such an ability for making himself acquainted with native races, their habits, customs, and languages, that Gordon soon utilised him more in a diplomatic than in a medical way. It was during this period that he made his three celebrated diplomatic journeys, two to Uganda and one to Unyoro, of which such vivid descriptions have been given in those letters of his published in *Emin Pasha in Central Africa*. An insight may be obtained from them into the accurate and painstaking manner with which he observed everything, either of political or scientific interest. In 1876 Gordon left the Equator, and, after returning home for a short visit, he was appointed Governor-General of the whole Soudan. Now it is here that the difficulty of most people arises: they cannot distinguish between the Egyptian Soudan and the Equatorial Provinces of the Egyptian Soudan. The whole of the territory ruled over by Egypt may be said to have been at that date somewhere about 1,600,000 square miles. Leaving out of account Egypt proper, which we may say ended at Abu-Hamed, at about 21° N. lat., the Egyptian Soudan extended from 21° N. lat. to within 150 miles of the Equator. Now this great province or pashalik was divided into five districts—(a) A district commencing at 21° N. lat. and extending south to Khartum, bounded on the east by the Red Sea, and on the west by 28° E. long.; (b) Sennaar; (c) Kordofan; (d) Darfur. It is needless to mention the boundaries of these three provinces, as they are all marked on the maps. We are however principally concerned with the last province, (e) the Equatorial, which is bounded on the north by lat. 9°, and must be divided into three parts—(1) The Bahr-el-Ghazal, and (2) the Rohl Province, bounded on the north by lat. 9°, on the east by the Nile, on the west by 24° E. long., and on the south by 6° N. lat.; (3) the Equatorial Province proper, bounded on the north by lat. 9°, on the west by the Nile as far as Lado, its boundary then being pushed 100 miles to the west, and continued in a curve to the south end of the Albert Lake. The southern boundary of this province consists of the Albert Lake, the Victoria Nile, and a line drawn from Foweira to 34° 20' E. long., which forms the eastern boundary-line. It may be seen from the above figures what an immense area Gordon governed, and, as it was physically impossible that he could be personally ubiquitous, though indeed he often appeared to be so, he had to appoint sub-governors. Now it is with the Equatorial Province alone that we are at present concerned. In 1876 he left the province practically well organised, but during a few months' rule under incompetent Arab governors (we leave out of account the governorship of Mason Bey, which was only of a temporary character), the province went to wrack and ruin, and in 1878 it became evident to Gordon that some step must be taken to

put a stop to the disorganisation which was proceeding rapidly apace. It was then that he bethought himself of the extraordinary powers possessed by Emin, and in the middle of that year the latter was gazetted Governor of the Equatorial Province. Some two or three months subsequent to this appointment I had the opportunity of personally inspecting a good part of the province in question, and perhaps the following sentences may give a bird's-eye view of its then condition. Its area will have been noted; it was inhabited by Negro tribes. The number of these tribes it is almost impossible in a brief article to specify, but there may be said to have been eleven distinct ones. Many subdivisions, however, existed, and between twenty and thirty dialects were spoken. The population, according to Behm and Wagner, was 10,800,000. Throughout the country numerous small fortified stations had been erected, but one might, I think, justly say that, instead of forming nuclei of civilisation, they really formed, at the time of Emin's appointment, hotbeds of oppression, vice, tyranny, and underhand slave-dealing. Emin was hated by the Egyptian officials in rule over these stations, for his dislike to oppression and slave-dealing was well known. Most of the stations had fallen into miserable decay owing to the incapacity and indolence of the officials, who, instead of developing the country and raising the people, were pandering simply to their lascivious habits and their love of feasting. Naturally the natives were irritated by this action on the part of the officials; their burdens were intolerable, and the constant raids made by the Egyptians for provender and women rendered them hostile to all rule; consequently small revolts were only too frequent, which revolts were quelled by the superior arms of the Egyptians with revolting atrocities. Recent publications may have given the idea that Emin was a weakling, yet, if so, how is it that by 1880 the state of his province was entirely changed? Discontent had vanished, law and order prevailed, the people rendered loyal support to the Government, taxes were equalised and readily paid. As I wrote many years ago, had it not been for wild animals, one could have marched unarmed throughout this district. Stations had been rebuilt when I passed through it a second time, and from the natives I heard nothing but good of the new Governor, although many of the remaining Egyptians cursed the fates which had imposed so strict a ruler upon them.

Before passing on to detail Emin's scientific attainments, we must, to appreciate him fully, recall his, so to speak, commercial ability. When he took over the province in 1878, it had an annual deficit of some £32,000 a year. In 1882 he was able to write me that his deficit had vanished, and that he was making a profit of £8000 a year. To understand fully what this meant, it must be noted that a disastrous block in the Nile had occurred in 1878, and from that date to the time he wrote only six or seven steamers from Khartum had been able to convey him barter goods of any de-

scription. This fact alone forcibly proves both his administrative and economic ability. Getting rid of the leeches which sucked the life-blood from the inhabitants, he had replaced them by natives (Negroes) trained by himself; he had put an end to the wanton abuses of the old Egyptian station chiefs, and had shown to the natives that for honest work just pay must be rendered, and that by docile obedience they could live, not only at peace with themselves, but on terms of friendship with those whom they had previously regarded in the light of cruel taskmasters. A record such as this proves, I think, that my friend is what I have always said he was—a man apt to rule, slow to take offence, and capable, if only supplied with the necessary external aids, of becoming the most successful administrator for Central Africa which the world has hitherto dreamt of.

The next thing which calls for notice is, that Emin was not born and bred to arms; but notwithstanding this, in his military action against the Mahdi's troops he has been almost invariably successful in the deposition of his forces, and victory after victory has been won by his black troops, armed with muzzle-loaders, spears, bows and arrows, against the forces which our well-trained British troops have found it difficult enough even partially to subdue.

And now let us look at the man himself. Tall, slim, but wiry, his figure appears before me, short-sighted to a degree, his hair becoming grizzled, his eye thoughtful and penetrating, courteous in demeanour, and, when I knew him, decided in action. The life he led was one of self-control; he thought first of the people committed to his care, next of the science he worshipped—never of himself. Did a European visit him, who so ready as he with help and advice? and several African travellers could say that much of what they have accomplished was due to the advice and assistance obtained so ungrudgingly from Emin Pasha. Most African travellers are proud of what *they* accomplish, of the scientific work *they* do, and are jealous, perhaps justifiably so, of work done in their districts by, so to say, outsiders. Emin, however, with true scientific spirit, was ever ready to aid colleagues in all ways, and not only to help them in their own especial lines of work, but to point out to them fresh lines of scientific observation which, from his knowledge of the country and its possibilities, he knew to be capable of affording them valuable results. Of the immense amount of work he himself has done, with which to enrich our scientific literature, it is sufficient to point out the minutely accurate geographical surveys he has made and published in Petermann's *Mittheilungen*, and to call attention to the collections, anthropological, ethnographical, botanical, and zoological, with which he has enriched the museums of London, Vienna, and Berlin. His philological work, too, has been most successful, and his meteorological observations, continued for so many years, form the basis upon which our knowledge of the climate of Central Africa is based. When it is

remembered that all this work, to which science is so greatly indebted, has been carried on amidst the cares of government, of fightings and contentions within, and of attacks from without, one marvels that one man could have upheld until now the torch of civilisation and science in what is admitted by all to be the darkest region of the world.

The last three years of Emin Pasha's sojourn in the Equatorial Province must have been experienced to be realised. It is difficult to appreciate a tithe of what he, single-handed, had to endure. It is true that for a part of this time he was hoping against hope that relief would come, but he was beset by the greatest perplexities. His communications with the outside world were severed, and he was thrown entirely upon

his own resources, without European companions, for even Captain Casati was not with him. He was trying to retain his country for civilisation; he was hoping that he would be able to withstand the slave-dealers' assaults, and to preserve for his people the province intact. We can therefore well imagine that when the final blow came, and he saw his life's work apparently crumble to the dust, it was almost more than he could bear.

I will conclude by expressing the hope, in which I believe all my readers will join, that Emin Pasha will recover from his serious accident, and that he may be yet spared to render further service in the cause for which the best years of his life have been spent.

R. W. FELKIN.

*Was die Sache betrifft, so soll derelbe expedirt werden, sobald sie aus-
Richt angekommen ist habe ich langem geschrieben
Daher wurde anbei
Lassen Sie sich die Mittheilung der Reise nicht verpassen es kommen bald
in der That, ein Mandat hierher wird Ihnen in die richtigen Befehle
an die Stationen werden gegeben.
Grußungen Sie meine herzlichsten Grüße u. glücken mit
Ihren empfindlich ergebener
Dr. Emin Bey
Am langem Tag schon erlaubt ich mir Ihnen meine besten Grüße
weiter zu schreiben.*

FACSIMILE OF PART OF LETTER FROM EMIN PASHA TO DR. R. W. FELKIN.

TUDOR IMPRESSIONS.

PERHAPS the most remarkable thing about the Tudor Exhibition, now open at the New Gallery, Regent Street, is the unexpected impression we get of the high art development of the time. It would seem, indeed, when we compare this wonderful mass of portraiture of the Reformation period with that brought together a year ago at the Stuart collection, as if the artistic as well as the literary force of the earlier age had culminated in a rich burst of bloom; while only a late blossom of that brilliant efflorescence—of singular fragrance and beauty, may be—survived in the imperishable canvases of the great Vandyck. But, although, on a superficial comparison of the two periods, this might seem true, a closer and clearer

view shows the difference to be much more apparent than real. Art, in Tudor and Stuart times, as everybody knows, was an exotic, not yet naturalised to the soil, though tenderly enough cared for by the nobles and the Court; and a singular feature common to the two kings, Henry and Charles, who specially typify their respective dynasties, is their signal appreciation of the genius of men like Holbein and Sir Anthony Vandyck, able to render the ages they lived in for ever vivid and memorable. These artists stand out from their periods wonderfully matched in eminence and endowment.

Whatever may be said in praise of the dignity, power, freshness, and originality of Holbein, of his

unique grasp of individual character and his capacity for suggesting the nobler aspect of his sitter, Vandyck, on the other hand, brought into portraiture a penetration differing indeed from Holbein's lucid force, but none the less of infinite value in gauging the mental and psychological content of the men and women he painted, and in happily relating them with the background of their circumstance and culture.

If, therefore, in the canvases of the Stuart collection, the refined atmosphere and culture of Charles's Court and the fascinations of Mary were more manifest than the political struggles of either reign; if the great figures of the revolutionaries in the Parliamentary struggle—the Eliots, Pym, Hampdens, and Cromwells—were absent; if Church and State remained dumb—for not even Laud or Strafford was there to strike the tragic note that preluded Charles's own fate—the reason is clearly to be found in the limitation of that collection to the personalities of the Stuarts pure and simple, or those whose fortunes were intimately bound up with the destiny of their ill-fated race, and not in the artistic poverty of the time. On the other hand, the more extended horizon, artistically considered, of the Tudor exhibition, gives it the intellectual weight and lustre belonging to a wide historical and human survey, impossible to compass when the view is narrowed down to the lineal representatives of a particular house. And though, in the present instance, we are brought as fully face to face with the courtly aspect of the Tudor times, and albeit the evidences of such an event as the Armada are few, while such a danger as threatened Elizabeth in Mary's aspiration to the throne is quite ignored, on the other hand the virile truth of Holbein, the conscientiousness of Lucas de Heere, and the brilliancy of the Italian, Federigo Zuccherò, have illuminated nearly every other aspect of the great period following on the Wars of the Roses—that period when the new worlds, alike of Greek learning and the vast continent of America, opened out an unexplored vista for intellectual activity and human enterprise.

It seems in looking upon the faces of these great pioneers of the new learning—as living as if limned but yesterday by Holbein's vigorous hand—and upon those others—the poets, the adventurers, the statesmen of Elizabeth's reign—that we are indeed within the pale of that most glorious Renaissance. The splendour of the Field of the Cloth of Gold; the prowess of Henry and the knightly throng who met upon that famous field; the clash of arms, and the doom of war, may well be suggested by the array of arms and armour that gleams in sudden spaces of brilliancy or flickering light about the marble outer court. A curious interest may weave itself about the fragments of wood and the treasure-chests said to have formed part of the Armada. Strange memories may seem intertwined as we look at the pointed shoes of Anne Boleyn and Elizabeth, that even now retain the impress of their wearer's restless little feet. The common

experience of to-day may link itself in sympathy with the bygone despair, joy of life, and passion that once thrilled the wearers of these thousand scattered trifles. The treachery that withheld Essex's ring till too late, alas! may reappear to-day in the heart of a friend; the faithless brutality of Henry may find its counterpart even in modern nineteenth century civilisation; the ambition—and who knows?—the love of a Leicester may lie concealed in the heart of that carven violin given by him to Elizabeth! The hopes and fears, are they not now as then? But the serenely sweet face of More—sweet yet terrible, with a look of steadfast purpose and a hint of the nervous tenacity that drove him to the scaffold—drawn so felicitously yet so freely by Holbein; the scholarly Erasmus and Frobenius, the witty Sir Thomas Wyatt, Tyndale, Dean Colet, the dignified Warham, with the gentle and learned Lady Jane Grey, and the crowd of Elizabeth's age, stand for all time as the symbols of wisdom and the higher life, of the goodness and help that noble souls have always yielded to the world's need.

Looking specially to the large number of canvases purporting to be likenesses of Elizabeth, several of which are from the brush of Federigo Zuccherò, we do not find more than three or four which can be truly said to bear any striking witness of the queen's wonderful personality, and not one from which it is easy—as in the case of Holbein's masterpiece of Henry VIII.—to divine at a glance the whole content of the queen's character. But this is a drawback common to the portraits alike of Elizabeth and of Mary Stuart, and it suggests a singular parallel between these two powerful women, only to be matched by the contrasted coincidence of the portraits of Henry and Charles. In Mary's case, the difficulty with the painter may have been that her beauty was of too mobile a cast, and her expression too literally dependent on general charm of manner and intellect, to be effectively caught by any except an extremely subtle master; and useless though the thought may be, one cannot help indulging in the fancy that had Vandyck but come a little earlier, we might have had as wonderful a revelation of Mary as he has given us of Charles. But neither Mary nor Elizabeth was in the way of being interpreted by such men as Holbein and Vandyck, for if the one was too late the other was too early; and although there are but few finished paintings by Holbein of women, the exquisite fascination and vitality, the precision, refinement, humour, and strength, with which he has figured for us his famous 'Christina, Duchess of Milan,'—the witty woman who answered to Henry's proposal of marriage 'that she had but one head; if she had two, one should be at his Majesty's service,'—leave us in small doubt that his capacity would equally have compassed the task.

However it may have been with Mary, with Elizabeth the explanation lies more upon the surface. We are told that she, unlike Henry, discouraged art and artists; yet nevertheless the number and variety of

her portraits shows that she must have been very fond of being painted. But her love of jewellery and fine clothes, and the persistency with which she distorted her figure with immense fardingales, vast stiffened ruffs, and stomachers, made anything like a natural appearance an impossibility; and besides all this, her quaint dislike to shadows or half-tones in the pictures of herself, reduced them all, more or less, to one flat and monotonous level. Naturally, the ablest limner of the time would have been handicapped by such a caprice. On one occasion, we are told, she laid her royal commands on the artist to paint her 'with the light coming neither from the right nor from the left, without shadows, in an open garden light.' We can imagine that, impressionism not being rife in the Elizabethan age, the poor painter was distracted at the bare thought. With the march of events we have overtaken Elizabeth's idea, and could that wilful monarch revisit the sphere of her sometime activity, a Whistler, or one among the experimentalists, would be here to her hand.

The portraits most worthy of being held in some measure typical of the queen are a half-length, lent by Lord de l'Isle and Dudley, and two others, one bearing the date 1565, and both painted by Zuccherò. One also, where Elizabeth figures as a striking but extremely ugly young girl, is characteristic in many ways of her shrewd temper and keen judgment, and is possibly truer than anything else painted of her. As the picture is not a handsome one, it is strange that it escaped the fate usually destined for such as did not come up to the queen's estimate of her own charms. Perhaps it is as her earliest portrait that it remains a memento of the time 'before she conceived that passion for flattery that marked her later days.' That she was, in her youth, free from that 'infirmity of noble minds,' we gather from a quaintly interesting letter sent by her, with her miniature, to the young Edward VI., wherein she confusedly writes: 'For the face I might well blushe to offer, and I beseeche your Majestie to think that when you shall loke in my picture, you will witsafe (vouchsafe) to think that you have the outward shew of the body before you.'

But if the 'outward shew' grew so displeasing to the queen in later years that we are forced to account in this way for the startling differences in her many pictures,—one portrait, 'at the age of forty-two,' gives the impression of a woman still in her twenties, and not of mature life,—the vanity of Henry VIII. (from whom, without doubt, Elizabeth inherited somewhat of her foible) found scope, perhaps because of its masenine quality, in other directions than in unfaithful portraits of himself. He, like Elizabeth, was painted many times, there being, besides the pictures wherein he figures with his family, and that conscientious but terrible production on the meeting of the king and Francis I. on the Field of the Cloth of Gold, no less than a dozen studies from Holbein's brush, as well as many others of great interest, and all showing

far less variability in the leading characteristics than the portraits of Elizabeth. In the 'famous' Holbein masterpiece, supposed to have been painted about 1530, all the baser qualities of his maturer life seem stamped in every line of the sensual face. The truth of Dr. Waagen's criticism is strikingly apparent to the most casual observer, and is but a tribute the more, if such were needed, to the force and grip of Holbein's genius, and to his analysis of the king's character. There are other portraits by Holbein, and one especially, by Paris Bordone, painted when the king was still young, and had not wholly falsified the promise of his early manhood. In Holbein's cartoon, for instance, of Henry VII. and Henry VIII., which is a design for part of the fresco of the Privy Chamber, Whitehall, unfortunately burnt in 1698, there is a regal suggestiveness, a robust dignity, a stamp of power and authority, and a certain magnificence of bearing which suggests perhaps the pleasure-loving man of the world, but which is free from the later taint of animalism and degraded manhood.

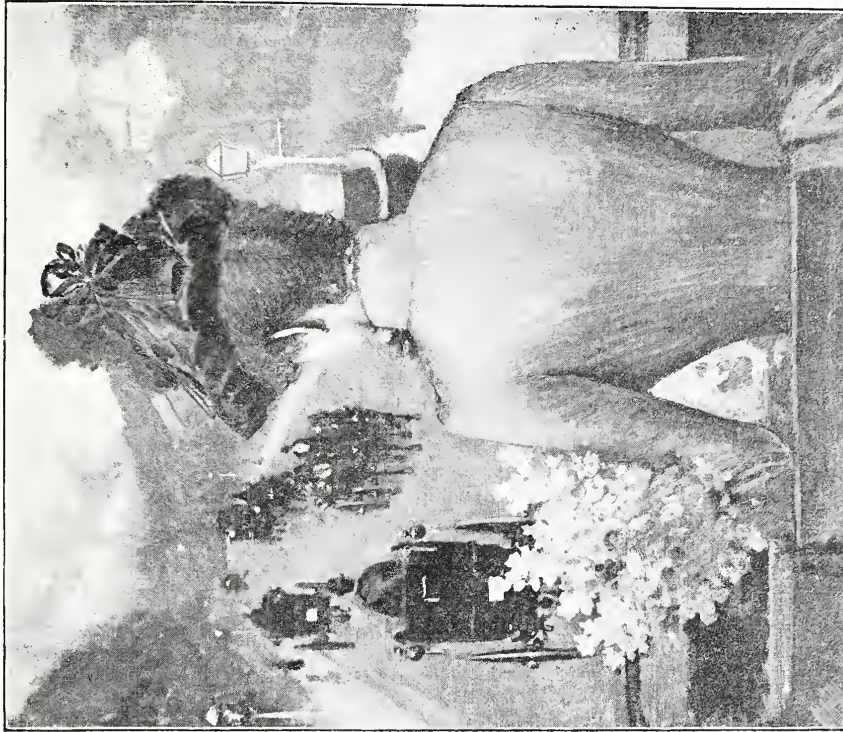
It is with a sense of relief, however, that one can turn from the animal in Henry's harsh face, looking out from the eyes with the 'suspicious watchfulness of a wild beast,' to the men and women of a nobler cast and purer life, who lent inspiration to Holbein and the other painters of that and the succeeding age. Among this goodly fellowship—the flower of the Reformation and the crown of Elizabeth's age—the whole life of the time seems indeed mirrored before us. In swift succession the striking personalities of those who were learned, unfortunate, witty, ambitious, and good, pass before us. The white hair and dignified mien of Sir John More is associated with the noble bearing of the great Chancellor his son; Tyndale, Warham, and Colet mingle with the Norfolks, Suffolks, Seymours, and the martyred Margaret Plantagenet; the learned daughters of More, with the Lady Jane Grey, look out with sweet seriousness; and the loveliest ladies of the Court cast a bloom and brightness across that period, when unfortunate queens were done to death, and the atmosphere was rendered murky by the intrigues of cardinals and unscrupulous statesmen; but when, also, Erasmus and his fellow-humanists worked in all sincerity of purpose for the good of the world.

Unhappily, the greatest man of all that time is so ill represented here in effigy, that one could almost wish there had been no pretence of representing him at all. Of the alleged portraits of Shakespeare, only the 'Fenton' has any worthy suggestion of his possible appearance—a something of abnormal meaning in the eye, that after all but deepens the disappointment over the poverty of the different presentments in turn. Bacon comes handsomely off in comparison. And this perhaps gives us the last word on this and every other attempt to reproduce for posterity the life of any historic period—the best of it has irrecoverably escaped us.

MARY REED.



PRETTY ROSIE PETTIGREW. BY WILSON STEER.



THE CITY ATLAS. BY SIDNEY STARR.



THE BARGE. BY THEODORE ROUSSEAU.

PARIS CAUSERIE.

'A storm in an artistic tea-cup.'—SHYLOCK.

PARIS, *January 1890.*

THE Parisian artistic world is in a state of uproar, the numerous *personnel* and pupils of a certain well-known and much-frequented *académie* are wild with excitement; the Society of French Artists is divided into two antagonistic parties, the one headed by M. Meissonier, the other by M. Bonger, there is a general outcry for a revision of the Artistic Constitution, and the very existence of the above-named Society is in danger. But before relating the various episodes of the battle, it may not be amiss to say a few words respecting the Society of French Artists.

Until 1880 the entire management of the annual Salon was in the hands of the Direction of Fine Arts, presided over by the Minister of Public Instruction and Fine Arts. This, a relic of the Imperial *régime*, was highly distasteful to artists, who as we all know, live in a state of chronic dissatisfaction with all committees and academical authorities, and more particularly so when the aforesaid authorities are invested with an official character. Discontent was rife in the ranks of the young and medalless members of the

fraternity, and loud was the outcry raised every year against the favouritism said to be shown by receiving, refusing, hanging, and rewarding committees. 'We are old enough to manage our own affairs,' said the artists. 'No,' replied the Administration, 'you are no better than a lot of schoolboys, and require looking after; when left to yourselves you are noisy, unruly, and unfair towards one another, you require paternal care and supervision.'

In 1881 there happened to be at the head of the Direction of Fine Arts a man of liberal ideas and sound artistic judgment—M. Turquet. This gentleman had attained celebrity as the originator of the 'sympathetic groups,' which gave rise to much merriment at the author's expense. According to this happy thought, the Salon was no longer to consist of a heterogeneous medley of pictures of all kinds hung at haphazard one on the top of the other. According to M. Turquet's plan the old order, or rather disorder, was to disappear before the sympathetic grouping of pictures according to their style and subject. Thus the landscapes were to be all hung together, the portraits apart, the *genre*, historical and classical pictures, each in their place among their fellows, in sympathetic groups. The idea, in-

genious in itself, was utterly wanting in practical sense, and was the subject of several witty and amusing articles in the Boulevard papers. M. Turquet was, however, engaged in the more serious undertaking of re-organising his department and trying to bring about some important reforms in the general administration of the Grand Opera, the Comédie Française, and other 'sub-ventioned' theatres. In the midst of all these reforms he bethought himself that he might do his friends the artists a good turn. So he proposed to M. Ferry, who was then Minister of Fine Arts, that a decree should be issued by which the management of the Salon would be handed over entirely into the hands of the artists, that they should elect their own jury by universal suffrage, and be allowed in future to manage their affairs themselves. M. Ferry acquiesced, the decree appeared, and there was joy in the land of Bohemianism, for democracy now reigned in the world of Art as well as in the political world, and favouritism and patronage would henceforth be things of the past. Great and small united, and the Society of French Artists was formed in 1881. The duties and privileges of the new Society were to represent and protect the interests of all French artists, to organise the Salon, distribute awards and medals, also to assist members of the Society who might, through illness or old age, require pecuniary assistance. The Society was governed by a committee of ninety members elected for three years by the sections of painting, sculpture, architecture, and engraving. An annual president was chosen from among the members of the committee. In order to make everything easy for the new Society, the State granted them the use of the Palais d'Industrie, in the Champs Elysées, during the months of May and June, at a rent of one franc per annum. Under such favourable circumstances the Society soon prospered and grew rich—at the expense of the public. Under State management Thursdays and Sundays were free days, but now there is only one, that is Sunday, and only after midday; on weekdays two francs are charged for admission from eight to twelve, and on Fridays, the 'select day,' five francs are charged at the gates. All this is not very democratic, and has given rise to some discontent among the public. When the International Exhibition of pictures was organised at the Grand Exhibition last year, the members of the juries, among whom were many foreigners, were named by a Government committee with every guarantee of impartiality. Now it happened that in the very liberal distribution of medals and awards the jurors did not pay sufficient attention to the claims of certain big-wigs of the Society of French Artists and their *coteries*. Certain mandarins of high art who had by successive stages obtained, one by one, the highest awards at the Salon, were highly indignant at not receiving still greater honours at the Exhibition. For instance, M. Meissonier was named Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour, while M. Bouguereau remained simply Commander; among the sculptors also

there were complaints, and in several cases the awards of the jury were refused, medals were returned, and discontent was rife in certain circles. *Iude ira.*

The storm broke out a fortnight ago at the general meeting of the Society. M. Bouguereau, amidst a general uproar, proposed that the awards given at the Grand Exhibition should not be mentioned in the catalogue of this year's Salon. The cat was out of the bag, jealousy of the foreigner was the keynote of the whole uproar. It must be understood that up to the present day all artists, including foreigners, who have received medals at any previous Grand Exhibition, or at the Salon, are henceforth exempt from the veto of the Salon jury, and can send, by right, two exhibits to the Salon. The Bouguereau group argue that there are already far too many 'exempts,' and that if the 493 medalled foreigners of the exhibition are admitted, no room will be left for French artists. M. Bouguereau's proposal gave rise to a storm of angry interruptions from more than half the meeting. M. Meissonier rose to protest against the measure as discourteous and useless, for, as he very justly observed, very few foreign artists exhibit at the Salon; foreign celebrities keep their best work for exhibition in their own country, and seldom care to run the risk of sending pictures to the Paris Salon. The noisy element of the meeting had, as usual on such occasions, the upper hand, and M. Meissonier's appeals to concord and good fellowship were quite useless; so he withdrew in company of Messieurs Puvis de Chavannes, Besnard, Roll, Dagnan-Bouveret, and other celebrated artists. These gentlemen immediately sent in their resignation as members of the Society of French Artists, and next morning waited on M. Tirard, President of the Council. After hearing their explanations, the Prime Minister agreed that they were in the right. It has been decided to form a new Society, with M. Meissonier at its head, and it is said that the principal clause of the new Society's regulations will be—no rewards, no exemptions, greater severity exercised in the admission of works. Negotiations are at present being carried on to bring about an understanding between the two opposition factions of the old Society, but nothing will be known before the next special general meeting, which is to take place on the 15th of this month.

In the meantime the general public looks on with indifference at this *querelle de boutique*. The somewhat rapacious spirit shown by the Society in its dealings with the public has not made it popular. Besides, complaints are numerous at the manner in which rewards have been distributed of late years, and at the very apparent favour shown towards the exhibits of certain studios and *académies*. On the other hand, it would be against the general interests of artists to overthrow the existing Society: reform is required, not destruction. As for doing away with the medals, I doubt whether the measure would be popular, so deeply rooted in the French mind is the cherished tra-

dition of the *Mention honorable* followed in due course by the 3^{me}, 2^{me}, and 1^{re} médaille.

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt has achieved a fresh triumph in the title-part of M. J. Barbier's *Jeanne d'Arc*, which is drawing crowded houses every night at the Porte St. Martin Theatre. The drama—or rather mystery, for in many respects, in style, in narrative, in the very succession of the somewhat naïve scenes of *Jeanne d'Arc* there is more of the old mystery-play than of the modern drama—is in three parts, and written in verse. In the first—and perhaps the best—part, 'The Mission,' we see the humble peasant-girl listening in ecstatic awe (hypnotised, we might say) to the angel 'Voices' which bid her forsake home and family to go forth and deliver her king and country from the foreign yoke. 'The Triumph' shows us how Jeanne la Pucelle raised the siege of Orléans and led Charles VII. to Reims Cathedral to be there crowned King of France. In the third and last part, 'Martyrdom,' we see Jeanne in prison, shamefully treated and insulted, while her cruel and crafty and merciless judges try to inveigle her into recanting her divine mission and perjuring herself. Then, and last of all, the terrible tragedy enacted on the old Place at Rouen, and Jeanne's heroic death. In the above succession of scenes Mme. Sarah Bernhardt has succeeded in identifying herself with her heroine such as the popular legend has handed down to posterity the figure of Jeanne la bonne Lorraine; to this she has added the slight touch of poetic phantasy she excels in giving to some of her characters. As she comes and goes before us, one can almost fancy that a figure from some old piece of mediæval tapestry or stained glass has come to life again and stepped on to the stage. Her grace of attitude and gesture, the very monotony of her delivery in the first and third parts, are simply perfection. One may, however, regret that in the second part she should be obliged to force her voice beyond its own sweet, natural medium in order to rise above the musical accompaniment of the war-chant 'Dieu le vent!' a terrible *tirade* no other actress could get through as she does. M. Gounod has written what might be called a miniature oratorio as a musical accompaniment to *Jeanne d'Arc*, but space will not allow me to dwell at any length on many fine passages of the master's score. It is needless to add that as regards scenery, dresses, and 'stage business' in general, the *reprise* of *Jeanne*

d'Arc is a most brilliant spectacle, and that M. Duquesnel, the able manager of the Porte St. Martin, is equal to his reputation as the first of Parisian *metteurs en scène*.

Shylock, comedy in three acts, and in verse, an adaptation of Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice*, has been played with some success at the Odéon. M. Haraucourt has certainly taken great liberties with the original, in fact it may be said that seldom did an 'adaptation' adapt itself less to the primitive text. He has made use of the scenario, and certain passages of Shakespeare's play, for the purpose of setting off his own personal talent as a poet. We in England are such unscrupulous adapters of French plays that we have no right to find fault with any particular act of French literary piracy. But to return to M. Haraucourt's *Shylock*: it must be acknowledged that some of his poetry is very pretty. The following rendering of the exquisite passage—

'How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!'

(Act v. Scene i.)

is at once a fair example of his free-and-easy adaptation of Shakespeare's idea, and a graceful specimen of his poetical talent:—

'C'est pour nous que Dieu fit la volupté des choses;
C'est pour les nuits d'amour qu'il fit la paix des cieux;
Il nous les fit si beaux pour nous voir plus joyeux.
Sur mon épaule . . . là . . . Viens, relève tes voiles,
Et je te bercerais sous les yeux des étoiles.
Les vois-tu scintiller, loin, dans l'azur sans fond!
Ivres de leur lumière, ivres d'être, elles vont
Chantant, chantant l'amour, chantant la nuit bénie,
Et chacune est un chant dans l'immense harmonie;
Elles vont se cherchant, s'aimant, se poursuivant,
Et chacune, là-haut, verse au monde vivant
Ce conseil d'être heureux et d'être aimé comme elles.'

How inferior to the original! but *se non e vero e ben trovato*. The acting is decidedly second-rate; even the charming Mlle. Rejane is but an indifferent Portia; as for the other parts, the less said of them the better. However, for those who are content with well-painted scenery, beautiful dresses, and well-ordered stage business, *Shylock* is worth seeing. There is a certain scene in the first act, the elopement of Jessica in a gondola by moonlight, which is one of the prettiest pieces of Venetian scenery I have yet seen on the stage.

C. NICHOLSON.

OUR PLATES.

The portrait of the late ROBERT BROWNING which forms the frontispiece of this issue is from a photograph from life taken at the Cameron Studio. It has been reproduced by photogravure. The second is an intaglio plate from a portrait by RUDOLF LEHMANN. We are indebted to the courtesy of the artist for leave to reproduce it. The illustrations on pages 49 and 50 are from examples in the Impressionist Exhibition, for account of which see page 18, January Number.

MATTHEW ARNOLD'S MELIORISM.

TO write in an Art Review about anything but a poet's art may seem to be out of place and to require an apology. Many respectable people—respectable in the sense of being entitled to respect in what they say—contend that in the case of a poet the critic has no business with anything but his art, nothing to do with his ruling spirit, or dominant mood, or theory of life, or 'criticism of life,' or whatever it may be called. Mr. Arnold was himself sharply reprimanded for holding that a poet's 'criticism of life' is a paramount consideration. So far I agree with them—though perhaps not differing from him when his phrase is rightly understood—that a poet must be an artist in the first place; if he is not an artist of high rank, it matters little what his theory of life is, or whether his inspiration is a spirit of health or the contrary. His poetry may be, as Wordsworth said of his own 'Happy Warrior,' 'a chain of extremely valuable thoughts'; but if it 'does not fulfil poetic conditions,' to use the language of Wordsworth's further admission about that composition, the value of the thoughts will not make the poetry great. On the other hand, if the poet is a master of his art, the character of his thoughts and feelings, the burden of his utterance—it must be about 'life'—is a matter of the highest interest.

True, it may be answered; but if this is not obvious without prose interpretation and critical discussion, the poet is not a master of his art: the mere fact of leaving room for discussion, of not taking possession of the reader without the possibility of misconstruction, argues a defect in art. This objection is of the nature of a 'poser,' I admit. It would take me too far from my present purpose to argue it out in the abstract. It strikes at the root of interpretative criticism. It touches vested interests. I would rather answer it evasively. Matthew Arnold is a great artist—if the word 'great' is disputable, let us say an artist of high excellence; and his 'criticism of life' has been much misunderstood—he has been called a pessimist. For the first proposition, in default of space for present argument, I would shelter myself provisionally under the authority of Mr. Swinburne. Whoever disputes it has to reckon with him. For myself, I should be sorry to see one adjective subtracted from his eloquent praise of Mr. Arnold as a poet. It is the second proposition that I propose to argue; and what I purpose to maintain is that Mr. Arnold in his poetry is neither a pessimist nor an optimist, but a something between, which may best be expressed by George Eliot's *tertium quid*, a Meliorist. I shall have to quote largely from his poetry; but if a thing is worth arguing at all, it is worth arguing convincingly, and dry general statements, without citations to back them, would convince nobody. The length at which a counter-thesis has recently been argued must be my apology.

A few years ago I should have said that argument on the point was superfluous, so completely did the general attitude towards Mr. Arnold seem to have changed since the days when the 'elegant Jeremiah' of the *Daily Telegraph* was welcomed as a palpable hit. The anonymous author of that nickname was, I believe, the late Mr. James Macdonell, the brilliant journalist whose life has recently been written by Mr. Robertson Nicoll; and it appears from his biography that in the later years of Mr. Macdonell's too brief life he was a constant reader of Mr. Arnold's poetry. The *Athenæum* has left far behind the tone of mixed ridicule and compassion in which at one time it used to speak of Mr. Arnold. When his *New Poems* came out in 1867, the *Athenæum* saw behind the lines 'a face how piteous: not old, yet full of exhaustion,' the face of a man 'aged before his time,' on whom 'the system of early forcing had done its work.' The sadness of 'Dover Beach' was peculiarly distressing to the critic. 'Mr. Arnold,' he commented, 'is really very far gone. He cannot stand on the beach at Dover, and hear the solemn music of the sea, but the fatal weakness seizes him, and he begins twaddling about Sophocles and the "Sea of Faith." ' It is many years since the *Athenæum* used that tone in its references to Mr. Arnold: for many years its critics would have laughed at such smartness as heartily as anybody. It would not be worth while recalling the passage now, were it not that since Mr. Arnold's death there has often been expressed, under more respectful language, substantially the same profound misapprehension of his drift. The conception of him as a weary, worn-out, incurably dejected, and languid superior person is still widely prevalent. A writer in the *Edinburgh Review* recently exhausted the resources of an extensive vocabulary in trying to fix this character on his poetry. 'It is hopeless,' he said, 'callous to the issues of contemporary thought, to present and future alike indifferent.' 'It breathes the settled atmosphere of blank dejection and morbid languor.' It is 'cold, passionless, totally devoid of enthusiasm'; 'it brings us nothing but haggard and hard negations.' It is true this critic draws a distinction between the tone of Arnold's early poems and the tone of his later poems, and admits in words an advance in point of manliness of tone and healthiness of feeling; but he maintains the distinction only in words, and affirms that Arnold in his poetry to the last remained 'without enthusiasm for the future, without respect for the present, half-hearted in his devotion to the past, cold and unimpassioned, indefinite and indistinct in his teaching.'

It would be easy, no doubt, to put together a series of extracts from Mr. Arnold's poetry that would seem to bear out this pessimistic interpretation. A couple of friends, sitting down in fireside debate over the right

interpretation, might quote passages at one another by the hour, and keep the see-saw tolerably even. 'Despondency,' 'Resignation,' 'The Youth of Nature,' 'The Scholar Gipsy,' and others might be appealed to with confidence by the pessimist. Even if we dismiss the doleful verses in 'Despondency'—

'The thoughts that rain their steady glow
Like stars on life's cold sea,
Which others know, or say they know,
They never shone for me'—

as being merely the expression of a passing mood such as may now and again overcloud any man's spirit, however sunny and hopeful as a rule, what are we to make of the oft-recurring complaints of the sadness, confusion, and distraction of the times, the oft-repeated passionate longing to have lived in happier days—

'Before this strange disease of modern life,
With its sick hurry, its divided aims,
Its heads o'ertaxed, its palsied hearts, was rife'?

From the language in which the poet mourns the death of Wordsworth in 'The Youth of Nature,' it would seem that he despairs of great and joyous poetry from an age thus infected with doubts and fears:—

'Well may we mourn, when the head
Of a sacred poet lies low
In an age which can rear them no more!
The complaining millions of men
Darken in labour and pain;
But he was a priest to us all
Of the wonder and bloom of the world,
Which we saw with his eyes and were glad.
He is dead, and the fruit-bearing day
Of his race is past on the earth;
And darkness returns to our eyes.'

The same note is struck in his reference to the Laureate and his 'In Memoriam' in 'The Scholar Gipsy':—

'And then we suffer! and amongst us one,
Who most has suffered, takes dejectedly
His seat upon the intellectual throne;
And all his store of sad experience he
Lays bare of wretched days;
Tells us his misery's birth, and growth, and signs,
And how the dying spark of hope was fed,
And how the breast was soothed, and how the head,
And all his hourly varied anodynes.
This for our wisest! and we others pine,
And wish the long unhappy dream would end,
And waive all claim to bliss, and try to bear;
With close-lipped patience for our only friend,
Sad patience, too near neighbour to despair.'

These passages show at least that the poet had an acute sense of the pains of modern thought, intent on high aims, perplexed by opposing views of man's destiny and duty, shaken in its old beliefs, but unable to find sure guidance among the new—

'Wandering between two worlds—one dead,
The other powerless to be born.'

It may be questioned, indeed, whether they breathe

an atmosphere of blank dejection and morbid languor, and whether dejection that can rise and clothe itself with such magnificence of verbal music is not already charmed out of its own proper being. But the anti-pessimistic interpreter might in his turn produce passages much more difficult to reconcile with any theory of moral paralysis. We might quote from 'The Youth of Man':—

'While the locks are yet brown on thy head,
While the soul still looks through thine eyes,
While the heart still pours
The mantling blood to thy cheek,
Sink, O youth, in thy soul!
Yearn to the greatness of Nature;
Rally the good in the depths of thyself!'

This is not the note of coldness, callousness, or apathy: nor does the following sound like the voice of one whose springs of action have been broken by doubt and despair:—

'Foiled by our fellow-men, depressed, outworn,
We leave the brutal world to take its way,
And *Patience!* in another life, we say,
The world shall be thrust down and we upborne.

And will not then the immortal armies scorn
The world's poor routed leavings? or will they,
Who failed under the heat of this life's day,
Support the fervours of the heavenly morn?

No, no! the energy of life may be
Kept on after the grave, but not begun;
And he who flagged not in the early strife,
From strength to strength advancing—only he,
His soul well-knit and all his battles won,
Mounts, and that hardly to eternal life.'

We have here rather the animating spirit of Mr. Arnold's definition of Culture as a striving after perfection, and the same heroic note is often to be heard in the changing moods of his verse. For example, in 'The Last Word':—

'They outtalked thee, hissed thee, tore thee?
Better men fared thus before thee,
Fired their ringing shot and passed,
Hotly charged, and broke at last.
Charge once more, then, and be dumb!
Let the victors, when they come,
When the forts of folly fall
Find thy body by the wall.'

Still, rival interpreters might go on for some time exchanging quotations, and end after all by convincing one another—or at least the listener—that the poet had no consistent theory of life to give coherence to his varying moods. We must try to get deeper into the poet's inner life if we would reconcile the superficial contradictions. It often happens to us in ordinary life to be puzzled by apparent inconsistencies in the behaviour of an acquaintance, till some day we obtain a sudden clue to the inner man, the continuous medium in which his diverse actions have their root and source, and then all becomes plain. Poets, like other men,

must be studied from the inside. We must coast round them till we find an open portal. I do not say that this applies to all poetry: it does not apply perhaps at all to poetic artists whose themes are universal human feelings as common as air and light; but it certainly applies to poets whose themes are moods of comparatively rare occurrence in ordinary human experience.

Arnold was not himself a pessimist, but the clue to the central spirit in his personal poetry, out of which all that is most characteristic unfolds itself, is to be found in his early relations with the pessimists. The great fact in his mental history is that he came under the spell of the creed of despair in his youth, and shook himself clear of it resolutely, manfully, but not without painful effort, while he was still in early manhood. That he should have yielded at first was natural in his circumstances. The son of the great schoolmaster, Dr. Arnold of Rugby, he went up to Oxford from a home in which the duty of having a high and serious aim in life had been impressed upon him from his childhood. He found the University in a state of civil—or rather very uncivil—war, in all the passion of the Tractarian controversy, a house divided against itself. His father, to whose strong and clear spirit he might have looked for guidance amidst distracting calls, died while he was an undergraduate. The year in which he became a Fellow of Oriel, the college of Newman, Hurrell Froude, and Clough, was the year in which the strife culminated, and Ward, Faber, and Newman went over to Rome. The complaint of the distraction of modern life, with its 'divided aims' and 'hopeless tangle,' which meets us so often in Arnold's early verse, reflects the spirit in which he and many other thoughtful young Oxonians looked on at the fierce warfare among their elders, finding in none of the passionate champions a leader to their mind.

It would seem from hints here and there in his poetry that young Arnold's first aspiration was to dedicate himself to poetry as Wordsworth had done, and in something of the same high and serious spirit. His father's residence in the Lake country had brought him in contact with the Recluse of Rydal Mount in his boyhood, and a certain longing to seclude himself in like manner for 'plain living and high thinking' would seem to have lasted beyond boyhood. But the master influence with him in his early Oxford years was not Wordsworth. The optimistic philosophy of Wordsworth lost its hold, and he felt the ascendancy of the gloomier genius of the author of *Obermann*. This stage, however, was soon past. The exact length of it is not on record; but it was past before he published his first volume of poems at the age of twenty-six—past, that is to say, in its thickest darkness, though 'weeds from that sad time' continued to cling to him. Still he never ceased to speak of Senancour with profound sympathy and respect; and he often in his poetry, as in the 'Stanzas from the Grande Chartreuse,'

returns with longing to the life of solitude and meditation, and even seems to speak of himself as by heart and inclination a recluse. It was this probably that made the world class him at first with the pessimistic poets of the century. But looking back now with the knowledge that he did not sequester himself like Wordsworth or Obermann, that he entered the world, lived much in society, and from the age of thirty did double duty as a laborious inspector of schools and an industrious man of letters,—reading his first poem to the author of *Obermann* with this knowledge, one is surprised that the difference of spirit should not have been recognised at once. Even in the first 'Obermann' poem it is marked with a clearness that one would think unmistakable, if one did not know how easy it is to pass over what we are not looking for:—

'I turn thy leaves! I feel their breath
Once more upon me roll;
That air of languor, cold, and death,
Which brooded o'er thy soul.

Fly hence, poor wretch, whoe'er thou art,
Condemned to cast about,
All shipwreck in thy own weak heart,
For comfort from without.'

Such lines could not come from a thrall to the melancholy sentiment of *Obermann*. Arnold fully owns its power:—

'Too fast we live, too much are tried,
Too harassed, to attain
Wordsworth's sweet calm, or Goethe's wide
And luminous view to gain.

And then we turn, thou sadder sage,
To thee! we feel thy spell!
The hopeless tangle of our age,
Thou too hast scanned it well.'

But the point of the whole poem is, that it is a farewell to the author of *Obermann*:—

'And thou, sad guide, adieu!
I go, fate drives me; but I leave
Half of my life with you.

I in the world must live;—but thou,
Thou melancholy shade!
Wilt not, if thou canst see me now,
Condemn me, nor upbraid.

There without anger thou wilt see
Him who obeys thy spell
No more, so he but rest like thee,
Unsoiled; and so, farewell.'

In the other Obermann poem, 'Obermann Once More,' written nearly twenty years later, Arnold's emancipation from the cheerless gloom of Senancour is much more emphatically declared, although he still retained so much veneration for his early guide as to wish to justify the change. The spirit of Senancour appears to him in a vision, and exhorts him to bear his part in

the happier hours that have dawned on mankind :—

‘ O thou, who ere thy flying span
Was past of cheerful youth,
Didst find the solitary man
And love his cheerless truth,

Despair not thou as I despaired,
Nor be cold gloom thy prison !
Forward the gracious hours have fared,
And see ! the sun is risen !

He breaks the winter of the past ;
A green new earth appears.
Millions, whose life in ice lay fast,
Have thoughts, and smiles, and tears.

What though there still need effort, strife ?
Though much be still unwon ?
Yet warm it mounts, the hour of life !
Death’s frozen hour is done.

What still of strength is left, employ
This end to help attain :
*One common wave of thought and joy
Lifting mankind again.*’

‘ Dead to the issues of contemporary thought ; to present and to future alike indifferent.’ One could not easily find a better specimen of spinning critical phrases without keeping the eye on the object. It is not as if Arnold’s poetic career had extended over a long period, and it were only in his later poems that a strenuous and hopeful tone began to prevail. He really published very little new verse except the drama of *Merope* after 1855, when he had not completed his thirty-third year. The *New Poems* of 1867, though the volume contains some of his best-known verse, are not new either in sentiment or in style : they testify to an increasing buoyancy and confidence, but not to a new point of view. Indifference—‘ a calm cold eye surveying mankind,’ as the *Athenæum* critic put it—was certainly never the note of his poetry : it was rather too sharp a sense of the ills of life, against which the poet is seen rallying all the forces of a warm heart and a clear head, all the consolations of philosophy and imagination, rallying them under the banner of truth, and leading them on to victory over doubt and despair. The early poem of *Empedocles on Ætna*, first published in 1852, is the completest picture of this warfare and triumph—a dramatic ‘ criticism of life,’ the burden of which is that pessimism is an error, a sin against light. Mr. Browning did a service both to the poet and to his readers in persuading Arnold to reprint this poem many years after he had withdrawn it from circulation. His reason for withdrawing it (before fifty copies were sold, he tells us) was that it did not satisfy a rigid canon of proper poetic subject, namely, that situations in which the suffering finds no vent in action, in which everything has to be endured and nothing done, are too inherently morbid to yield that enjoyment at which the poet should aim. In this his self-criticism was at fault : his master, Wordsworth, might have taught him better

if he had listened. Even painful situations that find no relief in action may yield

‘ Sorrow that is not sorrow but delight,’

if they provide occasion for the exercise of noble qualities ; and this redeeming feature is present in the situation of Empedocles, weary of life for himself, vexed by man’s ingratitude and neglect, fatally wounded in his pride of ascendancy, yet still possessed with a noble concern for the happiness of those who may come after him, nobly anxious that others should escape the error that had proved fatal to himself. *Empedocles on Ætna* is the finest philosophic poem in the English language, if not the only philosophic poem that fulfils the double condition of being both philosophy and poetry :¹ the dramatic setting of the reasoned creed, the ethical counsel put into the mouth of the Sicilian philosopher, is incomparably impressive, and the counsel itself is elevated by its severe dignity of form and its solemn strength of emotion to the highest regions of pure poetry. But we are concerned here with its philosophic substance, and the fact that this is directly anti-pessimistic. Throughout the greater part of his last counsel to Pausanias, Empedocles is represented as following the familiar lines of Stoicism, warning his disciple against making his desires the measure of his rights, pointing out that other men have their claims on the world as well as we, and condemning the folly that longs for content but rejects the only terms on which content can be won, knowledge of one’s-self, and suppression of unreasonable ambitions for this life or another. It is a counsel of negation and sacrifice, and so far ‘ haggard and hard ’ enough. But at the close a different note is struck, proclaiming the positive joys of the world and abjuring despair :—

‘ And yet for those who know
Themselves, who wisely take
Their way through life, and bow
To what they cannot break,

Why should I say that life needs yield but moderate bliss ?

Is it so small a thing
To have enjoyed the sun,
To have lived light in the spring,
To have loved, to have thought, to have done ;

To have advanced true friends and beat down baffling foes ;—

That we must feign a bliss
Of doubtful future date,
And while we dream on this
Lose all our present state,

And relegate to worlds yet distant our repose ?’

Pausanias is told that men like him, with health, temper, and judgment spoiled by unwise aims and wilful sadness, are not fair judges of what the world has to offer, and that the ‘ village churl feels the truth ’

¹ Mr. W. B. Scott’s remarkable poem, *The Year of the World*, nearly contemporaneous with Arnold’s, but somewhat earlier, and strikingly similar in tendency, labours under the disadvantage of allegory.

more than such as he. The village churl—

‘Who’s loth to leave this life,
Which to him little yields—
His hard-tasked, sun-burnt wife,
His often-laboured fields,

The boors with whom he talked, the country spots he knew.

But thou, because thou hear’st
Men scoff at Heaven and Fate,
Because the Gods thou fear’st
Fail to make blest thy state,

Tremblest, and wilt not dare to trust the joys there are !

I say : Fear not ! Life still
Leaves human effort scope !
But since life teems with ill,
Nurse no extravagant hope ;

Because thou must not dream, thou need’st not then despair.’

There is something here that goes beyond Stoicism, as commonly understood, though something very like it may perhaps be found in Marcus Aurelius. It would have been impossible for Matthew Arnold to escape the influence of Christianity, unless he had deliberately shut his mind to it, and this he had no desire to do. But call his theory of life what we will, it is not pessimism ; it is not the creed of abject despair, of wilful melancholy, or even of callous endurance : it is the creed of a brave and serious man of high purpose and high resolution. He cannot shut his eyes to the ills of life ; he cannot escape the smart of world-sorrow when he thinks of them ; but looking the worst full in the face, without trying to disguise things as they are under any make-believe, he still finds life worth having, and causes worth labouring for with hopeful effort. It has been argued that Empedocles is made to contradict his own teaching, because he removes himself from a world which he has just declared to be a tolerable habitation, by throwing himself into the crater of *Ætna*. But this is to miss the tragic meaning of the situation, which is, that for himself the philosopher’s ethical wisdom has been learnt too late. For him there is no remedy but death ; he has been untrue to his best self—

‘I have lived in wrath and gloom,
Fierce, disputatious, ever at war with man,
Far from my own soul, far from warmth and light.’

His habit of thought is fixed, his faculty of joy gone, his spring of hope dried. There is but one relief possible for him. Others may be wise in time.

That Matthew Arnold should have been confounded with the melancholy, world-weary poets who filled the first half of the century with the tale of their miseries, although it was one of his main distinctions that he trod under foot what had vanquished them, is all the more strange when we observe one of the devices by which he seems to have tried to guard against the identification. He had a way of altering the arrangement of his poems, and of publishing, withdrawing, and republishing some of them, a habit perplexing alike to the bibliographer and to the critic desirous of following any traces of development. But one thing

he seems always to have studied—to end an edition with a poem of markedly hopeful tone. Thus the volume of 1853, the first volume published by Arnold under his own name, ended with the nobly hopeful poem entitled ‘The Future’ :—

‘Haply the River of Time,
As it grows, as the towns on its marge
Fling their wavering lights
On a wider, statelier stream,
May acquire, if not the calm
Of its early mountainous shore,
Yet a solemn peace of its own.
And the width of the waters, the hush
Of the grey expanse where he floats,
Freshening its current and spotted with foam,
As it draws to the ocean, may strike
Peace to the soul of the man on its breast :
As the pale waste widens around him,
As the banks fade dimmer away—
As the stars come out, and the night-wind
Brings up the stream
Murmurs and scents of the infinite sea.’

The *Poems* (second series) of 1855, though the volume reprints some of the most mournful of his early verses, ends with ‘A Summer Night,’ in which sublime and tranquil thought is clothed in language of surpassing amplitude and freedom. The concluding apostrophe is significant :—

‘Plainness and clearness without shadow of stain !
Clearness divine.
Ye heavens, whose pure dark regions have no sign
Of languor, though so calm, and though so great,
Are yet untroubled and unpassionate.

A world above man’s head to let him see
How boundless might his soul’s horizon be,
How vast, yet of what clear transparency !
How it were good to sink there, and breathe free.
How fair a lot to fill
Is left to each man still !’

In the *New Poems* of 1867 ‘Obermann Once More’ stood last ; but in the complete edition of 1869, in two volumes, it was last but one, the place of greatest impressiveness being occupied again by his earlier poem, ‘The Future.’ Once again, and for the last time, in 1877, he rearranged his poems according to form and subject. ‘The Future’ ends the section of Lyric and Dramatic Poems, and ‘Obermann Once More’ is the last of the Elegiac Poems, and the conclusion of the whole. The intention was manifest, to indicate that the ruling spirit of his poetry was Hope and Hopeful Effort, and not Despair.

This is the spirit in which Matthew Arnold’s personal poems are written, and the spirit in which they must be interpreted. Plain as it is to a sympathetic student, it has often been misapprehended, and the misapprehension still keeps many outside the range of one of the most elevating and strengthening influences in modern literature. There is no poet of modern days who has the same tranquillising power, the same calm, steadfast sublimity of feeling, attained, not as in Wordsworth’s case, by evading or ignoring modern difficulties,

pushing them aside or looking away from them, but by confronting them steadily and rising above them. Taking his poems as a whole, as a record of the moods of a single life from early manhood to middle age, they are not of course sustained at a uniform level; but this is their pervading spirit. The note of sadness, of world-sorrow, often as it recurs, never sinks to a hopeless broken-spirited wail, nor rises to a shriek of stormy defiance: it is self-governed, steadied, kept in check.

The poet is neither an optimist nor a pessimist. He does not hold with Pangloss that this is the best of all possible worlds, nor with Schopenhauer or Senancour that it is as bad a world as can be. His faith is that it contains much that is good, and that man's effort can make it better. He is, in short, to adopt George Eliot's expression, countersigned by Mr. James Sully, the historian and critic of pessimism,—he is a Meliorist.
W. MINTO.

VICTOR VON SCHEFFEL.

GOETHE, on reading Byron's *Don Juan*, is said to have remarked that Germany, in all her literary wealth, possessed no parallel to that work, in that her literature had never developed a classical comic style. It cannot be said that the deficiency has yet been supplied—German comedy is too often marked by brutality. A Russian proverb says that what we laugh at we love, and in a truly comic figure there must indeed always be something lovable. This is a circumstance which would-be comic writers constantly overlook. Laughter is expansive, friendly, warm;—to superinduce upon this emotion one which contracts and chills, like that of contempt or disgust, is a gross mistake in art, which can only find favour where the superficial resemblances between comedy and sarcasm blind dull minds to their essential differences. In this respect the Germans are still somewhat dull. Rudolph Gneist, the great historian of the English constitution, complained long ago, in an essay in the *Gegenwart*, of the great deficiency in good taste of the German as compared with the English conceptions of comedy. Consider *Punch*, he wrote—what a fine and pleasing impression of English manhood and womanhood one gains from the manly or graceful figures that fill its pages! Ugliness there is never mistaken for fun; whereas in the German *Witz-Blätter* it appears to be regarded as a fundamental law that no figure can find an appropriate place in a comic scene unless its aspect is revolting or contemptible.

No doubt things will improve, and have indeed improved to some extent since Dr. Gneist published the essay alluded to. Germany was by a long way the last of civilised nations to find the tragic drama endurable on the stage without occasional interludes of refreshing buffoonery; but tragedies can now be played without the assistance of the Hanswurst. And as a pledge of what German literature of the future may have in store for us, we have already one book of really classical comedy, the *Gaudeamus* of Victor von Scheffel.

The first time the writer made acquaintance with this poet was in a cheerful *Kneipgesellschaft* in a certain German capital. He entered with his introducer into a long, low, wainscoted room, in which was assembled a strange concourse of genial spirits 'from many climes

and lands.' Germans predominated; but England, Spain, Greece, and even France were also represented, while at the head of the oaken table sat an Irishman, who seemed to have brought his brogue fresh that morning from the county Galway, but who turned out to be able to sing a good song in half a dozen different languages, and who presided over the revel with infinite *verve* and tact. The room was full of tobacco smoke and melody: somebody's health and song had just been proposed, and we entered amid the resounding chorus of 'Hoch soll er leben, Hoch soll er leben, Hoch soll er le - ben - Hoch!' Then the individual thus saluted got upon his legs and sang in a fine sonorous rhythm (the company chorusing the last two lines of each stanza) the following remarkable ditty, as near as we can render it. It belongs to that section of the *Gaudeamus* poems to which Scheffel has prefixed the title 'Culturhistorisch':—

'Twas at the Black Whale in Ascalon :
Three days a stranger drank,
Till, stiff as any broomstick, he
On the marble table sank.

'Twas at the Black Whale in Ascalon :
There spake the Landlord—"Stay !
I ween yon man of my palm wine
Drinks more than he can pay."

'Twas at the Black Whale in Ascalon :
A troop of waiters bore
In cuneiform, on six clay tiles,
That unknown guest his score.

'Twas at the Black Whale in Ascalon :
The guest spake—"Welladay !
I have no tin ; I spent it in
The Lamb in Nineveh."

'Twas at the Black Whale in Ascalon :
The clock struck half-past four—
The Boots from Nubia Land he thrust
That stranger from the door.

'Tis at the Black Whale in Ascalon :
No prophet honour has ;
And he who there will dwell content
Pays cash for every glass.'

To acquire the volume from which this song was

taken, and to find out something about its author, were resolutions which survived the Kneipe.

Victor Scheffel came of that Swabian stock, reckoned to be the purest of Germanic races, which has stamped its genial, quaint, and thoughtful character deeply on German literature. He was born in Karlsruhe, 1826. His father, the 'Herr Major,' as he was called, was a retired military man who held at different times important official positions under the government of Baden. The Herr Major had in an excessive degree the failings often produced by military training: a man of few and fixed ideas, whose intellect was as stiff as his probity. His mother, however, was a wholly different being; and it has been observed that Scheffel's verse, in its union of sober, succinct accuracy of expression with an overflowing abundance of humour and fancy, shows the influence of both sides of his ancestry. A paternal decree devoted Victor to the law, and he passed through the necessary course of study chiefly at Heidelberg and Berlin, with some distinction. But his heart was not in this profession. 'As I buried myself in old deeds and documents,' he wrote in later times—and the passage will have interest for readers of *Ekkehard*—'I did not ask myself under what rubric of jurisprudence this or that was to be classified, but who were the men who made such laws? what had urged them to do so? what did they look like? how did they think and feel, speak, and live together? And I could not rest until I had formed a living picture of them in my mind.' It might have been safely predicted that the law-student whose researches led him to speculations of this kind had wholly mistaken his vocation, and so Scheffel soon became aware. It was in the years '49-'52, while he held a small legal appointment in the little Rhenish town of Säckingen, that this conviction at last became irresistible. He had already made excursions into other spheres of life. He had taken some part as a journalist in the movements of the Revolution years, though not on the popular side. Humour, whenever it has any choice, is almost always monarchical or aristocratic in politics, for institutions of this class base themselves on naked fact, and fact is the one thing that humour cannot get the better of,—the root of humour lying, indeed, in an exaggerated appreciation of the actual and concrete. Scheffel's studies, too, had been both wide and deep; in the classical languages and literature, and in ancient and mediæval history, his acquirements might have put to shame many professors who had made these subjects their special study. And he had also, at times, felt and obeyed the impulse towards poetic production. But it was not for the sake of being either professor, or politician, or poet, that he at last resolved to face his father's stern displeasure, and throw up a promising career. Like Goethe, born to be a poet, he yearned to be a painter, and there are few more singular instances of devotion to a mistaken calling. With his friend and teacher, the landscape-painter Willers, he plunged into Italy. He had always carried

a sketch-book with him in his many rambles in the Schwarzwald: now he worked with systematic industry. He had ambition, character, intelligence, the power of intense application, even a certain degree of talent, yet to the circle of artist-friends among whom he found himself in Rome it was soon clear that he would never be a painter. He half-divined their thoughts; and at last one of them, Herr Engerth, an authority whom he was bound to respect, took an opportunity of telling him frankly what he could and could not expect to achieve. Scheffel recognised both the truth and friendship of Engerth's outspoken judgment, but he felt the blow profoundly. He became silent, moody, and solitary, withdrew from Rome, and from correspondence with his friends, until at last, in the winter of 1853, Frau Engerth received a long letter from him, dated from Heidelberg, and accompanied by a copy of what has since proved by far the most popular German book of its generation, the *Trompeter von Säckingen*, a song of the Upper Rhine. Scheffel's genius had at last found its true outlet.

The *Trompeter* is a very refreshing object of contemplation in the German literature of the post-revolutionary period. The present writer has a friend whose avocations have led him to make a considerable acquaintance with German literature, and whose dislike of it is nearly co-extensive with his knowledge. His favourite expression for its prevailing defect is the word 'sticky,' and this remarkable critical epithet, if we look into it, will be found to have meaning and application. The freshness and fragrance of nature are rarely perceptible in a German work of art, be it sculpture or painting or poem. Instead of the dew of the morning there is a certain clamminess in its sentiment suggestive of overmuch handling, of the endeavour to make a dead thing simulate vitality and passion. Now the *Trompeter von Säckingen* is not sticky. Though the scene is laid in the Säckingen 200 years ago, the poem springs straight from the experiences of the author; even in detail it is to a surprising extent autobiographical, as the reader of Herr Ruhemann's excellent biography will discover. The constant interruption of its romantic and graceful theme by the writer's genial, wholly uncynical, laugh at his own emotions makes it something unique in German literature; for this wayward, many-coloured style, kept, as it is in Scheffel, by the finest taste within the limits necessary for lyrical unity of feeling, is the special gift of men who, like Sterne, Thackeray, Burns, and Shakespeare, have derived from a partly Celtic ancestry a vivacity and delicacy which the pure Teutonic stock does not often develop.

Scheffel was now won for literature, but another passion had taken possession of him too,—the *Wanderlust*, as his countrymen call it, which is indicated in his statue at Heidelberg, with its short jacket, sketch-book in hand, and the pedestrian's kit slung round the upright, soldier-like figure. This restlessness was indeed connected with certain morbid symptoms

which now began to develop themselves, their proximate causes being probably the effects upon his high-strung nervous system of the renunciation of his most cherished ambitions, and of his prolonged and painful conflict with his father's obstinate determination to force him into a wholly uncongenial career. These symptoms at one time compelled him to put himself under medical supervision. As far as they were exhibited in his love of roaming, however, he knew how to turn them to excellent account. It was his habit to select long beforehand the *terrain* for his next summer's tour, and to spend the winter in studying all that could be learnt of its history, antiquities, products, people, and natural features, until, as he said, he knew it 'like his own hand' before his eyes had ever seen it. The country about the Boden See had peculiar attractions for him, and there are probably few readers of German who do not know how excellently he turned his minute and varied knowledge of it to account in his romance of *Ekkehard*, one of the first and best of the 'antiquarian novels' since so popular in Germany, and a work which shows a sense of style very rarely met with in German prose.

The poems in *Gaudeamus* mostly originated in connection with a circle of friends entitled *der Engere*, which met once a week in the Holländer Hof in Heidelberg, and which Scheffel, to the great increase of its cheerfulness, and afterwards of its fame, joined for a time shortly after the publication of the *Trompeter*. The society had been founded in 1842, with the object of affording a worthy field of exercise for the extraordinary and inimitable talent for brewing *Maiwein*¹ possessed by the historian, Dr. Ludwig Häusser of Heidelberg. In Scheffel's time many eminent names were on its roll, and the productions which enlivened its meetings were flavoured with plenty of Attie salt. In this atmosphere, which was warm with personal friendship as well as redolent of learning, wit, and *Maiwein*, Scheffel's talent developed itself into full bloom. Nothing more perfect in the way of comic verse has been written than some of the poems of which the *Eugeren* were privileged to be the first hearers. There is, indeed, no clever word-play in them, no parody, in the ordinary sense, no dramatic treatment of comic situations, no very striking invention of comic incident. Their merit is of a rarer kind—it lies in their fine choice and their finished and sustained mimicry of the style with which the subject will most humorously contrast. 'Pumpus of Pernsia,' for example, describes in the twelve-syllabled iambic metre of the Greek drama, and with an exquisite reproduction of tragic fulness of dignity, that second fall of man which was accomplished when, for the first time in history, an impecunious 'hero' solicited a loan from a friend. This poem, perhaps the finest in the whole collection, has proved un-

¹ A delicious beverage, composed principally of Rheinwein flavoured with the leaves and flowers of the *Waldmeister*, or Greater Woodruff.

translatable, so far as our resources are concerned. For the following rendering of the 'Megatherium,' from the 'Naturwissenschaftlich' section, readers have to thank Mr. H. B. Cotterill:—

What 's this that hangs in torpid state,
All lumped up anyhow,
So monstrous-sluggish, monstrous-great,
On præ-primæval bough?
Thrice heavier than an ox at least,
And thrice as great and glum;
A climbing beast, arboreal beast,
The Megatherium!

He gazes round with goggle eyes
And gapes as if in dream,
And with three claws of monstrous size
That ancient tree doth seam.
And while he chews the leaves and fruit
He often says 'Ahoo!'
And when he's done, the sated brute
Will sometimes say 'A . . . boo!'

He won't *climb* down,—oh, not at all!
He knows a shorter way:
Like a ripe pumpkin down he'll fall,
And, where he falls, will stay.
Then soft he nods with owlface broad,
And smiles with meaning deep—
For when our food is safe aboard
The next grand task is sleep.

O reader, an you ween by me
Your being put upon,
Go to Madrid, and there you'll see
His fossil skeleton.
But while in awe you stand and gaze,
Be reassured, for hark!
Such monster sloth has *had* its days
In times before the Ark.

You are no Megatherion,
Your end 's not grub or pelf—
So cut no class, and (when a don)
Don't overeat yourself.
Use well your time—'twill bring the loot—
Work! . . . work for work alone!
Or . . . if you *are* a lazy brute,
Then fall! but break no bone!

The task of translating Scheffel is an exceedingly difficult one. Not only must the special manner as well as the substance of each poem be accurately reproduced, but his verse is full of that magical and most evanescent quality named style, whereby so much is often expressed by a single felicitous touch. Mr. Cotterill's success, however, is enough to impose upon him the duty of making English readers more widely acquainted with Scheffel than can be done within the limits of a magazine article. We may add here his rendering of the 'Letzte Hose':—

Sole surviving pair of breeches,
Relic fond, my only one!
Gone to swell a stranger's riches,
Fare-thee-well! thy day is done.

For the eye's æsthetic rapture
Surely seldom wast thou matched—
Finest Scottish tweed thy texture,
Bold thy check, and never patched.

Once in thee I rollicked daily—
Sang my songs ’mid bottle-clash—
While within thy pocket gaily,
With the latchkey, jingled cash.

But she frowned—the fickle goddess !
Not a quid would show its face :
Not a quid—but quod ! and quod is
Such a dark and dismal place.

Ulster, waistcoats, tails, and lastly
All went (up the spout) from sight--
Even thou !—It is too ghastly !
Sole surviving breeks, good night.

Dies iræ ! what a flurry
Stirs my heart ! my doom’s in view.
Earthly things are transitory,
And to-day the bailiff’s due !

To my rescue cometh no man—
It must be, O breeches mine !
Moses, beetle-browed old-clo’ man,
Take her—take her ! She is thine.

Boots, my boy, so true and handy,
Hold my head with sorrow bow’d.
Just one single soda brandy
To the mourner be allowed.

Then—yes, then I’ll seek my downy,
Nor arise, though knock who may,
Till some golden shower drown me,
Dropping—whence I cannot say !

So farewell ! farewell for ever !—
Greet my coat and nightshirt too—
(O my legs ! how they do shiver !)
... Late lamented breeks—adieu !

Like the *Trompeter*, Scheffel’s *Gaudeamus* has attained an extraordinary number of editions ; and many a *Bursche* sings of the woes of the Ichthyosauros, or celebrates the *gesta* of that Herr von Rodenstein who possessed ‘den schönsten, grössten Durst der Pfalz,’ without knowing whose words are in his mouth—no bad test of genuine popularity.

Except the three works which we have mentioned Scheffel did nothing that calls for notice here. It is to be hoped, however, that his correspondence, whereof Herr Ruhemann gives some extracts full of subtle and racy humour, will some day be edited. He lived a restless but on the whole eventless life ; rather unapproachable to strangers, but constant in his friendships. With the other sex he never had much to do. He married rather late in life (1864), chiefly, it would appear, in order to please his mother ; but after some four years of married life, and the birth of one son, some dissension, ‘God knows when or how,’ arose between the pair, and they separated by mutual consent. His peculiarities of temperament doubtless rendered him difficult to live with. One is glad to learn, however, that the wife came unsummoned to her husband’s deathbed, and that his last days were brightened by a loving care on her part to which his own affections responded as perhaps they had never done before. He died in Karlsruhe, 1884, leaving behind him a name and fame rightly dear to all Germans.

T. W. ROLLESTON.

‘THE GRAY BOOK OF LANGLEY.’ (By COLIN PERCIVAL.)



WENTY years ago or more, the valley of the little river Browney, over some part of which the parish of Langley extends, must have been one of the pleasantest valleys in the north country. At that time it was wholly pastoral, its hillsides forming a succession of sheep-runs, interrupted here and there by the red roofs and stack-yards of a retired farm-house, or by the dark masses of some larch plantation. Now, the explorer who should be led by the somewhat idealistic accounts of the *Gray Book of Langley* to visit the neighbourhood, would no longer find the same undisturbed rusticity. The uncouth gearing and other paraphernalia of the coal-miner—not alto-

gether unpicturesque in their way, however—fill up the centre of the valley, while a railway bridges the river in more than one place. Much as one might be inclined

to deplore this breaking in upon the grace and quiet of nature, it brought its compensations in the way of human interest. It brought, for one thing, what was to eventually prove, so to speak, an articulate consciousness in the author of the *Gray Book*, who, whatever his deficiencies—and it must be confessed that they were many from the point of view of the exact historian,—certainly recorded more of the spirit and life of the place than had else ever found expression. For it was as a student of the intrusive science of the mining engineer that Colin Percival was first led here to the surroundings which were to affect his life so greatly.

It is true the *Gray Book of Langley* is more a record of its author’s moods and sensations than of the real life of the place. He uses the surroundings chiefly as a background in the naïve delineation of his own history, often forgetting altogether what appears to have been his original idea of giving a particular statement of the winds and weathers, the life of the fields, and the folk-lore, and in short all the natural and human interests of the valley day by day. If this were his aim, the measure of his failure in carrying it out is no doubt the measure also of his success in another and a higher way. The story of a human life, told with some savour of original insight, is always,

after all, more interesting than the story of even the most perfect of happy valleys, unless perhaps there be a White of Selborne or a Richard Jefferies to tell it. So if the *Gray Book of Langley* is found to be the book rather of Colin Percival—the book of his imaginations, and hopes, and fears—its readers will not, I dare say, consider themselves very greatly defrauded. The place as well as the author, however, makes the book what it is. It is the suggestive setting which this unknown valley of the north country affords to the author's account of himself that helps to give the book its charm. The place and its associations, as well as his individuality, have gone to the making of the book.

When, some years ago, on making a first visit to Langley, I came to know Colin Percival, he was still at the beginning of his life there as a mining student, a pale slight youth of eighteen or nineteen, with a somewhat self-conscious secretive air, which came, no doubt, of the immensity of the poet's ambition hidden under his outward guise of engineer. The mining office, where he must have done much scribbling, was situate in a pleasant slope of fields, well above the colliery, with a green and pleasant outlook from its windows upon the westward sweep of the valley. The small village of Langley, where the mining folk lived, lay across the river to the south, formed chiefly of small stone cottages newly erected. In one of these cottages Percival had his quarters at this time; later he moved to a retired farm-house further up the valley.

To dwell at length upon his surroundings here is unnecessary, however, seeing that their colour and outward effect are so well to be gathered from the pages of the *Gray Book* that follow. But so much it was well to explain, that the reader should be able to realise at the outset the *milieu* of the writer, which of course was not at all that conventionally associated with the pursuit of literature. Living there in this retired spot, cut off from the stimulus of the companionship of like minds to his own, it was natural that he should make the most of the pastoral interests of stream and field. When, again, these and the other interests of his happy valley palled upon him, it was natural that he should look with ambitious and discontented eyes towards the centre of things literary—London, which he imagined under Utopian colours. That he never fully realised how different was the real London of the overworked man of letters from the ideal London that the young poet sees from afar in the country is surely not to be regretted, unless it is conjectured that he might thus have made a more solid contribution to literature than this *Gray Book* with its airy disquisitions upon the imponderable episodes of quiet days lived in a quiet spot.

In following the pages of the *Gray Book*, the reader will find that they disclose a very marked and individual attitude towards life and its shows—the attitude of a young poet, perhaps of all attitudes the most

interesting. In keeping with this, a touch here and there of spiritual aspiration, however vaguely directed—or of the desire for earthly happiness, immediate and sensuous—or, again, of the conflict, so characteristic of our time, which even our young poets must suffer, between the merely critical and the originaive faculties, give the added salt of contemporary interest to the repast he has set forth. And here it is, perhaps, that one comes at last to the real import of the book, in that it does exhibit so suggestively and well a peculiarly modern intellectual attitude and predicament—to take a phrase from the title of one of Mr. W. D. Howells's novels, 'a modern instance.' For, albeit the outward conditions of the writer were not altogether the most typical of our current literary life, yet they served as well as any other, it seems, to evoke in him all those states of mind, critical, diffident, agnostic, over self-conscious, alternating with healthier moods of youth, which are precisely characteristic of the literary temperament to-day. And though he cannot be said to have shown the conclusive proofs of that rare and full poetic gift which is of all literary gifts the highest, and which his friends fondly believed to be his, yet I am not sure that this legacy of his to us is not, with all its deficiency, of even greater value for our particular use and enlightenment at this present moment.

However, it is impossible for me here to calmly pronounce upon his success or failure. For many years his most intimate friend, during a rather tedious literary probation, passed chiefly in the remote countryside celebrated in the *Gray Book*, it fell to me when the end came to act as his trustee and editor, according to his wish. Of that wish the pages that follow are the outcome. In them the task has been essayed of setting forth the most representative parts of his book; for to publish it in full would have been impossible, both by reason of its length and of the purely personal or the purely technical nature of much of its commentary. As it is, the selection has been a very hard one to make. It is hard in any case to deal satisfactorily as editor with the writings of another, even when that other is an author long passed out of one's contemporary circle; to have to deal with the writings of an intimate friend, so as to satisfy one's sense of homage to him and one's sense of the insurmountable limits set to the public interest in things literary, is hard indeed. It would have been better, of course, if the author could have made his own selection; but even as it stands, imperfect as it may be, it is yet, I think, a sufficient and a very striking revelation of his life, his thought, his writings, and his artistic aims.

The book in the original manuscript consists of several small quarto books, now bound into one, the whole amounting to perhaps ten or twelve times as much as is to be here given. Having begun, without any deliberate aim of constructing a book, to jot down at haphazard, often in pencil, his notes upon

things in general in a rough artist's sketch-book, Percival continued the practice, and, when the first book was full, made another like it. In this series of books, to which at length he gave the title as we now have it, he wrote down his complete literary testament, such as it is.

One could have wished to add here a biographical note, telling in brief the plain outline of Percival's short career; but it was his express stipulation that no such word should be said. Some slight feeling of pique, natural enough under the circumstances, entered at last into his regard for the great, careless audience to which he had appealed for a hearing so long in vain; and it was his desire to remain hidden for a season, until the new generation to which he belonged should bring in new appreciations and new literary sympathies, and until, made possible by new conditions, the publication of his *Gray Book* should arouse an interest in his life calling for a fuller account of it and its literary statement.—*Editor's Note.*

THE GRAY BOOK OF LANGLEY.

I.—SONG.

In a dream, I stole to Langley Hill,
And the lark sang loud, and care lay still,
In the dream.

It may seem to-day through the town I pass,
But more real by far is the green, green grass,
In the dream.

II.—WINTER.

The valley lies white under a foot of snow. A north-west wind has brought frosts as keen as those of two years ago. The Browney is held in an icebound imprisonment. Its sacred pools are desecrated by ruthless feet, by all sorts of unhallowed noises, by tobacco smoke, for skating has been going on apace for the last day or two. This afternoon I took little Kate N. down to give her a first lesson, and we skated more or less unsuccessfully for an hour and more, getting great fun out of the adventure. As her pale cheeks gradually took colour in the keen air she fitted in to the scene very prettily, with her furry tippets, bright eyes, and childish graces.

To-night the moon looks from an arctic sky, seeming to glance askance through the clouds at the still, white landscape, while the stars, seen here and there, shimmer coldly in their remote serenity. This I saw a moment ago from the window, drawing aside the blind for a moment, and taking great comfort from the sight. As I let the blind drop again, and turned to face the lamplight within, the interior of the room suddenly struck me in a new way, as if I had looked into some strange house. The table littered with papers, the cheerful blaze of the fire, the white door, and the rest of the small scenery of the room, familiar as it all is, took on a new aspect. So, one imagines, one might some day look back and recall with curious sentiment these winter nights, finding

them not so commonplace as they seem now. Then, perhaps, the door which has opened and shut upon so many great projects and ambitions might open to the imagination once again, letting it in, to revel in the accustomed way upon the unfinished rhymes and other sentimental relics of these 'prentice years.

III.—‘THE ROMANCE OF MARY CRYSTAL,’ ETC.

Never was a subject so difficult, so tantalising, as this romance of mine, laboured at for so long now. To begin with, I want experience in writing of the kind, in spite of my private conviction that I have an excellent and easy faculty that way. Then there are so many temptations to drag in new, significant episodes, and to expand certain incidents, as one goes on. Such impressive reminiscent things, associated with M. C., crop up from time to time—reminiscences of the rose-garden, the river-side, her chamber window, the flower at her breast when she said good-bye: it is these that the pen hankers after. But how should one ever transcribe such elusive things? It seems as if I should have to spend my whole life in writing her history.

Meanwhile I have been gathering together some of my old verses with the idea of sending them to some editor or another. The question is whether or no to send them to the *Cornhill* editor, who has already rebuffed me once, and who, if he is as wise as I take him to be, will decline these too. It's all very well, though, for me to grin over these brain-atomies, my hapless verses. No one cares more for the children of his invention than I, and it will be a thrice-blessed editor who first discovers their graces. O Mr. Editor of *Cornhill*, you are a blessed wise man, or a poor wooden pate!

[Though the verses referred to above do not appear in the *Gray Book*, they may well be appended here.—ED.]

STREET AND FIELD TUNES.

I. A HOLIDAY BURIAL.

I'll dig me here a noonday grave
Within the springing grass,—
Green walls that from the world shall save
And closely bury me, but wave
To all the winds that pass.

Here I will lie in fancy's death,—
A life away from care,
And but the summer breeze's breath
Shall sing for me, at rest beneath,
A tender dirge and rare.

Here Time shall stay its course, with Space
Asleep in depths of sky,—
The present of a sunbeam's trace,
The past no more than memory's grace,
The future—by and by.

Sweet purging of the sunlit wind,
From worldly stain and taint!—
My sins a sudden flight shall find,
And leave me pure in heart and mind,
A gentle summer saint.

II. BETHON.

You see that hospitable red-roofed house,—
 A little isle of red amid green trees?—
 Often and often have I brushed the boughs
 That hide its garden, gathering with the bees.

There, in that house, a lonely woman lives,
 With wild and hapless promptings in her soul,
 Rich in the simpler gifts that this world gives,
 But lacking with them all love's perfect dole.

If she had only lived in earlier times,
 In those old times whose history is romance,
 She might have sped young lovers 'neath the limes,
 Or wiled some joyous king in merry France.

But there she lives her silent, stupid life
 From day to day, the se'nnights ordered round ;
 Milking and baking, clanging bowl and knife,
 A mistress for a king in homespun bound.

Green, happy nook ! the little garden's sweet,
 And blithe at morning-time the blackbird's song ;
 But Fate's a jester, there has tied her feet,
 Far from life's courtly floors, and pomp, and throng.

III. A STREET TUNE.

Through the street, at afternoon
 Sleeping in the sultry light,—
 As I passed I heard a tune
 Ground, with scarce a stave aright,
 From some organ out of sight.

And I went out from the town,
 Sleeping street and droning tones,
 Fain to wake it, wandering down,
 To the river's margent stones.

There, above, the waters flow
 Rippling o'er a pebbly run,
 And, within a pool below,
 Joining many tunes in one,
 Sing again in unison.

Strangely, though, the murmuring sound,
 As I listened, took the shape
 Of the tune the organ ground
 Where the town lay, half-asleep.

'Tis too near the town-walls here ;
 But there is a distant hill
 On whose summit high and clear,
 Said I, 'sure the moments will
 Pass unechoing and still !'

Fresh its heights, though afternoon ;
 Light and cool the breezes played,
 Bearing scents of clover strewn
 Far below by lad and maid.

There, upon the hill-top grew,
 On the stony, barren crest,
 Twenty thistles,—ragged crew,
 Rustling with a plaintive zest
 In the little wind's unrest.

And my glance fell far below,
 As they rustled—suddenly
 On the town's red roofs aglow,
 In a homely company,—

Far below, and then the wind
 Rose into a fitful gale ;
 And the thistles, to my mind,
 Whistling on a noisier scale,
 Told some old, familiar tale.

'Some quaint ballad-tune of yore,—
 Thistle-heads, your tune is sweet :
 Where was heard or known before
 This you whistle at my feet ?'

'Now I know it,—by my ears !
 This is still the selfsame tune
 That the droning organ bears
 Through the town,—the haunting tune
 Of the street this afternoon.'

And I slowly townward turned,
 Thinking of the pleasant shade
 That the sun, the while it burned,
 Under wall and doorway made,—

Thinking of the splash and drip
 In the market-font, the sound
 Of a dusty teamster's whip,
 And the children's cry : I found
 To the tune's sweet tale no bound.

(To be continued.)





Photogravure by T & K. Annan & Sons, Glasgow



TO THE
ALMOND

Priest in the masque of pleasure !
The wind's rude hand disposes
Thy fair brow's ruffled treasure,
Thy worn and scattered crown of pale pink roses.

The soft west wind comes sighing
With weight of scents that load her ;
Spring wakes as thou art dying
Thou harbinger of sunlight, warmth and odour.

Thy flower might seem the fuel
That feeds the Spring's green taper,
So quickly doth its jewel
From thy black branches fade away in vapour.

So bright thy bloom and fleeting,
So sweet and transitory,
Our parting blends with greeting
Like fame or love with death in human story.

Then AVE ATQVE VALE !

Though thus so briefly blowing,
Such wonders crowd us daily,
We have no heart, fair flower, to weep thy going.

Farewell ! with all thy graces !

Till Thou hast flickered by us,
Their florid full embraces
Laburnum, chestnut, lilac, thorn, deny us.

EDMUND GOSSE.

NORTHERN GOTHIC SKETCHES.

BRUGES, GHENT, ROUEN, AMIENS, LAON, DOL.



August 1882.

PENT yesterday at Bruges and Ghent. I feel I have lived for two days in the Flanders of Michelet.

There is something in Bruges which recalls, with its mixture of canal, old buildings, verdure and decay, such Italian

towns as Padua and Viena, but recalls them as a Van Eyck might recall a Carpaccio. Bruges lies with an incredible air of stagnation among the boggy green fields, marked with avenues of spare elms and shallow blue canals tree-shaded, and prim white, tile-roofed farms. 'Tis a brown, fog-stained town, the damp of canal, bog, and sea, the wet sky and drenched earth, adding to the sleepy, mouldering look; the tortuosities common to all mediæval towns giving in this case—by making you come suddenly on great buttressed churches surrounded by ditches and richly-sculptured houses and convents in all manner of holes and corners—a further expression of forsakenness.

A beautiful and pathetic old place, with its empty streets of spotless white or red carved, devised old houses; its tall and massive towers, rising tier upon tier and buttress upon buttress, like miniature castles piled on each other; its quiet wharves, where the steep-gables are reflected, with bits of garden between, in the clear water starred with lilies; and with its pervading jangle of *carillon*. A very old-world town, from which, despite the houses dated 1500 and 1600, you feel that the life ebbed away with the Middle Ages: unlike Ghent or Brussels, which, whatever they may have been before, must still have been brilliant under Spanish rule, the greedy Spaniards' strong-box. With this period, when the burghers built those gabled, carved, figured and gilded houses (like those at Brussels), prosperous with a kind of Dutch, fat prosperity, Bruges has nothing to do; it is the town, not of Rubens, but of Memling and Van Eyck.

It has remained faithful to the Middle Ages, this old Bruges; and of the Spanish time it has retained only degradation: swarms of priests and monks; frightful paper flowers, images, and monster hideousities of wood-carving defacing the noble Gothic churches. Spain has been there, but only to hide behind an altar tabernacle Michelangelo's beautiful

Madonna, and to bring (from the churches, one would think, of Seville and Grenada) its regiments of bleeding wooden Saviours and farthingaled, bespangled Virgins.

For this out and out mediævalism, for its rejection of French and clinging to Flemish (names of shops and streets all written in Flemish), I prefer Bruges to even the most picturesque and mediæval portions of Ghent, to those wide wharves of the Scheldt and Lys, bordered by gabled warehouses and many-atticked convents. Yet we saw at Ghent one thing that brought home the days of Vandyck more than anything at Bruges—I mean that wonderful village of spick and span red and white monastic houses gathered round the grass-plot and trees of the *Béguinage*; and in that *Béguinage* church (for all its Jesuit stuccoing) the rows of kneeling *béguines* in their blue and black kirtled dresses and delicate white coifs, of townswomen in their great round-folded cloaks and hoods drawn over their heads—the women who kneel in the corners of pictures by Memling and Van der Goes. And this *Béguinage*, though adopted by modern Catholicism, and subjected to its trumpery and its systematic destruction of everything personal, is yet a mediæval thing, with all the waywardness and individualism of late mediæval Christianity. It has nothing in common, this community of pious and cheerful women who mix freely in the world while living in threes and fours in religious practices, with the uncloistered sisterhoods of late Catholicism.

The architecture and painting of these Flemish towns are wonderfully enjoyable. There happens here what we miss both in England and Italy (in the first from excessive slowness, and in the second from too great rapidity, of development), namely, the literal fusion of Gothic and antique. As in England, the outline, the architectural framework, remains Gothic: the gable and pointed arch and mullioned window. But while in England everything sterilises into the decrepitude of perpendicular (even to the day of Wren), here in Flanders (and I suppose in Germany), and in certain places in France, the Gothic outline blossoms out into strange and delightful exuberance of thorn-like tracery complicated with rich antique devices, acanthus and cupids and sirens; and odd mixtures of Corinthian and pointed, as in the town hall and St. Sang at Bruges and the infinitely rich (with a pagan luxuriousness in its Gothic) town hall of Ghent. A thing, this fusion of mediæval and antique (from the skilful northern carvers suddenly seeing Italian work) as distinguished from the perfect Renaissance antique of Italy, which charms one even in a work like the wonderful carved chimney-piece in the Bruges Palais de Justice. The tracery is evidently the work of a man

who has seen Italian carving; but the statues of Charles v. and his grandparents bear not the slightest trace of antique influence: in their rigidity of limb (no anatomic interest, no care for flesh texture), and in their careful representation of armour and ornament (which Donatello and Verrocchio made short work of, goldsmiths though they were, which even Orcagna disdained), they are the close relations of the brazen knights with hair and beard of wire, and real coats of mail, who stand round Maximilian's tomb at Innsbruck: mediæval sculpture, no Jean Goujon or Germain Pilau Italianised work; at the same time no northern oaf's bungling like the monuments in the Beauchamp Chapel at Warwick.

The painting is even more delightful than the architecture. For instance, that Memling reliquary in St. John's Hospital, with its admirable perspective and relief of beautifully modelled little figures, and its background of castles, towns, and green fields. How superior to the similar work of poor Angelico! What superb colour and texture in those crimson velvets and black and gold pomegranate brocades! what feeling for picturesqueness in the backgrounds! what delicately realistic portraiture of deeply-furrowed, bronzed faces! If Memling beats Angelico hollow as a painter of little incidents (I am thinking of the cupboard panels at the Florentine Academy), still more so does Van Eyck beat him as a painter of solemn paradise joys in that wonderful Adoration of the Lamb at Ghent, where the superb robust armour of the prelates and knights makes an indescribable sort of Spenserian effect together with the altar on which stands the Lamb with its adoring peacock-winged angels kneeling in the soft grass of the lovely valley, with its Rhineland mountains and distant towers and spires of Bruges and Cologne. How superior are these Flemish backgrounds, with their minsters and Halles and old farm-houses (half castles, some of which still exist between Maestricht and Aix-la-Chapelle), to the miserable pink and blue towns (got out of toy-boxes) of Angelico and his followers.

June '83.—This afternoon, for the first time, at Rouen. Decidedly a great disappointment. I had dreamed of a Northern counterpart to certain Italian cities, or of another adorable place of the past like Bruges. Instead of this, a hideous modern provincial town, rapidly swallowing up and destroying what still remains of the town of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The most striking thing to my mind is the beautiful cloisters, formerly doubtless a burying-ground, of St. Maclou—a quiet quadrangle, the green clipped lime-trees, and the close green grass replacing the thinly-covered compost of festering mankind enclosed there in the days when Villon sang of sluts and gibbets; the quadrangle surrounded by low houses, rickety and uneven in their whitened worm-eaten wood, and irregular black beams all carved with festoons of death's-heads and crossbones. Some Sisters

keep a school in this place; and the little girls play beneath the clipped limes on that grass born of corruption, where the big belfry of St. Maclou looks over the grey slate roofs, with the swallows circling round its delicate, grey, half-crumbling tracery, its pinnacles and gargoyles clear against the sky. They were playing, and some children in the street were trying to crawl in through the broken wooden gate, in the low, damp, charnel-smelling cloister, where the bones, from which the flesh had mouldered, were once stacked up in ghastly panoplies. Behind one of the half-opened lattices of the first floor was sitting, like a portrait by some old Flemish man, a nun in her dark blue frock and starched cap, writing intently at her desk, a shelf of books and a crucifix on the white wall behind her. . . .

The interior of a Gothic church, with its forest of reed-like pillars, is yet less impressive and beautiful than the interior of the old basilicas, with their massive columns and sweeping circular arches, and their solemn ascent into the upper church and solemn descent into the crypt, where the lamps hang from the flattened vaulting. I say *especially less beautiful*, because there is nothing more really elegant, essentially human and mature, than these round-arched churches, which, because of the rudeness of their sculptured human beings and animals, we are apt to consider as barbaric. When, in the later Middle Ages, the church turns from a sanctuary to a place of all work for a great city, when the whole town full, men and women, rich and poor, initiated and uninitiated, pours into the cathedral as it would into the market-place, for the Passion of Our Lord or the Feast of Fools, all this aristocratic, or rather hierarchic and patriarchal, arrangement of the basilica must come to an end: the decorum of women here, men there, ranged like the sons and daughters of a holy house; as there must go also the solemn atrium which the democratic city will not tolerate, as the modest belfry for ringing to prayers, which must be replaced by the huge high towers, whence watch is held over fire, revolt, and war. Then, what the church loses within it gains without. It is now washed into manifold projection and recess by the great sea of city life, which clings all manner of strange barnacles, stalls, sheds, cloisters, cemeteries to its huge sides. Herein is the charm of the great Gothic church, in the little squares, nooks, and alleys formed by its apse and chapels and transepts, the chapels and transepts, the strange aqueduct-like superposed arches of its flying buttresses. There is the life of the time, there, and not in that splendidly carpentered emptiness of the interior. The cathedral front of Rouen is to me the most exquisite of any; not because of any architectural superiority, but because of the flaky nature of the material, which has allowed Time to turn it, corroding, as the acid corrodes the plate, its lace-like tracery into the most exquisite feathery, flaky of real etchings.

Sept. 1884.—Am I unconsciously getting weary of Gothic? To-day, before Amiens Cathedral, I looked back to my feelings last year at Reims; and then, I remember, I already looked back to the passionate, imaginative impression made long ago by Chartres. I cannot imagine sitting for half an afternoon staring at this façade as I sat at my window at Reims staring at the gigantic knights in mail, at the charming fiddling angel on the porch pinnacle.

Inside it was different. The vast loftiness began slowly to fill with shadow, against which the huge mullioned windows of the nave seemed stamped out by huge patterns, vast trefoils, of white light. In the apse, behind the high altar, in the narrow circular passage which always makes me think of a Roman amphitheatre, there was some service going on. Three or four rushlights, or what seemed so, spotted the darkness near the chapel gratings; and by one of them a priest, kneeling, was reading out Latin prayers to some fifteen or sixteen old women, church crones, come in at nightfall. The place was quite dim; no faces distinguishable; only the guttering candle threw a dab of yellow-red light on the kneeling man's white vestment, on his reddened hands holding a gold-edged missal, and put a yellowish outline, a faint halo, round his bald head. The women made the responses very faintly, so faintly that at first I could not hear their voices; but this faint response woke an echo in that tunnel-like apse which was like thunder, making me wonder whether a storm had broken. This huge vastness and loftiness, with the ribbed luminousness of the lancet windows, the sort of skeleton, broken-hull-of-a-ship look, and those immense shining windows, glass and glass, above the clerestory, was wonderful: the church seemingly full of mist, with the faint glimmer of the few candles to make it more conspicuous.

It was a surprise, on coming out, to find it quite a bright evening: the huge storied belfries rising, almost seeming to move, in the vast, distant, blue brightness of the sky, one solitary star above them.

This morning, whether by a revulsion of feeling I know not, or by virtue of a different light, the exterior of Amiens Cathedral struck me as very exquisite: the delicate, creamy tint, the magnificent spring of the arches, the tense vault of the ceiling, and, interrupting this delicate warm-tinted stone-work, the sea-greenish, beryl-tinted glass of the clerestories.

The country above Amiens—swampy bits of pond and river with lilies, sedge, and rows of almost Italian poplars—is very beautiful: the background certainly of Puvis de Chavannes' great cartoons in the museum. And the canal, or river, whichever it is, has, where it washes the blackened apse of St. Leu and the queer wooden houses on piles, a vegetation of water grasses

which makes it seem as if the bright-green water were lined with the thick, delicately combed-out wisps of the finest green-golden floss silk.

LAON, Sept. 1884.—This place has something Italian in its position. The herd of gigantic stone cows, which peer down benignly from the highest arches of the great open-work grey belfries (round which the jackdaws circle with incessant chuck), keep watch upon miles and miles of flat country, yellow and brown with reaped corn-fields, scarcely patched with green and dotted with straw stacks. A country yellow and brown, brown and yellow and green, according as it is ploughed or reaped, with here and there a line of meagre poplars, a russet dab of wood, yellow and brown and green as far as you can see, till it is merged in the purple storm that drenches the furthest distance. There is always, to me, something appealing in any very ancient figure looking down over a broad stretch of country—the brazen Maurizio on the clocktower of Orvieto, the archer at the top of one of Reims portals, and again, this herd of cows at Laon: the centuries seem to pass, to float, beneath that intent stare, as the white clouds and the purple and gray, and the rain and the snow, pass slowly, sail or sweep above their heads.

There is a kind of alley, but walled on only one side, which looks down on this country, over the sere lime-trees, with the weather-stained walls, the turrets and carved windows of the episcopal palace above one. A quiet spot, quiet as any piece of English cathedral close, but more solitary, less of to-day or yesterday.

DOL, BRITTANY, Aug. 1887.—At Dol the weekly fair was going on, rows of pots, of wooden pails and ladles, of bales of stuff, all along the porticoed street of carved wooden houses, filling it all with the women in white caps and long black pleated cloaks, like those of *béguines*, and men in blue blouses and vests, and great Norman gray horses with blue sheepskins about their necks. The carts and carioles reached to where the Cathedral stands, isolated, the stone-crop and snapdragon withered on its buttresses, looking down on orchard and cornfield.

And in the Cathedral there is a tomb, mutilated, and with illegible inscriptions, clapped into a northern wall. A classic edifice with delicate pilasters and friezes, with dainty Renaissance arabesques, the work of some old Tuscan. I cannot say how much I am touched, as by some old-fashioned sweet tune, by this Florentine monument, its pagan sculpture picked out with green lichen and mildew, stuck into the damp, wind-battered granite transept of that little, forgotten Breton Cathedral.

VERNON LEE.

THE REMBRANDTS AT BURLINGTON HOUSE, 1890.



HERE seems no limit to the Art Treasures of England. Year after year they pour out in obedience to the request of the Royal Academy. Collections hitherto sealed have passed into new and more generous hands, and unexpected masterpieces are displayed. This year Lord Ashburton seems literally to have put his gallery at the disposal of the Academy, and we now, for the first time, see something of the extent and quality of the Bath House collection.

With the exception of the great Velasquez series, the triumphs of the year are Dutch. The examples of Maes, Terburg (or Terborch), Teniers, and Metzù are of first-rate order, while Hobbema, Cnyp, and Ostade are well represented. What wealth of art did little Holland produce in the fifty years from 1615 to 1665, filling every European gallery, public and private, with works which charm us by their execution as well as by the insight they give us into the life of the people! Shortly after the later date all is barren; the lamp has gone out, leaving only an evil smell in the trivialities of the Chevalier Van der Werff. So narrow is the boundary between good and bad art that we seem suddenly to have fallen on another race of men. Holland was sinking from her high position among the nations, and the fall is visible in her art as well as in her political status. A strong race had given place to a feeble folk.

But our concern is with her great painter Rembrandt, again splendidly represented in these galleries. When the present system of miscellaneous exhibition gets worked out, though of this dearth there is no sign, a noble work will remain to the Royal Academy, of giving to us, or our descendants, a complete exhibition of each of the great painters, arranged chronologically so as to illustrate his art-history and development. The treasures of England are sufficient for such a series of exhibitions as the world has never seen.

With the materials before us, let us try, as best we can, to place the Rembrandts in their order and in their relation to the life of the painter.

The first impression of No. 68, 'An Old Man,' is that it is one of Rembrandt's early studies of old men, such as those at Cassel. But a closer examination shows that it wants the hardness and dryness of these, while at the same time it fails to recall any period or manner of the painter. It has besides such a close resemblance to the type and touch of Salomon Koninck that we leave it with the impression that it is an excellent example of this artist, who, with his brother

Philip, was so nearly connected with Rembrandt in his early days at Amsterdam.

It is pleasant to begin with a portrait of Rembrandt in his early manhood, with his black velvet barrette cap, ornamented by a gold chain. It recalls the fine portrait in the National Gallery, painted three years later, giving us the same self-reliant face, and similar detail of hair in the monstache. It is signed and dated 1637, a fact which might have been mentioned in the Catalogue. The golden tone which dates from this year, and the firm enamelled surface, are characteristic of the manner which he was to adopt for some years to come. He was coming to the heyday of what might be called his fashionable time, when he was the favourite painter of the ladies and gentlemen of Amsterdam. We see two of these sitters in No. 69 and No. 76, portraits of a young man of distinction and his wife, clear and bright as any Rubens, and without a trace of the 'burnt brownness' which Houbraken tells us he was charged with in later years. They are both dated 1641, the year of the famous Anna Wymer, the mother of Jan Six, of the 'Lady with the Fan' of Buckingham Palace (exhibited last year), and of his finest portraits of his much-loved wife Saskia. The lady's face is bathed in soft, equally distributed light, with only a soft shadow on the upper lip from the nose, the outline of which is lost in the cheek. The modelling is delicate in the extreme, and this is heightened by the reflections from the ruff. The hands refined in form and colour. In the case of the man, strong shadows are thrown from his broad hat on one side of the face, but all is luminous and transparent. In both portraits the harmony of colour is black, yellow-white, and carnation, a simple scheme carried out in a masterly way. Well may M. Charles Blanc speak of them as 'amongst the most surprising of the works of Rembrandt.' We find a similar treatment of 'An Old Lady' (No. 147), painted about the same time. Here, again, there are no harsh shadows; a suffused light penetrates into every wrinkle of that aged face, the record of a long life of joy and sorrow, made so interesting by Rembrandt's art that we linger over it in tender sympathy with the old widow in her weeds. Alert to the last, she leans forward with hands crossed, as if to catch the question which seems to have been asked. Even the hands tell the tale of her life; they have done good housewife-work, yet are delicate and fine in form. It is one of the features of Rembrandt's work that he makes each sitter for the time being our friend; we are taken into the circle, and seem to share in the conversation. Of what other painter can this be said? Portraiture even of unknown persons, under these conditions, becomes one of the loftiest forms of Art. The fur on the Old Lady's dress is painted in a somewhat timid way, as if the painter were aim-

ing at a broader style than formerly. The background is commonplace, and seems to have been repainted.

Amid the many ups and downs of Rembrandt's life one friend at least appears constant—perhaps his earliest associate in Amsterdam, and certainly one of his latest—Coppenol the calligraphist, 'the Phoenix of the pen,' as he is called by one of his poetical friends. Calligraphy in those days was considered one of the minor fine arts, and volumes were published by its professors, proud of their scrolls and flourishes. In addition to this Coppenol was something of a poet, at least he wrote verses, and was evidently much liked in his circle, as we can well believe from his good-natured face, which was engraved by Cornelius Visscher, and done in marble by Quillinus. Rembrandt's first portrait of him was painted about 1631, and is now in St. Petersburg, though doubts have been raised, groundless, as appears to the writer, whether the Hermitage picture really represents Coppenol. This was followed by the etching of 'the little Coppenol,' 1632, and the Cassel portrait. The last etching from the hand of Rembrandt again represents the writing-master, 'the great Coppenol,' of 1661. And now we have here the Bath House portrait (No. 66), representing Coppenol in the attitude of this latest etching, holding a sheet of paper and a pen. Certainly the bold masterly treatment of the hands, and the solid impasto of the sheet of paper indicate a late date. But the delicacy of the hairs of the moustache, the blackness of the shadows, and the enamelled surface, point rather to the date given in the Catalogue, as about 1650. This is confirmed by the hair of Coppenol, which shows no silvery whiteness. He would then be a man of fifty-two years of age. Bode, it is true, attributes the picture to the year of the etching, 1661, but admits that he gave the picture but a hasty examination. But let the date be what it may, the picture is interesting to every lover of Rembrandt, as it is the only portrait in England of this close friend of the painter, the type of the society in which he moved, perhaps somewhat of the bourgeois class, and therefore disliked by the genteel Houbraeken.

We pass on to No. 151, 'Portrait of a Man,' altogether of a strange type. Clearly this is no Dutch burgher, though he wears a Dutch ruff. A stern-visaged man, with short-cropped grey hair, of soldierly bearing—surely a Spaniard. Spinola, the conqueror of Breda, might have sat for this portrait, had he lived to the period, which seems to be about 1650, but he had died, still neglected by his king, nearly twenty years before. The type is unmistakable. Can it be one of the Spaniards who negotiated the Treaty of Münster in 1648, as we see them congregated in the great picture of Terburg in the National Gallery? But whoever he was, we have a noble presentment of a man of mark, able and determined, with possibly a trace of chagrin on his face that the day has gone against his royal master, and that Holland is now and for ever free from the yoke of

Spain. And if the type of sitter is unlike any of Rembrandt's, the painting as seen in its present state gives further surprise. Somehow, at some period of its history, the painting has got cracked in horizontal lines in the face, as if the muscles of the cheek, painted with much impasto, and fused together by the palette-knife, had given way at the joinings, and in a manner quite unlike anything we have seen in Rembrandt's work. Yet nothing can detract from the force of this head, painted with amazing power, such as only Rembrandt can give. The hands and trimmings of the chair, and also the treatment of the short beard and moustache, would point to the date we have mentioned. The nearest analogue to the picture seems to be the great portrait of the Fitzwilliam Gallery at Cambridge. Our picture is unknown to Vosmaer, and Bode names it only in his index, for his notice of the Bath House collection is of the slightest. Altogether it is a remarkable portrait, but more light has yet to be thrown on its history and pedigree.

The oval portrait (No. 97) of 'A Gentleman' leaves less room for doubt. Fine as it is, a close examination reveals a *mélange* of Rembrandt at different periods. The strong contrast of light and shadow in the face, the lack of blending, and the minute treatment of the moustache, suggest his early days, but the fine quality of the high lights, and the rapid suggestive workmanship of the ruff, point to a later time, so much so that Bode assigns it to the latest years of Rembrandt's life. There is, however, pervading the picture, a want of the *esprit* which the painter almost invariably threw into his work, and the conclusion forced on us is that it belongs to 'the School of Rembrandt.' How different is it from No. 152, 'Portrait of a Man,' signed and dated 1661, a magnificent example of Rembrandt in a masterly time, and carried out with a carefulness of execution rare for that year, the year of 'the Syndics.' The brush seems to render his thought without labour. Detail is suggested, not given. All seems simple, yet if we search into the lights and shadows of the face, and note the colours melting into each other, we are amazed at the complex refinement and the marvellous subtlety. Pensive, but not melancholy, occupied with grave thoughts, yet calmly confident, the man looks out on us as Rembrandt's sitters do, a revelation of his inner self. Wearing a high-crowned hat, and with gloves in hand, he seems about to walk, a favourite attitude with Rembrandt about this time, as we may see in the well-known portrait of Jan Six at Amsterdam. A French inscription of later date at the top of the picture informs us that this is 'Jansenius, father of a large family, who died in 1638, at the age of 53.' There are several Jansens known as theologians, and the claim of this one to fame rests on a slender basis, unless it refers, almost in a punning way, to the largeness of his sect of followers. But it is very sure that Rembrandt did not paint this portrait, instinct with life, twenty-three years after the death of Jansen. It makes a fitting end to a fine series of portraits, showing

us as it does his highest power of expression and of masterly ease.

Yet not the last, for we have in No. 145 a grand portrait of the painter himself in his old age, to which it is pleasant to turn, that we may see once more the lineaments of the great Dutchman. It is painted with much force and sureness of hand, before his eye became dim or his drawing loose. Not an old man when he died, for he was then but sixty-two—he had aged rapidly under care and distress. Yet in these last years of his life he produced some of his grandest

works, such as the great unfinished picture of Stockholm, and the family groups at Amsterdam and Brunswick. A pensioner in his own home—if that can be called a home in which nothing belonged to him,—neglected by the city whose name he has made famous in art, he ended his days chiefly in painting his own portraits, of which this is one. Rugged and stern, his face attracts us by its strong personality, quickened as it is into life by the unerring play of light and shade. We leave it with tender regard and sadness, as if bidding a friend farewell. JOHN FORBES WHITE.

SPORT AND ART.

SPORT illustrated by Art! The connection is not obvious. The instinct for sport has been ever regarded by philosophers as part of the lower or animal side of our nature, and the artistic quality as the highest. It is therefore curious to find that so much good Art has been expended in depicting the functions of man's lower instinct, and that too not in a spirit of caricature, but rather of laudation.

The instinct for hunting, originally one of necessity, has in civilised times become one of pleasure, and, surrounded by all the happy accompaniments of a pastime, has been pursued by man, not from the stress of actual hunger, nor solely for the delight in killing, but mainly for health and exercise. Hence arises the term 'sport,' to be taken, let us hope, in a different sense from Cowper's 'Detested sport, which owes its pleasures to another's pain.'

In the entrance of this Exhibition we are confronted by numbers of dogs and horses, more or less wooden, and of a sort familiar to us from the Ackerman series. They are chiefly by J. M. Sartorius and J. F. Herring. By far the best represented painter in the whole Exhibition is Sir Edwin Landseer, of whose works there are no less than sixty-three. No man has more assiduously followed sport as a field for Art than he during his long career, and admirers both of his work and of his subjects have here an ample field for contemplation. Every one is familiar with his pictures through the engravings which abound in all places, and, having before us the originals of such popular favourites as 'The Sanctuary' (67), 'The Monarch of the Glen' (88), 'The Challenge' (128), and 'The Children of the Mist' (118), we can perceive how readily his style adapted itself to reproduction.

It is very rarely that a large number of a single man's works, interspersed amongst others for comparison, will raise his reputation as a painter, yet this certainly is the case with Landseer.

Splendid draughtsman as he was, in many of his pictures he lacked subtlety in his touch, and became too evident in his methods; hence he fell so easily into a sort of smooth oleographic style, which has affected his position as a painter, and will continue to do so. If, for instance, we examine the 'Monarch of the Glen,'

we see at once how it is all done, the method being too apparent. It is, to use an Americanism, a little too 'slick.' Compare it with Albrecht Dürer's careful work in the 'Squirrels' (72), or again with Ward's fluffy and untidy 'Dead Hare' (84), the subtle painting of which defies analysis, and we see the difference. Landseer is generally too clean, and his animals too well groomed. It is this quality, however, which makes his bird-life so good. His treatment of plumage, especially that of ducks and game, is quite masterly in its accuracy.

Those pictures of his most worthy of notice are the 'Highland Scene' (64), a more poetic conception perhaps than the 'Challenge,' to which it is very similar; the 'Study of Heads' of sheep, cattle, and a dog, which is executed with great power (4); and his pencil sketches hung on the line in the East Gallery, beginning at No. 117. In the latter his power as a draughtsman fully appears, and the animals themselves are faithfully sketched without any elaborately theatrical surroundings.

How he could have brought himself to depict such a painful and sickening subject as the stoat sucking the life-blood out of a hare (90), it is hard to imagine; but it is splendidly painted, and illustrates the cruelty of Nature in one of its ghastliest aspects.

Thanks to the Duke of Devonshire, we are able to realise what a superb painter of animals Albrecht Dürer was. 'The Hare' (55), attributed to him, is a marvel of richness of colour and accuracy of drawing. Grasshoppers, frogs, beetles, moths, and caterpillars are all brought in with the fine touches of a miniature, and the clearness and depth of tone show how his methods have stood the test of time.

The authorship of this picture has been disputed. If a copy, it is a good one, though the actual painting is harder and tighter than is usual in Dürer's work. The whiskers of the hare, for instance, do not seem to have been put in with so free a touch as we observe in the other paintings attributed to him.

Of these the most interesting will be found in the fifth room, where a series of fifteen studies of birds are hung (362). They are of every sort, the snipe, duck, goldfinch, sparrow, and other winged fowl after his kind.

For fineness of drawing, completeness of detail, and delicacy of colour, these are unmatched. There is also a St. Hubert ascribed to him (61), in the West Gallery, which is a beautiful study of colour. This allegorical style of his lends itself more readily to reproduction in black and white, for in the picture itself the details are apt to be lost in the maze of rich colouring and depth of tone with which it is painted.

To the left of the 'St. Hubert' will be seen a large picture (56) lent by Lord Ashburton, representing a Spanish *fiête*, and ascribed to Velasquez; but the quality of colour and the general handling of the figures in the scene are hardly characteristic enough of the firm touch of the master. A much more unmistakable work will be found on the left-hand side of the fourth room, a late arrival, and as yet unnumbered. It is a small study representing the head of a mastiff, painted with magnificent ease and strength.

A splendid specimen of stout and rubicund damsel-dom is the 'Diana returning from the Chase' by Rubens (62), in which the colour is wonderfully fresh. There is a joyous rush of health about it which is very refreshing. At the end of the room is another fine specimen of Rubens called 'The Wolf Hunt,' wherein wolves, dogs, horses, and men are mingled together in a fierce *mêlée*. The pursuers seem in greater danger than the pursued, for, if they actually moved, death would result, not only to the wolves, but to all parties concerned. But this massing together of active motion does not detract from the vigour of conception with which the savage scene is described. Indeed, Rubens never seems to have had canvas enough to hold his incidental superabundance.

Gainsborough, though not a sporting painter, contributes a charming little unfinished sketch of 'Sir Roger de Coverley on his Favourite Hunter going to hunt in company with his friend the "Spectator"' (40). The essayist is not clearly drawn, but one cannot mistake the pride of the stiff back and clear-cut features of the old squire. The hall too, and the dogs, are just sufficiently indicated as accessories. There is also 'A Dead Hare' (71) ascribed to him, which does not seem to be particularly characteristic of his style.

The best specimen out of several of George Morland's works is 'Rabbiting' (76), in which there is a country bank painted admirably in quiet tints, and the rabbit, as it peeps its head out of the hole, when startled by the ferret within, is excellent. In the 'Fishing Party' (39), however, in which the painter is said to have introduced himself, he has placed six goodly souls into a boat which from its dimensions would scarcely float three.

'The Perch-Fisher' (3) is also a good example of Morland. The patience of this rustic angler is well described; he sits in a bent attitude on the stump of a tree watching the water, and from his position we can imagine him silent and motionless for hours, while the slanting sunbeams slowly shift their rays with the progress of day.

It is somewhat a pity that 'The Combat' (1), by Richard Ansdell, should be hung over the door of the West Gallery, as it is extremely well painted, and deserves to be made available for closer inspection. Two stags with horns entangled are engaged in deadly fight, and the stubborn push of each combatant is very true to nature.

We would very much like to account psychologically for the fact that, when an artist is commissioned to paint a subject in which English Royalties appear, he generally leaves the artist behind. It is true that he is compelled to give prominence to certain figures over others, and may be the exigencies of Court etiquette may in a manner embarrass him, but this hardly entirely explains it away.

In the 'Evening at Balmoral Castle,' by Carl Haag (28), Prince Albert, as he shows off the stags which have fallen to the royal gun, is made to assume a swaggering pose that we feel sure was not characteristic of him; and in order to display H. R. H. in this attitude, the whole scene is made so light in tone that the sense of night and moonlight is altogether lost. Again, on looking at his 'Morning in the Highlands' (34), the first thing which strikes one is the fit of Prince Albert's coat, which is more than fashionably tight, and not the general harmony of the scene which the artist should seek to convey. Perhaps a species of shyness attacks the artist when depicting royalty, which causes an affectedness of style, and we cannot help contrasting with pleasure the splendid Eastern scenes he has exhibited at the Old Society and elsewhere.

Of the strictly animal painters not yet mentioned, there is one lovely little sketch in water-colour entitled 'Otter Hounds,' by Rosa Bonheur (166). Seven shaggy and grizzled dogs sit sunning themselves by a tree, under which a boy in a light-blue blouse also sits with his back to them. Each dog has an individual character of its own, while the sense of warmth and brightness which the sketch gives is exquisite. One dog in particular, on the left, as he sulkily hangs his head on the string by which he is attached to the tree, is quite charming. It is one of the best animal studies in the whole Exhibition. She has also contributed two bronzes to the sculptures. In her 'Greyhound' (1) we miss with pleasure the usual *écorché* which artists so often present to us in their sculptures of emaciated doghood. The hound is fine-drawn, without over accentuation of muscle. The other is 'A Pointer' (13), and a very truthful bit of modelling.

Amongst these sculptures are several bronzes, chiefly of horses, by Sir E. Boehm, R.A., of which 'An Old-Fashioned Cob' (7) is perhaps the best, being less 'regulation' and more characteristic than the others.

A beautiful study of a 'Bloodhound with Puppies' (20) is sent by William Prehn, the loose skin of the mother being well conveyed without looking unduly flabby.

There are two bronzes, by E. Fremiet, of 'Grey

hounds' (10), and 'Setters' (14), which are both worthy of some attention.

Amongst the pictures, perhaps the best specimen of natural violent action is the fight between an eagle and a wolf over the body of a lamb, by Briton Riviere, R.A., entitled, 'Væ Victis' (110). The ruff of the wolf, stiff with rage, and the half-poise of the eagle, are most realistic, and, as a study of angry fur and feathers, admirable.

So delicate do his two pictures (151, 191) appear on comparison with the above, that the 'Adonis's Farewell' seems scarcely by the same hand. Its companion, the 'Wounded Adonis,' is full of classic feeling, exhibiting in the rhythmic line of the figure a love of the decorative beauty of the human form. The hero is lying on the ground, faint from the shock with the boar, and surrounded by sympathising dogs.

Next to it will be found a first-rate piece of realism in 'A Salmon,' by H. L. Rolfe, which, having won its fight with the expectant fisherman, and broken the line, makes with a triumphant swirl of its tail the final dive to the bottom to get rid of the fly as best it may.

'The Dead Lioness,' by Heywood Hardy (154), is a fine conception, and its quality of colour is good. One does not rightly guess it to be the representation of a dead animal until the glaze in the eye is perceived, so easy and restful is the attitude of the beast. His other two pictures, 'The Home Covert' (169), and his portrait of T. Watson, Esq. (181), are somewhat stiff, and scarcely sufficiently show his power as a painter.

'The Lost Royal,' by Stuart Wortley (172), represents with great feeling an incident unfortunately inseparable from deer-stalking. In this sport it only too frequently happens that a wounded stag eludes his pursuers, and perforce is left either to die, or to recover after much suffering. The dying beast is painted with much pathos, and as a composition this picture well holds its own in good company. In his 'Big Pack' (182), however, it seems to us that the artist has slightly worried his foreground, detracting thereby from the central incident of the picture; on the other hand, the birds on the wing, and the dry powdery peat-hags of a fine August, are admirably rendered; so also is the dead bird which has just fallen to the gun of the sportsman.

There is a strong freshness of outdoor feeling expressed in the one specimen of J. C. Hook, R.A.—'Fishing by Proxy' (188). The proxy is made to disgorge its prey before fairly swallowed, which seems a little hard upon the unlucky bird. The cravings of Tantalus were never so played upon. Perhaps there is no artist who is so capable of rendering the liquidness of water, and the quiet and yet vivid green of an English country scene; but why should his rustic men and women be so red in the face? They always seem an exaggeration of the bloom of health, and to savour somewhat of apoplexy.

A stirring bit of action, though not a great work, is 'Fly-Fishing,' by John Pettie, R.A., and as good an

illustration of that sport as any in the Gallery. There is a breezy reality about this fisherman which is very attractive, and one cannot pass it by without noticing it.

We wish that the unfinished sketch of a 'Boy Fishing,' by Fred Walker, A.R.A. (204), had been a finished work. As it is, it is full of beauty and imagination. By aims and methods similar to those of F. Millet, he manages in a curious, subtle way to blend the antique statuesque feeling, which is invariably present in his figures, with the rich strength of colouring which appears in his landscapes, though this particular quality is hardly yet put into this slight sketch. The subject is simple. A boy is standing in a broad, shallow river fishing. The silvery tones, which help to describe the liquidness and the breadth of the river, and the background of trees touched in with tender green, all manifest how valuable this slight sketch is to show with what strength and freedom of hand he worked. 'Nihil quod tetigit non ornavit.'

In the same room will be found two pictures by Dendy Sadler (180, 195), both illustrative of the same idea, viz. the small tradesman as an angler. As character-studies they are both admirable, and full of quaint humour. One angler, in his 'Pegged-down Fishing Match,' who, overcome with tedium, has fallen asleep, and unconsciously let the end of his rod fall into the water, is a happy touch, and the calm, stoical patience of the rest is well rendered.

It is lucky for his admirers that Randolph Caldecott did not attempt many oil pictures. His 'Three Jolly Huntsmen,' which stands on an easel in the West Gallery, is well drawn, but there is a want of appreciation of values in it, and a lack of breadth in his treatment, which gives the picture a mixed look. Perhaps the medium was not congenial to him; for his water-colour, 'The Last Flight' (178), is much less confused in colour. The pen and pencil, *par excellence*, were his weapons, and to see attempts like these reminds one of the born comedian who is always wishing to play Hamlet.

One capital fishing picture by Erskine Nicol, A.R.A., must not be omitted, called 'Steady, Johnnie, Steady!' (7), in which the interest of the older man, and the excited concern of his young pupil for the result of his battle with the fish, is characteristically shown in the faces of the two.

Besides the pictures of various interest, and ranging, as we have described, from Dürer to some of the most able of living artists, there are other objects which might fairly be said to come under the head of Art, though they savour more of Sport. One very interesting case of weapons contains guns from the seventeenth century down to the present year, and they show in a striking manner how little modern improvements have altered the outward shape of a gun.

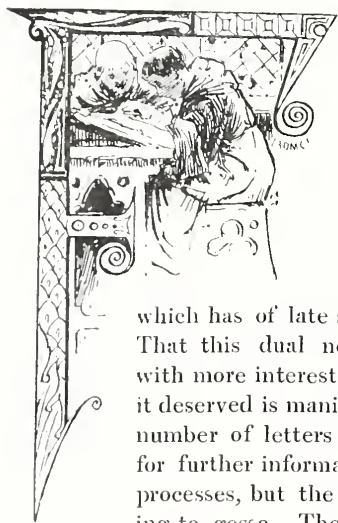
Some of the walnut-wood powder-flasks, inlaid with ivory, are worth glancing at, for the sake of the fineness of the work and the finish of the designs; and as

a piece of history, the panel of the last Brecon mail-coach, lent by Colonel Malet, is valuable. One of the most pleasing features of the Exhibition is the tasteful way in which the staircase has been panelled with deer-skins and hung with antlered heads, one of which—a freak of nature—is said to possess sixty points.

Taking the Exhibition as a whole, although it appeals more directly to the sportsman than to the artist, it is valuable and interesting, as tending to show what a part artistic power has taken in perpetuating and ennobling our recollections of the various kinds of outdoor sport.

GILBERT COLERIDGE.

G E S S O.



OR the prefatory 'notes' to the Catalogue of the Second Exhibition of the Arts and Crafts I wrote a small one on 'Stucco-duro and Gesso,' two processes which had fallen somewhat into disuetude, but one of

which has of late shown signs of revival. That this dual note has been received with more interest than the slightness of it deserved is manifested by the very large number of letters I have received asking for further information about both these processes, but the greater number referring to gesso. The best way I can answer these is by filling out a little more fully the bare outlines traced in the preliminary note, and referring my inquirers to *The Art Review*. At present I shall confine myself to the consideration of gesso, leaving that of stucco-duro for some future opportunity.

Gesso is a very ancient process, and, like most ancient processes, is a very simple one. Its remote ancestor was probably the craft of painting in 'slip' clays on vases or other fictile productions, and in this form it still survives on the commonest earthenware and in those most refined and beautiful works in *pâte-sur-pâte* whereon M. Solon records the art history of our time—works which will be valued in the future as we now value a Greek cameo. From the use of clay to that of chalk the transition is easy, and calcined chalk, in the form of whiting, was soon found to be the best couch to receive the painted or gilded decoration of the wooden statues and pictured panels of the earliest times, as witness the Egyptian mummy cases and other works which the dryness of the African climate has preserved to us. To render this whiting or 'gesso' stable it was necessary to mix some viscid liquid with it such as size or glue. This was soon found to be a convenient vehicle for obtaining low relief, and thus modelling in gesso took its place amongst the decorative arts, and especially such as an accessory one to the painter. The work of the early Byzantine painters especially illustrates this; for though the ritual of the early Christian Church forbade them to make graven images, or representations of the figures of sacred

persons in relief, yet, whilst painting the figures in the flat—in the very flat sometimes—they felt no scruple in adding the nimbi, the emblems or other accessories in relief, and this they did in gesso gilded—a practice which continued down to mediæval times. Very richly wrought these gesso accessories often are, not merely modelled up with the brush, but tooled up sculpture-wise, impressed and pounced; and as entirely gilt grounds usurped the merely gilded accessories, gesso still played an important rôle in the painter's art. Nor was it confined to the picture itself: the framework of the retables with their tabernacle work, the shrines of house-altars, and sculptured statues—nay, even the statues themselves—were elaborately decorated in gesso; and in domestic art it covered the small caskets and objects of luxury which garnished the home-life of the time. A visit to the National Gallery will abundantly demonstrate the use made of gesso by the early painters, and the retable in Westminster Abbey affords a valuable illustration of its use as an architectonic accessory. At the Renaissance of decorative art it covered the cassoni and the larger articles of furniture, even the panels of the wainscoting, and, passing chiefly into the gilder's hands, gesso became the general basis for all the more delicate work of that refined and sumptuous period, lingering on until the latter half of the last century, when, being mechanically reproduced, it expired as an art and became a manufacture.

'Gesso' then became 'compo,' or 'gilder's composition,' thickened to a pasty mass, rolled out like dough, and pressed into moulds and stuck all over picture-frames *ad nauseam*. Then came the brothers Adam, who, by their emasculated and stammering ornamentation (reproduced by the mile), and their perpetually reiterative use of 'compo,' extinguished for nearly a century all hope of gesso taking its proper place in art workmanship.

The Dutch, it is true, tried to keep it alive by imitating Chinese lacquer-work on screens and clock cases; and in the eastern parts of England there still lingered some who pursued gesso as a handicraft—indeed, in some cases almost as an art.

It is curious to note that its modern revival is due to this same eastern feeling; for it is doubtless from the introduction of Japanese lacquer-work, with its delicate low relief and its splendid gilding, that the desire to revive the analogous gesso-work was felt; and the expression of this feeling by Mr. Burne Jones

in his 'Perseus' and his 'Peacock' gave it at once an impetus which bids fair to carry it onwards until its modern history rivals its past. This effort has been ably seconded by Mr. Walter Crane, Mr. Heywood Sumner, and many others, and, as an executant especially, by Mr. Osmund Weeks, who has assisted, by his practical skill and technical knowledge, almost all the early workers in this revival. Our first Arts and Crafts Exhibition in 1888 popularised these efforts, and the second Exhibition last year showed a marked increase in the number of workers and their skill; and Mr. Henry Ryland's very beautifully gilt and coloured pictorial panel, 'Ecce Ancilla Domini,' demonstrated to what a pitch modelled and coloured gesso can be carried; whilst the works of Mr. Walter Crane, Mr. Heywood Sumner, Mr. Weeks, Mr. Lethaby, Mrs. C. Wylie, Mr. Win Palmer, and many others, showed to what general or special decorative purposes it may be put.

Thus much for the general outline of the past history of this art and its present revival; and now for its technical treatment. When, some sixteen years ago, I essayed it, I used plaster of Paris instead of whiting, using glue and a little oil to render it fluent. This produced a remarkably hard body, capable of being either laid on with a brush or modelled up with a spatula, and which could be carried up to such a surface that, when gilt, it looked like wrought metal-work. It adhered so closely to glass, marble, porcelain, or polished wood, that purposed fracture of the base on which it was laid went clean through the gesso without chipping it from the surface. I have recently seen some of the work done thus which has been out to Canada and back, and had no particular care or attention given to it, which is still in very good condition, the gesso adhering intact to the ground.

Whiting is, however, easier to work with than is plaster of Paris; and I should counsel the beginner to procure the best gilders' whiting, which is much purer than the ordinary whiting of commerce. Your glue should be the best cabinetmakers' or fish glue, macerated in cold water until it will swell no larger; your oil the cleanest and oldest linseed oil.

The main ingredients, therefore, are glue, oil, and whiting; and I find the quantities of each required vary so much according to the nature of the work proposed to be done, that it is difficult for me to give any definite proportion, but a few experiments will readily teach the worker the mixture best for his purpose.

Here is Mr. Walter Crane's recipe for his preparation of the gesso:—Boil one part powdered resin in four parts of linseed oil, add six parts melted glue, and mix well together. Soak whiting in water and add to the above mixture to make it the consistency of thick cream.

Mr. Heywood Sumner's recipe is much the same, excepting that he uses only two parts of oil. In my own work I have not used resin, nor can I think it at all necessary; it may possibly retard the absorbence of the moisture of the material by the ground, and which is

apt to cause the work to flake off from it, but this is preventable by other means, and the gesso itself is less liable to crack when the resin is omitted.

Thus much for the material; and now for its application. This, of course, depends upon what you want to do, and what you want to do it upon. You can use it upon any material; if it is wood, give the surface a thin coat of French polish if you wish the wood to remain visible—if you want to cover it all over with the gesso, glue thin canvas called 'skrim' over it to give it a key, and rub this over with thin glue. If on canvas—plaster panels (a very light and convenient ground)—trace your outline, scratch well the ground where you wish the gesso to adhere, and stop the absorbence by a thin coat of polish (shellac dissolved in naphtha) or simply one or two coats of thin glue. You then commence your work. If this is to be in high relief you roughly boss out your higher portions with cotton-wool or tow, steeped in the gesso, and wait a while until it is partially set, and then with a brush paint over it, coat by coat, with fluent gesso, until you attain the general form, using thin glue and water whenever you find the absorbence becoming rapid. Your finishing coats and finer work should have a little more oil added to them, so that the mixture may dry with a smooth and even surface, if this is your desire; or you may finish it with a modelling tool if you find that treatment more congenial to you and your work. To do this it is well to let the work become dry first, and then soften the surface by applications of glue and water to the consistency your work requires. It is well to keep the vessel containing the mixture in a vessel standing in another full of hot water on a stove, so that the gesso may be kept at about the same consistency, for if it chills it becomes 'ropy,' and has a tendency to flake off as it dries. If modelling comes to you easier than brush-work, you can even commence with the mixture thickened by stiffer glue and more whiting, and model with it as with clay or wax, oiling your fingers and tools, and not putting it on too thickly at a time. When you require a very high finish you can work it up with gravers or small tools, and can polish up such surface as you require so finished with Dutch rush or fine pumice-stone; in fact, you can do almost anything with it by a little ingenious handling.

Very beautiful and rich effects can be produced on backgrounds by repetitive ornament arranged diaper-wise, impressed by a stamp. These stamps may be moulded from old book-covers or from any intaglio ornament, in a mixture of plaster of Paris and flour paste, which also when rolled out thin forms an admirable ground for the gesso ornamentation. This is the 'pastiglia' of the Italians, and its adaptability may be learned by examining the model of the Villa Madama just added to the South Kensington Museum which has been almost entirely made by Cav. Mariani in this material.

You can stain your whiting with almost any colour, and, by using your relief of one colour and your ground

of another, produce cameo-like effects. You can gild, lacquer, or paint it to any degree; only, if you wish to do either of these latter, you must use more labour and less oil in your finishing coats.

I hope these remarks will in some measure satisfy my numerous inquirers, and act as an incentive to them and others to 'try gesso,' and the only caution I have to offer them is not to be too ambitious at first, nor to attempt anything beyond mezzo relief. Indeed the lower your relief is, the better it is suited for this material; and the more you can develop the subtle

flow and roundness of your brush-work, the truer is your use of gesso sottile. For designs where much relief is needed stucco-duro is a more available process, and on this I hope to write some other day. In concluding this note I have to gratefully thank Mr. Walter Crane, Mr. Heywood Sumner, Mr. Osmund Weeks, and Mr. Win Palmer for the very great courtesy they have shown in enabling me to correct my own experience by placing their greater ones so freely at my, and your, service.

GEO. T. ROBINSON.

FRANCESCO VINEA.

THIS eminent Italian artist was born in August 1845 at Forlì (Romagna). His parents were very poor, though his family is an old *casata della fiera e nobile Romagna*, as his native region is called in Italy. He went to Florence, and began his studies at the *Accademia delle Belle Arti*, with Professore Enrico Pollastrini, who not long afterwards asked Vinea to take up his abode at his studio, and there complete his training. Knowing the slenderness of his pupil's financial resources, Signor Pollastrini helped him most generously, and, as Vinea says, 'was at once master and father' to him. His studies completed, Vinea had a struggle for life: he wanted to have a studio of his own, to paint, to be useful to his people; but the struggle was a hard one, and years elapsed before his dream could be realised. For some time he made a living by drawing for illustrated books and newspapers, and with this work succeeded even in saving a few hundred francs; and by means of this small capital he was at last enabled to mount the first step into the world of art.

'I have worked very hard,' he wrote to me not long ago, 'and have suffered much in silence.' 'Now I am happy; my studio is my life. There I spend all my days amongst my tapestries, my old ware, my ancient and modern statues that I have picked up in my sixteen years of artistic career.'

And his studio is indeed beautiful:—the most precious things are collected in it from almost every corner of the earth. It is a museum, with this difference, that everything in it is most artistically arranged. Fourteen or fifteen years ago he had to content himself with very different surroundings, for he had to sell his pictures for next to nothing. Now his name is known, and his pictures fetch high prices.

Amongst his early works is one dated 1877, which he painted for Prince Paul Demidoff. This picture is now at Pratolino, near Florence—the late Prince's residence in Italy. It is called 'Il Rapimento' (The Abduction). (Illustrated on page 78.) Two coaches meet on the high-road, and soon a quarrel arises as to the right of precedence. Gentlemen challenge each other, and, whilst the servants of the first

carriage watch over their lady, they are assaulted by the *bravos* of the other party, who succeed in carrying off the lady to the coach of their master. The double duel has had a victim. One has died in defending the lady, presumably his wife, and the other two combatants still fight on. The scene is powerful in its simplicity; the colouring and the general treatment are excellent. The reproduction cannot give an exact idea of the painting, as its background is formed by the sky, which is too subtle for reproduction. In the original it is an important element in the general effect.

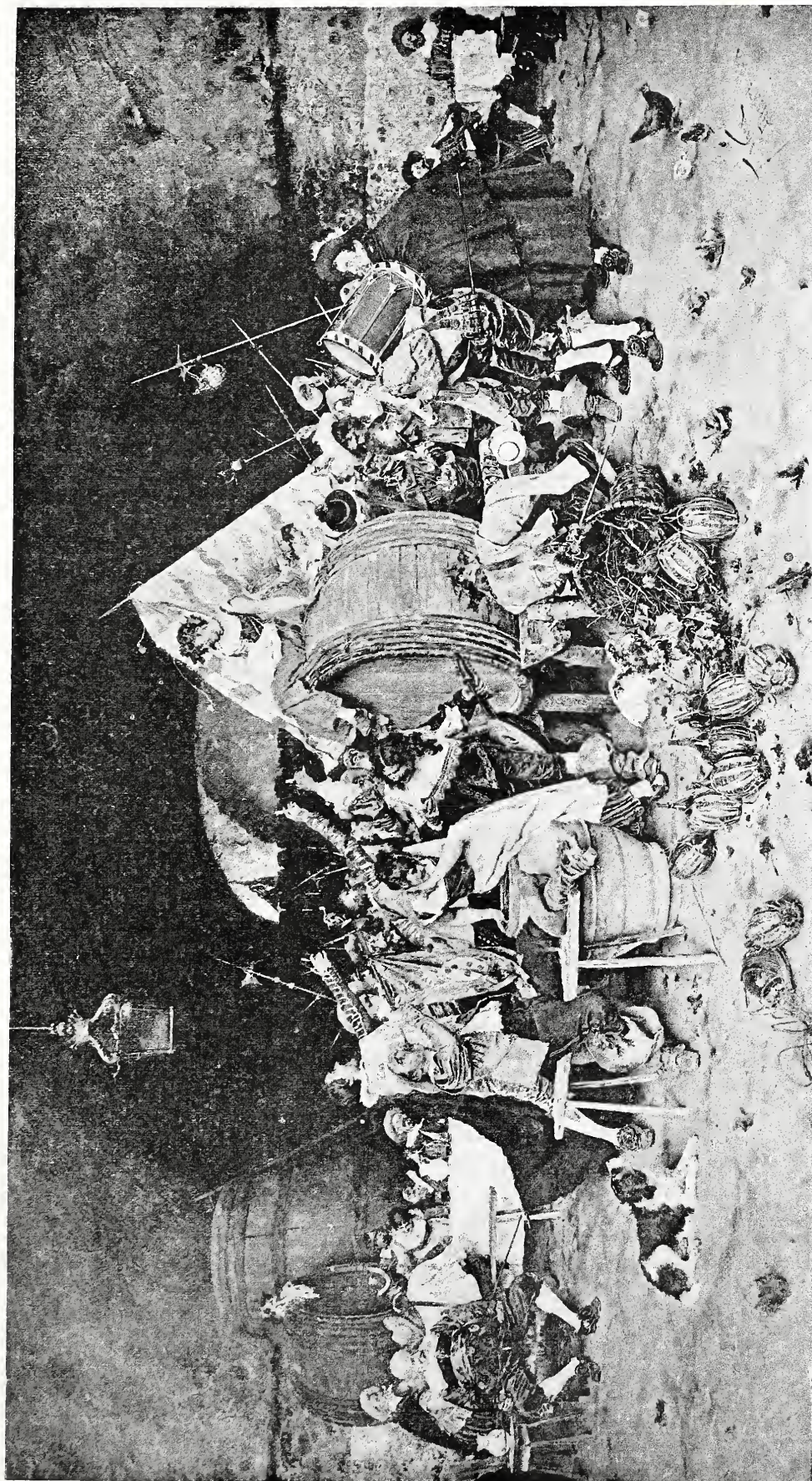
From war to peace! 'Una Visita alla Nonna' (A Visit to Grandmother), is a fine painting, highly praised by art critics. The third example is characteristic of Vinea's peculiar style. (Illustrated on page 77.) It is a scene in a cellar, with costumes of the seventeenth century. There is an indescribable life, expression, and movement in the figures, and so perfectly true is the light and everything else in them, that they seem real scenes of life rather than pictures. There is in it such a wonderful contrast in the figures, and such a perfect harmony of colours and light, the details are so accurately rendered, that it is a 'poem' of a life lost for ever to us machines of the nineteenth century.

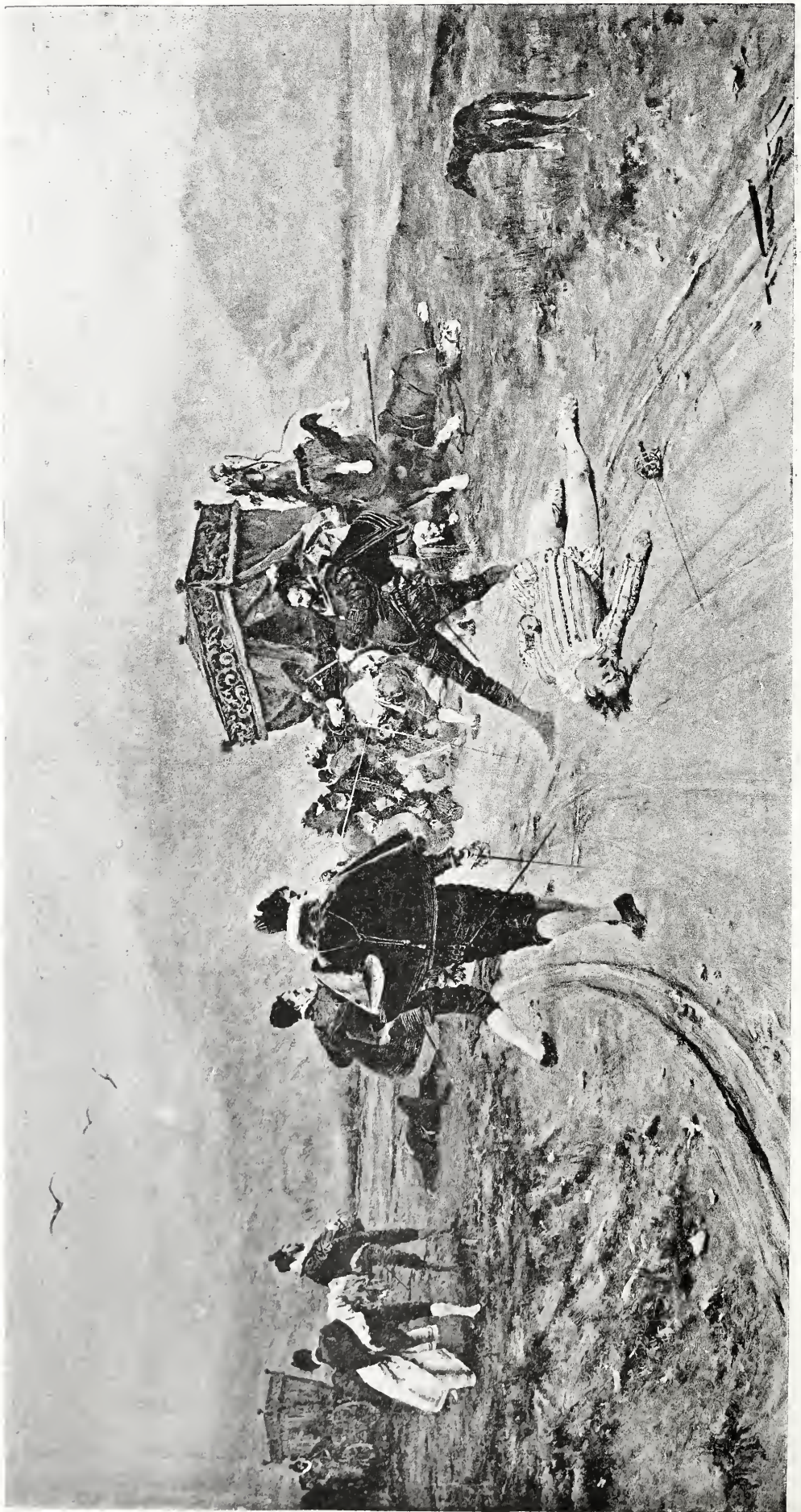
Do you not hear the sweet words that are whispered in the ear of the girl? . . . Is he not naughty! He made her blush, but she smiles; and, with a graceful movement, her head bent on her chest, the girl hides her face. On the right, the drummer thinks he will have another glass of wine; he holds the tumbler with his right hand, and his eyes stare at the jug, so afraid he is the 'Vinaio' will not give him the right measure.

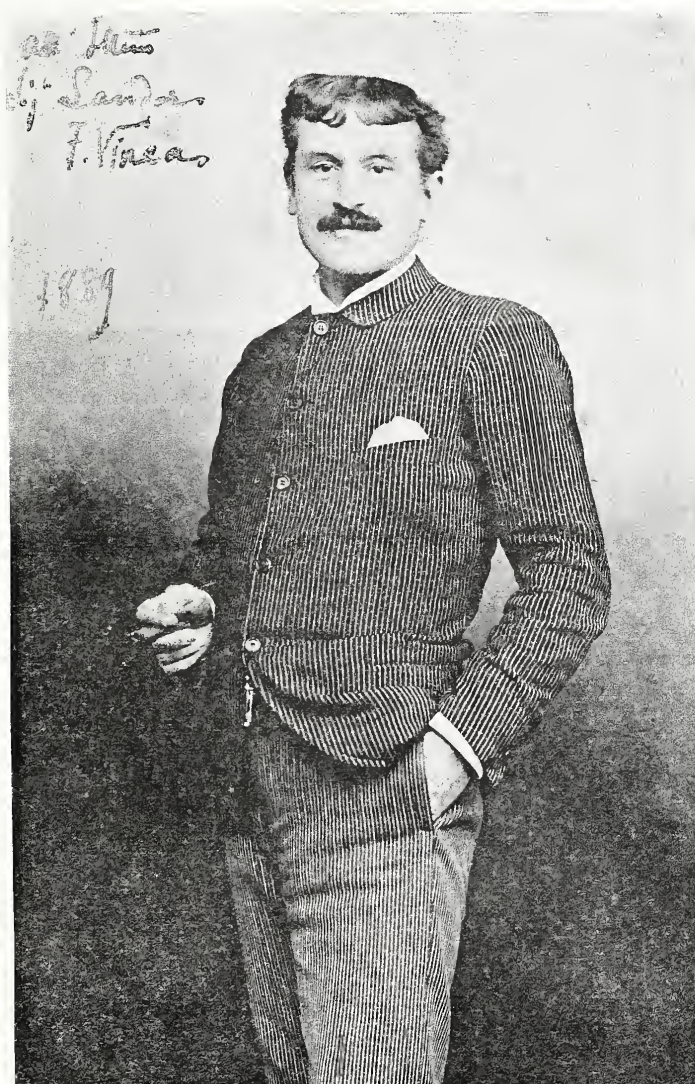
The cat on the top of the cask, indolent and lazy, washes her face, whilst the dog, made stupid by the unusual noise, listens, half asleep, to the speech of the dark 'Cavaliere' to the queen of the festa.

Signor Vinea has been the first to paint subjects in cellars, with new effects of light and half-light. He has been very successful, and it is now imitated by many clever artists. He is proud of having done things that nobody tried before, and speaks with pleasure of his new genre.

'Planderei' (Chattering) is one of his latest paint-







ings. It is at Munich, where also may be seen other of his works. Signor Vinea is as clever in portrait-painting as he is in genre. Amongst many may be mentioned Prince Demidoff's, a life-size figure painted for Princess Elena Demidoff. He is not 'exclusivist' (I translate his word); art for him has no boundaries. From the richly furnished drawing-room to the cellar, from the garden to the wild, desolate landscape, from the plush to the poorest cotton fabric, from man to animal, he has studied them all.

Vinea has been working especially for Germany and Austria; but some of his pictures are in England also, and many have found their way to America.

Signor Vinea now occupies the place of his former master at the Florence School of Art.

As to his character, a few words are enough to describe it: modesty, unselfishness, kindness—three virtues that, together with genius, talent, and his other qualities, make him a good son, an excellent man, and a great artist.

J. WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

NOTE ON BARYE.

ANTOINE BARYE, the most eminent of French sculptors of animal life, was born in Paris in September 1795. It is related that as a boy he would spend hours watching the lions at the menagerie of the Jardin des Plantes, where he made the acquaintance of one of the keepers who explained to him the habits and manners of the animals he had charge of. It was thus that young Barye acquired, through observation, so perfect an insight into the natural attitudes and movements of the wild beasts he afterwards reproduced so faithfully in bronze. A pupil of Bosio and the Baron Gros, he made his *début* with the bust of a lady at the Salon of 1835. For many years he struggled unsuccessfully to make himself known; he was rather looked down upon by his brother sculptors, who considered him a mere 'animalier,' and he was obliged to work for his living at a celebrated gold- and silver-smith of the day, named Fauconnier. Some very beautiful specimens of art ornaments executed by Barye, such as clocks, surtouts, candlesticks, etc., are now in the possession of the Duc d'Aumale, Mme. Pereire, Jerome, Alexandre Dumas, and other Parisian amateurs. But Barye soon returned to his lions and tigers. His splendidly modelled 'Lion au repos' is now to be seen in the Tuileries Gardens; while the two bronze lions which guard the 'guichet' of the Louvre are also fine specimens of his art. His

wild beasts—lions, tigers, bears, and jaguars—are beasts of prey indeed, for he succeeded in reproducing, with exceptional talent, and better than any of his contemporaries, the intense strain of muscular power and movement which is to be observed in the lion or the tiger when on the point of springing and striking down its prey. As for the way in which he depicted his favourites gorging themselves on the carcasses of their victims, this is most forcibly described in the following terms by E. de Goncourt: 'C'est la plus parfaite représentation, chez les grands félins, de la suction jouisseuse, de la volupté du sang.' Honours and fame were attained at last. At the Universal Exhibition of 1855 Barye obtained the Grand Medal of Honour for art-bronzes, and was at the same time promoted to the rank of Officer of the Legion of Honour. In 1868 he was elected member of the Institut (Section des Beaux-Arts); he was also Professor of Natural History Drawing at the Museum, and occupied the post until the day of his death, which occurred in 1875. A very complete exhibition of Barye's works was held at the Palais des Beaux-Arts last June, with the object of raising funds for the erection of a monument in honour of this truly remarkable artist. A short notice of this exhibition appeared in the *Scottish Art Review* of July 1889.

C. NICHOLSON.

PARIS CAUSERIE.

THE Montagues and Capulets of French Art have not succeeded in settling their differences amicably, so that unless peace is concluded between the adverse parties at the eleventh hour we shall have two Salons this year, an aristocratic one and a democratic one. The new 'Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts,' presided over by M. Meissonier will open its exhibition on the 15th of May, at the Palais des Beaux-Arts of the late Grand Exhibition. The 'Société des Artistes Français,' having at its head M. Bouguereau, remains in possession of the Palais de l'Industrie in the Champs Elysées, and will inaugurate the Salon, as usual, on the 1st of May. It is very likely that the latter will prove the most interesting of the two salons, for it will be the battlefield for young and rising talent; M. Meissonier and his followers are the veterans of modern French Art, they are 'in the boat,' as M. Daudet would say, and for them it is all clear sailing ahead. According to the regulations of the new society no medals will be given, but the newcomer who is deemed worthy to take a place in such illustrious company will be named Societaire, and thereby acquire the privilege of having his future exhibits admitted *de plano*. Now this is nothing but a

return to the old abuse of 'Hors Concours,' the cause of quarrel, so that one cannot exactly see what improvements have been made by the new society. 'Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.'

In the meanwhile, three *Petits Salons* have been opened this month, and are daily visited by the fashionable and gay crowd known as 'Tout Paris.' At the Cercle Volney and the Cercle de l'Union Artistique, amateurs and professionals hang side by side, so that the critic has a delicate task to perform in order to avoid invidious comparisons. The two exhibitions are remarkable for the number of good portraits of celebrities and professional beauties of the day which form the great attraction for fashionable visitors.

At the Cercle Volney, M. Bonnat's portrait of his friend, M. Harpignie, the landscape-painter, is the first thing in the room; it is a splendid piece of technical work, and an admirable likeness. I also noticed a beautiful nude study by M. Raphael Colin; a landscape at moonrise, by M. de Montcourt; and a clever piece of realism, 'Pezon's Menagerie,' by M. Wertheimer.

On entering the handsome picture gallery of the Union Artistique Club, the visitor is at once attracted



TIGER.

From Bronze by ANTOINE BARYE.

by two unfinished pictures, 'Soir du combat,' and 'Aux avant-postes.' The frames are veiled with crape, and a branch of gilt palm leaves rests under them; these are the two last works of the late Alexandre Protais, the celebrated military painter. Here again M. Bonnat comes to the fore with the portrait of a very determined-looking lady, alarmingly *décolletée*. His other exhibit, 'Mlle. Marguerite Wilson,' granddaughter of President Grévy, is far from satisfactory. The child looks a great deal too serious; the fact is that 'Bonnat pinxit' seems to have scared her; as for the doll on her lap, it has fainted and lost all colour. M. Carolus-Duran contributes a portrait of one of his daughters; she is dressed in mourning, with a carnation fixed in her dress, which, being of the same carmine red as her lips, produces a very striking effect. 'Une famille' is a bold, unconventional piece of work in M. Besnard's best manner; it represents Mme. Besnard and her three handsome children in a room overlooking the Lake of Annecy, of which we get a charming glimpse through the open window. M. Dagnan-Bouveret's 'Bretonnes' is a highly finished study of the two principal figures in his picture, 'The Pardon,' exhibited at last year's Salon. There are many other clever and interesting exhibits, such as Courtois' two portraits; M. Julian Story's portrait of Miss Eames, the prima-donna; and genre paintings by Cazin, Cormon, Detaille, Gérôme, Saintin, and other celebrated artists.

The twelfth exhibition of the 'Société des Aquarel-

listes Français' is held, as usual, in Petit's handsome gallery, and, for the next fortnight, will be as fashionable a rendezvous as the drawing-room gallery of the 'Épatant' Club. It is an essentially pretty and pleasing collection of highly-finished works which, with the exception of M. Besnard's 'Metamorphosis' (a nude young woman with a peacock's tail, standing in a mass of foliage), belong to the conventional modern water-colour school. Among other attractions, I noticed an exquisite portrait of 'Miss Minchen Schauss,' by M. Cuvillon, which one would think was painted on ivory; scenes of fashionable life in Rotten Row, by M. Max Claude, and scenes of London popular and low life, by M. Adrien Marie; a fan painted by M. Clairin, on which we see the portrait of Mlle. Suzette Lemaire, daughter of the flower-painter, Mme. Madeleine Lemaire, prettily set in flowers in the midst of a charming landscape; an amusing water-colour and pastel view of the Exhibition Fontaines-Lumineuses and the enthusiastic crowd which gathered nightly round them; exquisite genre paintings by J. Lewis Brown, Lambert, surnamed the Raphael of cats, Vibert, and other distinguished members of the Society. Probably the best thing in the whole exhibition is a series of illustrations of Ferdinand Fabre's novel *Xavière*, by M. Boutet de Monvel: this artist has been accused of imitating Miss Kate Greenaway, but his work is distinctly original and characteristic.

C. N.

SOME REMARKS ON ANCIENT ENGRAVED GEMS.—II.¹



WE shall next call the attention of our readers to cameos more accessible to English students, most of which are exhibited in the gem-room of the British

Museum, a collection which within the last few years has been greatly enlarged, and arranged in such a manner as to render its study a matter of no difficulty to those who may visit the room, in which is also placed the celebrated 'Portland Vase.' The principal cameo on exhibition is the 'Bust of Augustus' which formed part of the Blacas Collection, purchased at Paris in 1866 by the Trustees of the British Museum. The material is a sardonyx of three layers, on which the bust of Augustus, with the ægis on the breast, has

been carved. This cameo, which is of oval form, measures $5\frac{1}{4}$ by $3\frac{5}{8}$ inches. Gori, in his *Museum Florentinum*, says that when in the possession of Bishop Leo Strozzi, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, it was ornamented with an ancient gold diadem set with gems, and that, as this was much decayed, the owner had a new one made, in which the ancient gold setting was retained, and gems were added. This setting appears to be mediæval, and the cameo may, therefore, at some time in the Middle Ages, have formed part of a reliquary. Gori publishes this as a portrait of Constantine Junior, an error in which some modern authors, misled by the likeness, have followed him.

Another but smaller cameo has a portrait of Augustus, beautifully mounted in gold, with the Capricorn enamelled at the back of the setting. The mounting appears to be of the time of Cellini, and was most likely discovered as early as the sixteenth century.

A sardonyx cameo, signed ΕΠΙΤΥΧΑ bears the portrait of either Germanicus or, as some think, Marcellus.

The Empress Messallina, wearing an elaborate wig, may also be seen on a fragment of a large sardonyx of

¹ Continued from *The Art Review*, vol. i. p. 16.

three layers. This is a characteristic portrait of the Empress whom Juvenal (vi. 130) so terribly scourges:—

‘Et lassata viris, nec dum satiata recessit;
Obscurisque genis turpis, fumoque lucernae
Foeda lupanaris tulit ad pulvinar odorem.’

A male and female bust, side by side in profile, has been labelled ‘Ptolemy Philadelphus and Arsinoë,’ though there seem no sufficient grounds to justify this attribution. In no cameo of the collection is the hard and ungrateful material more skilfully dealt with than in this beautiful work. This also formed part of the Strozzi Collection.

On an amethyst measuring $2\frac{1}{2}$ by 2 inches is seen the head of a Medusa. Fine Roman work.

Another cameo, representing the hymeneal procession of Eros and Psyche, which formed part of the Marlborough Collection, deserves mention, although doubts may be felt as to its antiquity. The two child-like divinities walk, side by side, veiled; the boy bridegroom presses a dove to his bosom. A winged Hymen conducts them by a knotted cord; another winged erotic figure prepares the nuptial couch, while over their heads Anteros, conspicuous with crisply curled wings, bears the mystic basket. Professor Maskelyne, M.P., makes the following note concerning this cameo: ‘The history of the gem has been so far traced that a drawing of the subject by Pirro Ligorio, early in the sixteenth century, was among the papers of Bagaris, as recorded by Spon. The gem itself, which has all the characters of a design drawn in an age of proof-prints and luxurious margins, must, moreover, have been Lord Arundel’s property early in the seventeenth century. In point of *technique* it has never been surpassed in any former age. Indeed, alike for movement, for grace of form, tenderness of treatment, and precision of modelling, as for the delicate technical management of surface, this cameo may challenge any work of ancient or modern times. Furthermore, the tints of the sardonyx on which it has been cut serve to typify the nocturnal purpose of the design: the figures, being rendered in a dusky layer of a pale coffee-brown hue, seem to reflect the illuminating glare of the torch, while the ground is of the blackest sard, dark as the night through which the half-lit figures seem moving.’

As some confusion may arise as to the terms onyx and sardonyx, we quote here again from Professor Maskelyne’s catalogue, the reputation of this *savant* being a sufficient guarantee for the accuracy of the statement: ‘In the descriptions of the following catalogue, the term onyx will be used to imply a stone in which chalcedonic layers of various hues and kinds are superposed, provided none of these be of the sard character. Where one of these is sard, the stone will be termed a sardonyx. Practically the two terms are difficult of very exact discrimination; as, for instance, where the sard-like layers are of inferior or opaque quality; in the last case the stone passes into a jasper onyx.’ Chalcedonics are quartz crystals having a pale smoky, yellowish, or bluish hue. When coloured with

any of the tints of red and yellow which the oxide of iron imparts, they are known as sards, from the word meaning yellow in Persian, and not from Sardes, as mentioned by Pliny in Book v. chap. 30. The amethyst is the violet form of quartz. Pliny connects the name with the colour of wine, and as such it was used as an amulet against intoxication. The best specimen of chalcedony which we know of is a head of Medusa, nearly $1\frac{2}{10}$ inches in length by 1 inch in diameter. Sir C. Newton, in the *Official Guide to the Blacas Collection of Antiquities*, says, ‘The style will remind the numismatist of the beautiful coins of Mithridates, to whose period this gem may belong.’ Mr. King, on the other hand, in a paper read by him before the Archaeological Institute, writes of this gem as follows: ‘Medusa’s head in profile, perhaps the best-known gem in the whole Strozzi Cabinet, has to me, notwithstanding its long-established reputation as a masterpiece of Greek art, all the air of an early cinque-cento work.’ The reason given below cannot, however, be admitted as conclusive evidence. ‘A very strong proof of its date is supplied by the material, a common white chalcedony much clouded by repeated application to heated wax—a stone never used for intagli in fine work of Greek or Roman age, but on the other hand a great favourite with the cinque-cento engravers.’ The various cabinets of Europe give a direct contradiction to the word ‘never,’ as many fine specimens of Greek and Roman work might be here quoted.

Even in the time of Pliny forgers and forgeries of ancient gems were so common that he begins a chapter with the following lamentation: ‘Veras e falsis discernendi magna difficultas.’ He also relates that authors, whose names he will not condescend to mention, give details as to how gems may best be imitated. A sardonyx is made by three stones fastened together with such art that it is impossible to tell the true from the false; first a black, then a white, lastly a vermilion, all taken from the best stones of their kind, and so arranged as to imitate the various strata of the real stone when carved by an artist, ‘Neque est ulla fraus vitae lucrosior.’ The following little anecdote proves, however, that in some cases the biter was bit. Salonina, wife of Gallienus, herself a collector, having been imposed upon by a jeweller, demanded from her husband that the wretched individual should be cast *ad leones* at the approaching games. Being thrust into the arena, the terrified jeweller prepared for death; but on the door of the cage being thrown open, out strutted a cock who greeted his intended victim with a defiant crow. Gallienus considered this a sufficient punishment, and it may be taken for granted that the jeweller did not attempt to palm off other forgeries upon his imperial patrons.

A small cameo labelled Flora in the British Museum, part of the Payne Knight Collection, is a proof of how even the most learned amateurs may be deceived. This gem was purchased by Mr. Payne Knight and considered by him as a specimen of Greek art, an opinion

contradicted by the well-known engraver Pistrucci, who, taking off the gold band round the neck, showed his own name engraved upon the stone. The under-cutting is so exaggerated that we rather wonder that so skilled an antiquarian as Mr. Payne Knight should have been so easily deceived. Collectors unfortunately often see a gem to be antique when they wish it to be so, or when the subject engraved coincides with an idea kept in view. A distrust overcome by long observation renders an antique doubly valuable.

Before mentioning the subject of intaglios, we may here observe that the influence of gem engraving on coinage may be seen on comparison with coins of the Greek and Roman series. If we take as examples the coins of Syracuse described by Dr. Barclay Head, of the British Museum, in a very careful work published by the Numismatic Society of London, we cannot fail here to see the hand of a skilled engraver. The heads of Arethusa and Proserpine are carefully and tenderly finished; the bust of Philistis, Queen of Hieron II., B.C. 275-216, is in itself a gem of art, rendered more valuable from the fact that these interesting coins portray a queen not mentioned by any ancient historian. Gem-like work is also to be found on the coins of Gela, Tarentum (a female head to left, wearing stephane, veil, ear-ring and necklace), Macedonia, Rhodes (head of Helios, full face, hair divided into locks suggestive of rays), Klazomenae (head of Apollo, full face), Eubœa (with the filleted bull), the beautiful coin of Mithradates Eupator, commonly called the Great, supposed by Visconti to be copied from a silver statue mentioned by Pliny, who argues therefrom that silver was used previous to the reign of Augustus as a material for statuary; and many other islands, towns, and cities, in the Greek series, too numerous to mention. The Roman consular series is also rich in subjects engraved on gems, and we enumerate but a few to carry out our idea: Vibia, mask of Pan and the name Pansa, Papia, Cornelia, Mamilia, Hostilia (biga), Publicia (trophy), Hostilia (Victory), and other specimens which may be seen in any public collection.

The antique gems in the British Museum are on exhibition in the room known officially as the 'Ornament, or Portland Vase Room.' The gems are arranged in a long case, and are fixed in thin boards covered with blue velvet. These boards are pierced in such a manner as to hold the ring, mounted gem, or paste with safety. Behind these boards are looking-glasses placed at the angle necessary to bring out to the best advantage the colour, material and workmanship of the gem. Casts in plaster of Paris are placed under the intaglios, and copies of these may be purchased from Mr. Ready, the *formatore* of the Museum. The subjects are arranged as follows: Deities, hero myths, portraits, scenes and objects from real life, gnostic, oriental, and a few modern and mediæval. Previous to the purchase of the Blacas Collection, the dactyliotheque of the British Museum was thoroughly insignificant,

but since to this collection the Castellani, Woodhouse, and others have been added, the British Museum can well boast of the beauty of many specimens. Among the intaglios worthy of special notice, we call attention to the head of Medusa with the eyes closed as if in sleep, an amethyst. In front of the head are the remains of letters in which some have attempted to read the name of the celebrated artist Pyrgoteles, the most celebrated engraver of his age, to whom alone Alexander the Great accorded the privilege of cutting his portrait on a precious stone.

Mask of Pan inscribed ΣΚΥΛΛΑ[Ξ], which Köhler considers to be 'one of the greatest masterpieces of ancient art, not only on account of the genius of the conception, but of the spirit and thoroughness of the execution.' Strozzi Collection: Fragment of head of Æsculapius on a cornelian; in front of the head the name ΑΥΔΟΥ. Visconti (*Opere Varie*) calls it 'frammento nobilissimo.' Apollo Citharæus, his right elbow resting on a small draped female figure; the material a beautiful jacinth. The attitude of this figure is very similar to that of the statue of Apollo from Cyrene in the British Museum.

Head of Hercules, on a blue beryl inscribed ΓΝΑΙΟC. This is perhaps the most beautiful intaglio in the collection. This intaglio was discovered in 1606, at which date it is mentioned by Faber in his *Illustrium Imagines*, who on account of the inscription supposed it to be the signet ring of Pompey. On the sale of the Strozzi Cabinet to the Duc de Blacas this gem was stolen. Many years afterwards it re-appeared in the Schellersheim Collection, was purchased by Baron Roger, and after passing through the hands of two other French collectors, was acquired by the Duc de Blacas in 1858. The British Museum also possesses a crystal replica of this gem, but of modern workmanship.

A 'Laughing Faun' signed ΑΛΛΩΝΙΟΥ from the Payne Knight Collection, is so natural in its joviality as to make us participate in his mirth.

Julius Caesar, full face, inscribed ΔΙΟΣΚΟΠΙΔΟΣ on a jacinth, described by Lenormant as a 'chef-d'œuvre de la glyptique des anciens,' is side by side with a portrait on a sard, formerly in the Payne Knight Collection, not Townley, as stated by Mr. King; the latter gem bears the signature ΔΙΟΣΚΟΥΠΙΔΟΥ. The correct spelling of the genitive of the name of this court engraver of the time of Augustus' Maecenas, 'et praesidium et dulce decus' of Horace, is portrayed on an amethyst gem in the National Collection of France. In letters almost effaced may be deciphered the name of the engraver ΔΙΟΣΚΟΥΠΙΔΟΥ. Mr. King would rather ascribe the signature as being the name of the owner; but here again we may be allowed to differ from him, for, if the portrait be in reality that of Maecenas, we may take it for granted that the court engraver affixed his name to such an important work. Suetonius, in mentioning the various seals used by Augustus, says, 'In diplomatus, libellis et epistolis signandis initio sphinge usus est: mox imagine Magni Alexandri: novissime, sua, Dioscoridis manu sculpta, qua signare insecuti

quoque principes perseverarunt.' Which statement may permit us to think that it was still in use during the lifetime of this chatty author.

But perhaps the intaglio most to be noticed as a work of the finest glyptic art is one also to be found in the Paris Collection, a cabinet which well repays a visit, namely the Julia Titi engraved on an aquamarine, proving the excellence of the *aurei* struck in honour of this empress. Mr. King in his *Ancient Gems* gives us an illustration of this intaglio, but with an unfortunate error in the cutting of the signature.

Another gem worth mentioning on account of the signature forms part of the Marlborough Collection. Bust of Minerva, full face; a deeply-cut intaglio in a large pale amethyst; in the field is engraved—

EYTYXHC
ΔIOCKOYPIΔOY
AHTIAIOC EII

Writing of this signature, Professor Maskelyne says: 'This noble intaglio must be held to be the original of the most interesting of antique signed gems, and to bear the autograph of a son perhaps of the great Dioscorides. The engraving, though not of high finish, is of the boldest character.' The Marlborough Collection was purchased *en bloc* in the year 1875 by an English amateur, whose name the writer of this article must acknowledge with shame to have forgotten.

Another signature of importance is seen on an intaglio, a sardine, representing Diomedes and Ulysses seizing the Palladium. Diomedes on one side is seated on a cippus, holding the image in his left, and his sword in his right hand. On the left half of the stone, Ulysses, with chlamys on his right arm, and herald's staff in his left hand, points to the body of the priestess at his feet. Poseidon with trident surmounts a tall column that divides the gem and separates the two heroes. On the cippus is the signature ΦΗΑΙΞ ΕΙΙΟΕΙ, and in the field over the head of Diomedes are the words ΚΑΑΠΟΥΡΝΙΟΥ ΕΥΗΥΠΟΥ, the name perhaps of the owner. Stephani, Brunn, and modern writers agree as to the validity of the signature. This is also a Marlborough gem.

As iconographic relics the value of engraved gems must not be forgotten. The British Museum now possesses a good series of portraits on precious stones and pastes, and among the many intaglios we may mention the portraits of Julius Cæsar, Augustus, Claudius, Hadrian, Trajan, Titus, L. Verus, Ælius, Commodus, Didius Julianus, Carinus, Magnia Urbica, Maximianus Herculius, Pescennius Niger, and many others, a list of which would but swell a magazine article to useless proportions. Though we consider the workmanship on Greek and Roman coins superior in merit from an artistic point of view, yet often the beauty of the material renders a well-assorted cabinet of gems invaluable to collectors from its mineralogical importance. In answer to the very pertinent question,

'How to know an antique gem from a forgery?' we can only say that nothing but daily observation of the various styles of art, ancient and modern, can help the collector. The eye must become formed to the antique, and, like the palate, recognise the old wine. The surface of an ancient stone does not present the smooth, well-to-do appearance of a gem of modern work; the workmanship has been more slow; the instruments ruder in finish; the action of polishing has taken more time. An indescribable look of age greets the eye, centuries have passed, the workmanship remains, but the finger of Chronos leaves its trace; the material resists, but age must tell its tale. The horrible system of repolishing generally adopted by jewellers of the present day whenever an antique gem is given over to their tender mercies, will certainly efface traces of age, and therefore a brightly-polished surface does not invariably condemn the gem, but it is then a question of workmanship, and in such cases we should always advise an intending purchaser to call in the aid of some professed antiquary, or well-known coin-dealer, many of whom are to be found in London, Paris, or any of the great capitals. Far be it from us to denounce the work of modern days, much of which is exceedingly meritorious and deserving of every encouragement. But let modern work ever be sold as modern, and no attempt be made to palm it off as ancient. The galleries of the British Museum prove to us that many antique gems are below par as works of artistic merit, their only value consisting in their age, or in the subjects depicted; and we do not hesitate to say that we have seen modern engraved stones fully equal in workmanship to the best ancient—but then they remained modern, and found no favour in the eyes of collectors. All good art is ennobling, and therefore let modern gems be purchased for their intrinsic merit, but let no effort be made by unscrupulous collectors to deceive the ignorant, for the sake of obtaining a fancy price. The prices offered by connoisseurs for gems engraved by a Dioscourides, or Pyrgoteles, give some clue to the value set upon good workmanship.

To the student of classical antiquity engraved gems with their numerous records must ever be of interest. The memories they excite cannot fail to be useful in aiding us to live once more in ages past, to feel ourselves citizens of no mean cities, whose existence seems to have become almost mythical. Gems are rich in interpretations of religions which we look upon as heathen, without endeavouring to fathom their more hidden meanings. But ancient art properly studied comes here to our aid, and calls for a more lenient interpretation of the worship of nations who saw in Nature and her works the home and doings of their deities. The thunderbolt denoted the wrath of the mighty Zeus, as it shook the earth from pole to pole. The rustling of the very leaves spoke to them in accents terrible or loving; and the crested ocean with its murmuring waves or foaming billows pro-

claimed majesty whose *quos ego* stilled the storms. Pallas Athênê springing fully armed from the brain of Zeus spoke of the wisdom granted to man. The labours of Hercules were no mean fables, but taught that obstacles must be overcome ere the honours of a demigod could be attained. Ganymedes caught up to the skies dried many a tear when interpreted to mean that some loved and lovely member of a family had found favour in the eyes of the deity. Such a sensuous religion could not fail to produce a love of art, and the more intense the belief the more pure was the workmanship issued by those endowed with the sacred fire. On ancient gems may be found engraved the

subjects to which allusion is made in the writings of the classic poets of Greece and Rome, as well as the representations of the deities whom these nations worshipped as the first causes of many of the physical laws which they comprehended not. When studied together with numismatics, gems will ever be found of value to those who wish to ascertain the portraits depicted.

Perhaps at some later period we may be able to lay before our readers some notice of other specimens of the glyptic art which will serve as a sequel to this article.

S. FRASER CORKRAN.

SOME PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF THE LATE FERDINAND HILLER.

THOUGH my actual intercourse with the subject of this memoir was of all too short a duration, yet, since it took place just at the happiest and most impressionable time of my life, it is with peculiar pleasure that I seek here to record a few of the charming memories connected therewith.

Doctor Ferdinand von Hiller (for so his title ran during the last years) is principally associated in the minds of the musically cultured few with Mendelssohn. This was natural, for they were lifelong friends, were similar in their artistic tastes as well as in their music, and the letters of the one are full of the other. Mendelssohn, Schumann, Hiller, and Sterndale Bennett were the four contemporary stars whose united brilliancy attracted and influenced the musical world in a manner which at one time threatened to eclipse the more god-like glow of Beethoven and Schubert. It seems strange that Hiller, with perhaps the keenest intellect, and certainly the widest range of culture of the four, should have left a less enduring mark on the world than the other three whom he long outlived. Genial, warm-hearted, an artist of the noblest aims and of splendid technical attainments, he is passing into oblivion before he has been five years in the grave. Of the reasons for this it is not my province here to speak, but if I can revive a faint flash of interest in the minds of others by overhauling my budget of pleasant reminiscences connected with 'the last of the old school,' as they called him, I shall have done as much as I could expect.

It may be as well to remind those who read so much that nothing abides with them that Ferdinand Hiller was born October 24, 1811, and died May 10, 1885—that he was of Jewish family—that he appeared as the usual infant prodigy pianist at ten years of age, studied principally under Hummel, dwelt in Paris from 1828 to '35, making one of the wondrous galaxy of genius which blazed there at that time—that he afterwards settled in Cologne, founding the Conservatoire there, and labouring assiduously from 1850 till a

few months before his death. When I first became his pupil in 1875, I found him a short rotund man of rather apoplectic appearance, with a grand head, sharp grey eyes, a ready and most winning smile, and a voice which took me some time to get accustomed to, his tongue being too thick. He spoke English fairly, French and Italian perfectly. Whenever I recall his image I behold it in the most usual surroundings, seated in a high-backed, carved ebony chair at the window of his study overlooking the Rhine. Here and thus I usually found him when I came for my lesson: it was just after dinner, and he sat there always smoking, and reading either the *Kölnische Zeitung* or the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. He nodded to me, rose, humming an indistinguishable fragment, waddled to the piano, and sat looking over what I had brought, while I gloated over the treasures the room contained. For the walls were covered, where there were no book-cases, with drawings and water-colour sketches, all by eminent men, a great many of Mendelssohn. All the newest scores lay about in heaps, and these I was allowed to peep into, and in later days to borrow. Then, if there were no other pupil (there usually was not), we sat talking for hours till the Herr Doctor was summoned away on domestic or foreign service. These talks were my real education. What endless stores of learning and experience, history and anecdote were displayed for my benefit! But the crowning delight came in the summer of 1876, when, his doctors having ordered him a cold-water treatment to combat his apoplectic symptoms, he took a six-weeks' holiday with his family at a small village in the Black Forest, and proposed that I should accompany him. Shall I ever forget that time? The glorious scenery, the intoxicating breath of the pine-trees, the novelty of the life and the artistic companionship,—all these things together make one dream of incomparable delight! I used to rise at six, and away into the pine-woods where I found a snug nook in which I could write, my table being the stump of a felled tree.

One morning I found that my retreat had been discovered, and the following theme for a fugue scribbled on my table by my merry old tutor :—



It will be observed to contain our respective monograms (the note we call B being named H by the Germans). I composed a prelude and fugue on this subject the same day and brought it in triumph ; but I fear it was a terrible specimen, more ingenious than musical. I used to come every afternoon from my inn to the elegant 'villa' or *châlet*, where I usually found the Doctor and Madame taking coffee, whilst their charming daughter Toni read aloud to them or sang. They had a piano there, an old Erard grand, once the property of Chopin. Then we all took a walk through the woods, and the brilliant conversation ranged over multitudinous topics. I can see my dear old Doctor now as he panted along the scorching roads under his white umbrella, spoiling the fragrant air with his eternal cigar, and carrying his hat in his hand, his custom even in Cologne. He *would* be ambitious and attempt to gain lofty hill-summits whence wonderful views were to be had, and generally got severely knocked up in consequence. Madame, whose outlines were also rather ample, panted in his wake, while we two young people ran races and climbed rocks in the wildest spirits. Coming once to a streamlet spanned only by a narrow tree trunk, we declared it was a fairy scene in a pantomime, and while all extemporised a fairy chorus, Miss Toni and I tripped over the bridge in the manner of coryphées, and then nearly died of laughing to see the stout papa and mamma strive to imitate us. Then in the glorious summer twilight we sat in the dark garden of the villa amid the strange stillness, and talked theology and politics. I don't know why, but these topics were always reserved for that especial time of day. Now if there is one subject which possesses absolutely no attractions for me it is the science of politics, but my dear old master loved to discuss Bismarck and Gladstone, so I used to study the papers and try to keep up with him. I fear that I sometimes played the humbug without detection, uttering profound opinions on matters and persons when my knowledge was of the slenderest, but everybody does this occasionally in talking politics, which is the chief reason why I dislike them so. In theology we were more fairly matched, and agreed that a reverent agnosticism was the only philosophic attitude, but that for those who needed a ready-made religion Roman Catholicism was the best, as it relieved them of so much responsibility. It was afterwards our custom to hold these twilight talks in Cologne upon the bridge of boats. I called for my tutor after supper and we strolled down to the river, gravely taking turn and turn about to pay the farthing toll for both : then we

leaned against the wooden rails of the pontoons, soothed by the rapid swirl of the stream, and listening to the fine band in the public gardens of Deutz. Once we had a lively discussion as to the gait of the camel. Hiller was writing his cantata *Rebekah*, and wanted a characteristic accompaniment for a chorus describing the journey to the city of Mahor. Finally we took boat and went down to the Zoological Gardens, where we got a keeper to put one of the camels through his paces while we metronomed him. The result of this was a very clever and piquant chorus on a ground bass of three bars of stalking crotchets.

I remember with especial pleasure the *matinées* which Hiller used to hold on Sunday mornings. These were extempore concerts, open to all his personal friends, the performers being himself and the best musical talent of the town. For instance, at one *matinée* Friedrich Kiel, who happened to be passing through Cologne, played with Hiller some new piano duets which the eminent visitor had just composed ; then our leading tenor of the opera, Franz Diener—now, alas ! no more—sang half a dozen songs by Schubert and Franz ; then a very fine violinist—Herr Rappoldi, if I remember rightly—played a sonata by Bach ; and finally Hiller, according to his invariable custom, sat down and improvised for about a quarter of an hour, weaving into his fantasia themes from many of the compositions just heard. This art of improvisation, once a universal accomplishment among true musicians, is now never heard of, but some few yet living remember Mendelssohn's astonishing gifts in that way, and Hiller, though doubtless far behind him, displayed also great readiness and skill. The contrapuntal passages—not merely pianoforte fireworks—*pearled* from his fingers without a moment's vagueness or indecision, and with an artistic attention to *nuance* and effect which gave the rambling stream of music the appearance of a regularly conceived composition. Very proud was the old man of this accomplishment, and the just compliments of his auditors, as they took leave, were to him a really sufficient reward for his exertions. These *matinées* were, to a student, an education in themselves. What an amount of good music I heard there, and how exquisitely performed ! For nothing but the very best was there allowed : to be sure the old masters had it all their own way. Not a note of Schumann, Brahms, or Wagner was performed in Hiller's drawing-room. Schumann's music he stigmatised as 'untidy,' Brahms's 'had no ideas,' while the apostle of Bayreuth was for him an utter charlatan. So abhorrent to Hiller was Wagner, and everything connected with him, that *Die Meistersinger* was the only one of his later works which he ever went to hear, and that only because it happened to be played in Cologne. *Tristan* he knew not a note of, and it was only, I believe, through my enthusiasm on the subject that he at last procured the vocal scores of the Nibelungen Tetralogy and read them through. Great was the scorn with which he pointed out to me that

Wagner's so-called rhythmless music simply consisted in chaining together phrases of two bars, and that his 'free' voice parts were produced by being extraneous additions to the instrumental portion. I could not answer one of his objections any more than I could defend the absurdities of the libretto, viewed from a practical and matter of fact standpoint; but, like Mr. Du Maurier's critic, who, in the face of all fault-finding, declared that 'the pick-chaw is beautiful,' I could only reiterate my conviction that Wagner was a mighty genius. Hiller never tired of the joke of parodying Wagner's alliterative verse in ordinary conversation. He declared, on one occasion, that the very servants had caught the infection, and that Lena had brought in his afternoon meal with the words

Kaffee und Kuchen bring' ich,
Butter und Brod dazu.

Hiller used to say that there were two kinds of musicians; those who took to the art naturally at an early age, and those whose talent only developed when they had reached manhood. In this latter class he placed Schumann, Berlioz, and Wagner; and he asserted that the talent of such men was always marred by a certain uncouthness and lack of spontaneity. When I repeated to him the parrot sentiment in England about Sterndale Bennett, that he would have done so much more as a composer if circumstances had not been against him, Hiller strongly dissented. 'I believe,' he said, 'that every man does what he can, and I do not see anywhere in Bennett's music the germ or promise of greater things. He had a nice talent, but only a nice talent: no spark of genius.'

Of course to a man who had known Mendelssohn, Schubert, and even Beethoven, the younger generation of musicians must have seemed a feeble race, and when we remember the difficulty with which the human

mind receives new impressions after the age of sixty, we cannot wonder at the prejudices of the great artist of the past. Hiller's playing carried one back to the time of Mozart and Clementi, it was so pure and silky, so seductive and caressing, without a trace of effort or banging. More robust than Pachmann, infinitely more restrained than Rubinstein, it was a technique suited to no music of a later date than Mendelssohn. To hear Hiller play Rameau and Couperin was delightful, but to hear him play Haydn and Mozart was an ecstasy. Of his compositions I can here say but little. The same artistic refinement which pervaded his whole nature is to be found in his music, and he may be ranked with Gade, Reinecke, and Lachner,—charming musicians all, who are doomed to be forgotten because they stood so close under the shadow of Mendelssohn.

When I left Hiller in January 1878, he loaded me with letters of introduction to friends in Italy, and on my return we resumed our old habits and walks on the bridge for a brief period. In 1882 I paid a visit (*en route* for Bayreuth) and found him in the same old chair, smoking and reading the *Revue des Deux Mondes* just as of yore. But his health was failing, and after this his occasional letters gave signs that he knew the end was nearing. My usual Christmas letter in 1884 remained unanswered, and I feared the worst. A German singer shortly afterwards brought me news that he was dying, and on May 10, 1885, they closed his eyes. To read musical history, artists of Hiller's calibre were common enough half a century ago: how is it they are so rare now, with all our improved education and boasted march of intellect? Alas! as he used to say, 'Improvement is the worst enemy of the Beautiful,' and the modern conditions of life hardly seem to admit the possibility of such a noble artistic career as that of Ferdinand Hiller. F. CORDER.

THE 'CHRIST-BRIDE.'

BOWED she was, as a burdened mule,
Wizened, and furrowed, and crutched beside:
'Ho!' cried the children running from school,
'Gammer Garu, the old Christ-bride!'¹

So bent, so bowed was Gammer Garu,—
Shadow made mist of the fair old face.
Jeering, gibing, none of them knew,
In the age of the eyes, what a smile had played.

'Gammer Garu! Witch! Gammer Garu!'
From the village cross to the old kirk-door,
Many a scoff, and a stone or two:
Then back to the half-thatched hut on the moor.

After her, on to the sweet, wild heath—
'Gammer Garu! Witch! Gammer Garu!'
She gazed on down to the hovel beneath;
'What grief,' she thought, 'if the bridegroom knew!'

Oh! the smile, as she clicked the latch:—
It lighted her face like an aureole.
But what a sight for the judges to catch!
Gammer Garu, have you sold your soul?

What! is there room in the hutch for two?
Yes, for they sit down side by side.
Nearly blind is Gammer Garu,—
Gammer Garu, the dear Christ-Bride.

¹ In Russia 'old maids' are named 'Christ-brides.'



Will·Will·have·Wilt·tho·Will·Woe·Win·

EFFIGIES.

IF men had not lost their sense of the perpetually renewed divineness of existence, they would not, as now, confine their interest to its more impassioned phases. But being no longer in continuous and veritable contact with life, they take stimulus from selected passages of experience; and the choice of propitious hour and season becomes a duty. Westminster Abbey itself, so excellent a place of pilgrimage for all sorts and conditions of Englishmen at all times, has its secrets of initiation and approach. If you would be present when the great reliquary unlocks its most precious influences, you must mingle with the congregation on a Sunday afternoon, in the closing month of the year. From your seat in the choir, lighted only by tapers, look up to the far roofs, where the mists assemble and are blue. While the canticles rise, while the responses, caught in brief, pathetic chant, lose themselves in the hollow vistas of the building, you will feel Night enter like a worshipper. Sable-vested, eldest of things, as Milton saw her when she sat by Chaos, the centuries have changed her nature: she has received into her original darkness and void their whole content; she has gathered their yearly flowers, their men and women are her heritage. She is no more outcast and pagan; the holiest relics are in her bosom. She is one of the *Mothers* now, one of the great pregnant powers of the universe—from her tombs and obscurity half the inspiration of mankind is born.

As you sit or kneel the solemn shadows come down through the arches, while the candles sink and soften their shine. This is the vital hour for the dead: a sense wakes in the monuments that reaches the living like a very touch. Sounds from the clouded chapels creep through the music as if ghosts walked among the notes of the organ. Only a few effigies are touched by the flickering light—notably Dryden's pale and dominant head. Here and there a scroll, a flamboyant tablet, a tall human outline erect by the columns, attest the monumental wealth of the Abbey; but the sovereign sculptures lie withdrawn behind that aureate screen, dim in shade; and the Poets' choice corner is almost out of sight. Nevertheless our mind is with the sleepers, with rough Ben Jonson—'rare Ben Jonson'—his earthy bulk, the firm set of feature, the grand lines of individual fecundity; with gentle Spenser in his woe, in his honoured rest by the Thames side; with Chaucer, quaint, shy, sincere, broad-hearted: nor less do our thoughts turn to the kingly band, who mark our history with the compass of their lives, and themselves slumber on in *sæcula sæculorum*. Those whose full effigies remain are stretched on their slabs as if for eternal rest; they are placid and unworldly: some are beautiful. My imagination visited Queen Mary of Scots. I could see the last winter daylight on her brow—that brow which mirrors every

change of skies as it endures beneath a window of the Chantry.

And note, in these sculptures—quiet, contained, cold in substance—there is no trace of those qualities which are, as it were, the accidents of the universal End. There is no sinking of the flesh, no depression about the eyes, no frayed outline prophetic of corruption.

The company in Edward the Confessor's Chapel, in Henry the Seventh's, and in the many minor chapels to the east, are not portraits but images—essentially conceptions. The sculptors have endowed them with the wholeness and serenity of art; for it is through art alone that a mortal can put on immortality, and yet remain in the world of creatures. The pleasure and confidence we experience by the side of memorial figures—'the great doom's images,' in a freer and more final sense than Shakspeare gave the phrase when he attached it to Duncan's corse—are due to their ideality, victorious over the details of death as of life.

Now let us turn to another band, dwellers also in the dusk and remoteness of Westminster Abbey: effigies in wax, models of dead kings and queens, each a copy of some corruptible face with its lines of wear and custom. 'O the heavy change,' the creeping shudder, as we turn from the monuments of stone to this show of imitations.

Few sightseers get glimpse of a certain small room over one of the small chapels near Henry the Seventh's. It is a weird, desolate little chamber. We are saddened by the dusty finery of robes and paste-jewels, by fixed features, the closed and opened eyes, the garishness and ruin. Charles the Second fronts us as we mount the steps, with his libertine degeneracy of visage and his pathetic Stuart eyes. At his side couches a Duke of Buckingham in the full array of his rank, and death's sunken aspect spread over him—an imperishable corpse. The Duchess and her little waxen lad are in an opposite case, and next to them a lady, whose rank and name I have forgotten, turning rigidly to an immovable parrot. Queen Anne sits in stricken comfort, no longer drinking tea, indifferent to the obedience of her 'three worlds,' as she faces the bit of grey wall that encompasses her. Further on, without historical sequence, William and Mary stand together—the whole distance of stationary death betwixt them, nevertheless. Old Elizabeth, with wretched wizened form and 'lack-lustre eye,' fills a corner, and turns her head away with a dense glare: she is uninterested in her pearls, once strung by insatiable vanity; she is miserable as a lost spirit in polar hell; her pain and disappointment are ice. By her stands Nelson in the clothes worn at Trafalgar. How tender the eyes are! They could even make appeal for a man's kiss; and, though the body is so small, the lips have the heroic,

rigid expressiveness of a bronze. The bold seaman, who did his duty, comes out from the trial of representation in a defaming material as easily as out of a sea-fight. But the others, his comrades in portraiture! if we stay with them but a few moments we feel 'chilly and grown old.'

How different is monumental sleep from the perpetuation of life! The statues give us the form and presentment of our close; the wax-works mimic indelibly a transient existence. We have in an effigy the ideal lines of life with the *imprimatur* of death.

The meanest country, the most trivial in incident, assumes after sunset a dignity of aspect; the humble green hills of cultivation, dotted with sheep and scribbled over with hedgerows, lose all pettiness of detail when clothed in deep shadow from the west. The clear, tranquil curve remains against the sky: the rest is obliterated in the majesty of night. In like manner death with its solemn mantle covers all trifling circumstance, caring only to insist on the simple supreme outline of our history, and even calling the golden heaven to its aid to define more sharply our relation with another world. Yet we have often been tempted, when bereaved of those we love, to wish that the accidents of human living should continue and be immortal; we are not ready to render to Time the things that are Time's in the faces and bodies of our friends. In such mood, if we could visit the Abbey, and pass from the tombs up into the museum of casts from mortality, into that little dusty room with its affrighting cases, we should be healed of our longings, our sickness of desire.

It is not pleasant, at service-time, when the candles, the music, the far-off voice of the reader accord in their low tones with the dead, to think of those half-lively demised people upstairs: it is shocking to hear the talk of men beneath that little dusty room,—it is an irritation to the nerves; we feel that the singular inhabitants are tortured and apprehensive; they might each cry, like Keats' Lorenzo—

'Many a chapel bell the hour is telling,
Paining me through: those sounds grow strange to me.'

Repugnant, an insult to the modesty of nature, are such types of death-in-life. At the midnight hour, when the sculptured dead 'walk,' as we must fain believe, what incongruity, if the tall, plain figures meet the parodies of their flesh, and the forgotten clafing, dulness, or anguish of the past nod at them in their *doubles*! Glorianna herself dismounts her pile and goes assnred, imperial, through the Tudor Chapel: she is accosted by another, a woman in rich, dingy dress, her own state dress of three hundred years ago; just the colour and stuff, but smutted—'foul,' her contemporaries would have said. She sees a distracted, bony face, and eyes stiff with age—a virgin, barren age. The likeness speaks to her: she could shake it as she once shook a dying countess in her bed. 'How handsome you are, dear Self!' it says to

her: 'you did not mind when I told you *that* in the year sixteen hundred. Why, you really have none of these wrinkles which the mirror branded across my heart when I saw them; nor have you a thinness about the jaw; and you do not turn your head like a worried animal. You have not the pangs of starvation in your muscles; you have not known years of profitless love, nor days of dying on the floor. Won't you acknowledge me, Glorianna? I am old Queen Bess, the most beautiful woman of her time—alas, alas!' The royal form addressed is silent; then, with a moan such as we hear among the rocks of a cave, she turns away in soliloquy: 'I must have come too near my cousin Mary's tomb for such disaster to have fallen me. I will lie down.'

We share her feelings; we cry *Avant!* from the depths of our souls when we face these unreal mockeries.

'Let the earth hide thee!' Such is the entreaty with which ghosts are met—they who have passed through the experience of death, undergone and been vanquished by the grave, who rise on the vision of men after uttermost transformation. The Abbey wax-works are far more terrible than ghosts. They have known life: it is a thing of the past, yet they have not lost its temporality; its expressions are mummied, egregiously embalmed. For—arrest corruption, stop one of Nature's processes, bid her slacken her pace, and the penalty is the incongruous and the grotesque. The peering framework of the skeleton hurts less in exposure than the stationary hideousness of the mask. The ways of nature are true and righteous altogether, so are the ways of art, though the methods of each are opposed. The one scatters to recombine, the other synthesises to liberate. The falling dust of the corse asserts nature's method in its swiftness and indiscrimination; the fixed effigy affirms the fine selective method of art, and both combine in the fulfilled and perfect monument. A symbol cannot be accepted in place of the veritable mould: a cenotaph gives us the kind of chill we experience from contact with a hollow heart. Men will not yield their lives to preserve it from the spoiler; they will die at the altar for the sake of the bones beneath its pavement. Yet there are Englishmen who would have Westminster Abbey swept of its monuments, who complain that they damage its architectural beauty. True, yet they make its walls half human in appeal and invincible against neglect. Something can be said even for the unfamed monuments, so lovable in their crudity and shapelessness, so resembling the religion to which they are witnesses, so protesting, so individual. We suffer doggerel on the gravestones and weep over it: Gray himself, when he attempted the composition of his own epitaph, fell into stilted commonplace, which is scholar's doggerel. Tolerance is an essential element in piety: the idols that have influenced the fate of nations have been squalid often and obese. They died—those second-rate admirals, soldiers, statesmen, and were buried under monstrous

heaps of stone; we would not disturb them. Through them, we, by proxy, can lie under the shadow of the arches. They are laid there that we, by patience and comfort of their sepulchres, may have hope. Their painful and unpicturesque lives are not without significance. Westminster Abbey is a record of English life, not a Pantheon; and to be a faithful record, it must devote large space to the fantastic and the commonplace. Presentations of even extravagant and unlovely sorrow may be suffered with a humorous patience. Art is not made a liar when a militant skeleton is withdrawn from his vault to shake his bones and weapon at a fair woman; the spirit of Hamlet is in that mason's work: 'Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come: make her laugh at that.'

Let not the zeal of eliminating therefore possess us. The look of crowd about the Abbey suggests the fulness of the ages from which it has gathered its relics: the contest for place is stimulating.

It has been suggested that there should be no more burials within its precincts, on the score of health. If it be unhealthy to draw near to the dead, let the living leave them; let them be visited as we visit Paestum, with a trembling anxiety. The little singing-boys and the white-robed clergy may officiate elsewhere—not elsewhere can we touch sacramentally our accumulated past. Shall we be kept by terror of a pestilence from communicating with eternal things? Let the organ cease, if it must, and the 'choir invisible' remain!

As for those who ventured to intrude the question of health when the body of a great poet was on its way to sepulchre at Westminster—the reek of them goes up to heaven; one fears that they should infect, not a neighbourhood, but a whole nation, with, not their physical remains, but the unforgivable thoughts of their hearts. The Church Catholic is founded on relics, on the worship of the dead: one marvels not that she endures; she has recognised the gulf fixed between the church and the sanatorium; she apportions the worshipper cold stone and damp, ghastly light, and creeping odours from the tombs—her incense, her illuminations are for the shrine. To disturb bones, to forbid the increase and store of mortal relics, is to put away from us what is concrete in religion.

We are fresh from a grave in the rich acre of Poets' Corner. Who that was present at the burial of Robert Browning could deny the elevation given to ceremony by the presence of the sculptured dead? Recall the crises of that last service. The tolling bell made blind plunges down through space; there was a hush—human breath waiting, withdrawing itself from the air, becoming a reserve power, tragic, perceptible. The great expectation was motionless, while the mist kept steady and dense above the arches. At last we recognised the labouring movement of those who bore, under screen of the luminous purple covering, the

small, octagonal coffin, crossed with violets—dark some, and some dim—wreathed with premature, frail lilac, to its station before the golden altar. During that solemn rest under the lantern, it was well to feel there was another throng than that of the curious or eager spectators—a throng represented in the persons of long-past statesmen and poets. It was well indeed to turn from the row of vivid pressmen under the altar-rail, note-books in hand, typifying by their very position the sacrilege of the age, to the unemployed and timeless company overhead. So, one meditated, would the famous spirits of Elysium have received a new-comer, without eagerness and without curiosity.

Again, when the grave was closed round its treasure, and the words, 'Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust,' fell on the ear—themselves smiting like shards, in their outrage on our mortal nature—the sight of Ben Jonson's sturdy front was a beacon of triumph. He is said to have been buried upright, with the ruddy head erect, for the Last Trump. Square-set against every kind of annihilation after near three centuries, his bust was a dramatic comment on hopelessness.

After all rites came the elemental music, the elegiac yet confident words, of Watts's hymn—

'O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come.'

We, the living, on the rim of a new year—a black crowd, minute under the great walls and roof of the Abbey—sang as we looked before us into the future; above us, just over the clustered, singing heads, stood larger figures, fewer, white with unsunned whiteness—the assembly of the sculptured dead, attesting in eloquent silence the unison of the Past with the prophetic Present, as they both turn to Him, 'the ineffable Name.' Last of all came the 'Dead March'—the muffled thunder of it like a far-off avalanche among the stony heights of the tower and transepts, with something in it of apotheosis, of divine reception to a soul in worlds away.

I paused, after passing the new tomb, near Shakespeare's monument. The finger of the royal dramatist points to the writing in his hand:—

'The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all that it inherits, shall dissolve,
And, like an insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind.'

On the opposite wall is another writing, held forth by corpulent Handel: 'I know that my Redeemer liveth.' The great poet, whose open grave was hard by, had learnt the Scripture displayed by each hand of stone. Yet it was not so much the transience as the inadequacy, the initial character of mortal life, that affected him; and the work of redemption was to him

'God's task to make the heavenly period
Perfect the earthen.'

MICHAEL FIELD.

OUR PLATES.

WE have been enabled to reproduce 'THE ITALIAN GIRL,' by Sir JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, Bart., by the kindness of JAMES DRUMACHIE, Esq., and the 'TIGER,' by BARVE, by the kindness of JAMES BELL, Esq.

NOTES ON EXHIBITIONS.

ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY.—The Sixty-fourth Exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy is rather a remarkable one, not only on account of a few notable works that it contains, but also because of the standard of average excellence being far higher than usual, a result which has been reached by the salutary process of a more rigorous exclusion than has been practised during recent years. Only about two-thirds of the number of works shown in the last Exhibition are included in the present, and the result attained illustrates the truth of the proverb—often especially true in art—that 'the part' may be greater than 'the whole.' The works that have been hung can be better seen than was formerly the case, the general appearance of the walls has been greatly improved, and the introduction of well-arranged drapery of helpful and decorative colours, as well as the arrangement of palms throughout the galleries, indicates a welcome intention on the part of the Scottish Academy of making their annual display more attractive than it has been in the past.

Several interesting and typical examples of London artists are included in the Exhibition, the most important of these—as introducing an able artist whose work has not hitherto been adequately represented in a Scottish Exhibition—being 'The Prodigal Son' of Mr. J. M. Swan, one of the very few thoroughly wise acquisitions that have been made by the trustees of the Chantrey Bequest, a picture alike accomplished in its technique and harmonious in its sentiment. Mr. Orchardson, a Scotsman whose work is seldom quite absent from the walls of this Academy, is represented by his 'Mariage de Convenance—After!' which evinces all the artist's mastery over the utmost intricacies of refined and exquisite colouring. Here, too, is this painter's finished study for 'Her First Dance,' a little subject of exquisite charm for the vivacity of its figures and the beauty of its tinting, and, technically, of curious interest to artists, as illustrating the art-methods of its distinguished painter. Sir John Millais is seen, by no means at his best, in the half-length figures that he has titled 'The Last Rose of Summer,' and by Mr. Pettie are several examples of portraiture, vigorous indeed in handling, but—like all his recent work—terribly forced in lighting, and unpleasantly pronounced in the yellow tones of their flesh, from which latter defect Mr. Tom Graham's clever cabinet half-length of Mr. Orchardson also suffers.

Among the work of local painters, Mr. G. Ogilvy Reid's 'Voltaire (*incognito*) at the Café de Procope' is the great success of the year, a picture of the utmost variety and vigour of handling, and especially remarkable for the force and point of its rendering of character by means of gesture and facial expression. Mr. Reid is a born painter of dramatic incident, and the present picture argues the very best things possible for his future artistic career. Mr. James Guthrie and Mr. E. A. Walton, two Glasgow painters, working upon French lines, who have recently been elected Associates of the Royal Scottish Academy, amply justify their selection for the honour by the work which they exhibit this year. The former contributes his exquisite picture of rustic children, 'Schoolmates,' painted so long ago as 1884, an exquisite and subtle arrangement in its gently varied tones of colour, and, in its faces, a most accomplished example of the successful painting of flesh under an effect of open-air lighting. Among the works sent by Mr. Walton is his 'Phyllis,' posed amid the sunshine of an orchard, a water-colour of uncommon importance and uncommon dexterity. The other figure-pictures include Mr. J. H. Lorimer's two interiors—the 'Lullaby,' depending for its effect upon simplicity, quietude, and concentration, and 'Pot-Pourri,' in which we have more of bustle and motion, and gay effective flashings of deli-

cate or potent crimsons in the wealth of roses that glow out from the white tones of the draperies of the figures and the panelling of the walls. Mr. Hugh Cameron sends only one subject-picture, his silvern and delicate rendering of 'Little Bait-Diggers' on the sea-shore; Mr. Austen Brown's rustic and fisher subjects show most satisfying truth of relation and fine command over varied tones of grey, his little picture of 'Gossips,' gathered at evening beside a harbour, being a particularly charming example of his art: while in animal painting we have refined and admirable work from Mr. Robert Alexander, and Mr. G. D. Armour also shows well in this department. Accomplished landscape work comes from Mr. W. D. McKay, Mr. Lawton Wingate, Mr. J. C. Noble, Mr. R. Noble, Mr. James Paterson, and many other of the Scottish painters.

In portraiture the Academy is, as usual, rich; and here, as on former years, the most prolific, and one of the most successful of the exhibitors is Mr. George Reid. His full-lengths of 'Sir Robert Menzies' and of 'John Mackenzie, Esq.,' and his three-quarter portrait of 'Professor Campbell Fraser,' rank with the finest and most important of his productions. In 'The Rev. James Morison, D.D.' Mr. Robert Gibb shows the most silvern flesh, the most delicately-painted head, that we have yet had from his brush, and Mr. W. M'Taggart's group of a mother and child, titled 'Moss Roses,' is as telling a piece of colour and as trenchant an example of handling as he has ever shown, while Mr. Hugh Cameron's 'Mrs. Love' attains really exquisite qualities of purity and delicacy.

Among the water-colours the vigorous work of Mr. Tom Scott and Mr. Arthur Melville may be mentioned. As usual, sculpture is but poorly represented in the Exhibition; and the colossal rendering of 'John Grigor, M.D., Nairn,' by Mr. John Hutchison, in which the sculptural difficulties of modern costume have by no means been overcome, and whose size renders it quite unfit for interior decoration, does much to spoil the entire effect of the room in which it is displayed.

THE GLASGOW INSTITUTE OF THE FINE ARTS.—The frigid classicism of the Scottish Academy which for a time paralysed art in the West as well as in the East of Scotland finds itself in the cold on the walls of the Western gallery this year. One well-known Academician is even alleged to have complained that each one of his pictures was carefully hung in a draft. Whether by design or otherwise, the tables have been turned upon the East in the matter of hanging. Last year, in the spring Exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy, the Western painters were thrust into any corner that happened to be vacant; and this year the Hanging Committee of the Glasgow Institute seem to have taken literally the maxim of Sir W. Fettes Douglas, and looked after their own men, leaving the outsiders to look after themselves. The real sufferers from this unjudicial temper—unfortunately too much the characteristic of hanging committees, academic and other—is the unsophisticated visitor, who is not up in, and is indeed not interested in, the storms in local artistic teacups. The walls are hung, not with any sense of the fitness of this or that grouping, but after a scheme due to some inscrutable series of personal reasons known to the initiated alone. It must be said at once that the Exhibition is an interesting one, and that mainly because it marks time in a movement of transition from prevalent faith in the flat insipidity and intellectual torpor of the old conventions, to acceptance of fresh renderings, which are, for the time at any rate, instinct with life, virility, and honest artistic striving. An exhibition held during the transition from one phase of art to another must

necessarily be a mixed one, but on that very account it is all the more instructive. On the same wall, and often side by side, one sees displayed the mawkish sentimentality of certain old popular favourites and the bold, if sometimes crude and ill-digested, essays of the newer men who are not yet *arrivés*. Yet it is with these last that the spectator must be most concerned. As an old *habitué* of exhibitions, he knows the others by heart. So far as they are involved, he might almost compile an *Art Zadkiel*, in which the pictures of the year should be foretold. From So-and-so, R.A., we should have 'Euripides as cupbearer at a Thargelian festival'; from another of the same we should have 'Echo seated, listening to Narcissus'; from one R.S.A. we should have 'Highland Burn with a Mountain'; from an A.R.S.A. 'Highland Cattle, with a Burn'; and from others, including A.R.S.A.'s variously, 'Queen Mary at a Picnic'; 'The Charge of the Black Watch at the Battle of Armageddon,' *et id genus omne*.

When one has made all due discount for the circumstance that the methods of the younger Scottish painters are experimental, there is enough, even in the existing results of their experiments, to justify respectful attention from a public rather too prone to despise whatever lacks the imprimatur of official or recognised authority. It is quite true that the pictures of the young Scottish School, if so heterogeneous a collection of men of widely varied training merits the name of School, do not display the ease of the works of the masters in the same line. To demand this would be to demand too much. But the fact that the younger men have set themselves to paint, not such pictures as a public necessarily uninstructed in art demand, but such pictures as they believe to be the best artistic products they can at the time produce, is a fact too noticeable to pass without recognition by those who would attempt in any degree to aid in the propagation of the spirit of art. And if we go over the pictures now being exhibited at Glasgow with this in our minds, we shall find very ample proof that many of the younger men are showing promise of great things to come in the palpable evidence that their work affords of their having set themselves to paint, not the simple and obvious, but the essential and difficult. It is from young men alone that such things can be expected, for fossilisation sets in at an early age nowadays, and an artist who has been painting for twenty years can hardly be trusted to do anything else, or anything better than he has been doing for the latter ten of these.

It is then necessary to take note of those pictures which exhibit freshness of method, or are noteworthy as manifesting any individual or general advance, though sometimes we meet disappointment where we expect to find progress. Specially there is the huge canvas of a gentleman on horseback, by Mr. James Guthrie, A.R.S.A. That this is a step in advance of existing conventional portraits is undoubted; that it is disappointing is undoubted also. It may be excellent as a portrait; as a picture, in spite of clever manipulation in the colour scheme, it is ungainly and awkward: there is not a gracious line in it. The swish of the horse's tail is an obvious and trivial expedient to give life and movement, but it scarcely succeeds in doing so. The room in which this portrait is hung might be called, with some justice, an Impressionist room, and therefore might be held to indicate that at last the Glasgow Committee have recognised the existence of a movement that, rightly or wrongly, is having widespread influence. There is first the 'Nymph' of William Stott of Oldham, which gives an air of refinement and dignity to the whole place. There are some pictures from the recent London Impressionist exhibition, and there also is a charming Salon landscape by James Paterson, which, idyllic as it is, pales its ineffectual fires before the gorgeous colour and vivid strength of its near neighbour the 'Galloway Landscape,' by George Henry. This picture just misses being a great one. The next from the same brush may be, for here is evidence enough and to spare of the existence of the qualities which go to make great work. Note the glow, not hot and staring, but subdued and yet ample, of the rich fat Galloway fields, the cattle not thrown hither and thither, but essential bits of colour in the right places, and the trees not detailed as they are not as seen from a distance in nature, but masses of colour as they

are. The 'Landscape' is a picture that one could rejoice in from day to day, were it only for the wealth of colour impression that it gives, and for its absolute self-explanatoriness—it is a bit of the open air in a fertile country, with cattle browsing. It may be said that it is a long way after Monticelli, or a long way after some of the work of Matthew Maris. Very likely: what then? But it is different from any of these, partly in degree of excellence, partly also in method, motive, and style. The 'Galloway Landscape' is as distinct and evident a bit of Scotland as Millet's fields are bits of Normandy. In looking at this picture one is reminded of what Decamps said to Millet while the latter showed him some of his work, 'I like to see painting, young, vigorous, and healthy,' and young, vigorous, and healthy this 'Galloway Landscape' certainly is. In this room also there is 'Ariadne,' by J. Lavery, appealing to, but not satisfying, the imagination, and 'When the Day's Labour is O'er,' a subdued landscape and figures, by Mr. Austen Brown.

We make no pretence of going over the exhibition, catalogue in hand, and jotting down impressions, necessarily rapid and, in the absence of an accepted standard, open to qualifications of all sorts. But perhaps the most noteworthy pictures besides those already mentioned are:—Portrait (No. 617), by E. A. Walton, A.R.S.A., a serious study of a young girl in brown, delightfully simple and beautiful, and done with consummate executive skill. This portrait was exhibited last year at the New English Art Club. Portraits of two sisters (No. 531), by R. C. Crawford. These portraits are full of delicate manipulation. There is an air of distinction and ease of manner which places them vastly above other female portraits in the same exhibition by artists of greater reputation. Davidson Knowles, A. K. Brown, T. Millie Dow, and T. Corsan Morton, exhibit pictures showing striking originality or advance over previous work.

The loan pictures at Glasgow may be dismissed in a word: there are several Matthew Maris, two G. F. Watts, one Monticelli, one Troyon, and one Wilkie.

Many of the pictures exhibited have been noticed and even illustrated by us on previous occasions. Among these are—Portrait, by E. A. Walton (No. 617), illustrated *Scottish Art Review*, vol. i. p. 353; 'A Nymph,' by William Stott of Oldham (No. 685), illustrated *Scottish Art Review*, vol. i. p. 317; 'Pretty Rosie Pettigrew,' by P. Wilson Steer (No. 672), illustrated *Art Review*, vol. i. p. 49; 'The Barge,' by Theodore Roussel (No. 676), illustrated *Art Review*, vol. i. p. 50.

The Sculpture shown is neither very striking in quality nor quantity. The statuettes of Burns by W. B. Rhind and by J. P. MacGillivray, are both creditable pieces of work.

MR. BEARNE'S EXHIBITION.—The old-world charm that hangs like an atmosphere over the cathedral towns and quaint and beautiful cities of Germany and Italy is rendered in a series of drawings by Mr. E. H. Bearne, now exhibited at Mr. McLean's gallery. The dominant quality of Mr. Bearne's work is its tone, the pleasant mellowness of which distinguishes more or less every picture. A certain breadth of effect, united to a fine rendering of detail, also characterises those drawings. 'The Executioner's Tower,' Nuremberg (11), lifting its massive silhouette against a sunset sky; 'The Nassau House' (16); the market-place of the same enchanting town (18), with its richly sculptured fountain 'standing in the common mart,' are good examples of Mr. Bearne's animated treatment of light and shade playing over gabled roofs, steeples, and sculptured walls and doorways. One of the cleverest drawings in the room is 'The Rialto' (32), a sunshiny scene, full of gaiety of colour. 'Rome' (51) is another noteworthy drawing, harmonious in the scheme of golden light and dusky shadows. 'On the Old Bridge, Prague' (38), is a representation of fresh and limpid light falling over old river-side houses. Mr. Bearne seldom fails to convey the delicacy and sweetness of the light-laden atmosphere of these happy climes, or to suggest the fascination of nooks made beautiful by the hand of man. It is a pity to have to find fault where so much is admirable, but we cannot help sighing over the triviality and conventionality of this clever artist's figures.

REVIEWS.

The Law of Artistic Copyright, including Copyright in Paintings, Drawings, etc. By REGINALD WINSLOW, M.A., LL.B. London: William Clowes and Sons, Limited, 1889.

THIS is a most useful and careful compendium of the law of copyright as regards drawings and paintings. The book ought to be in the hands of every fine-art publisher, and, indeed, also in the hands of every artist. The law as to fine-art productions is contained in so many statutes, and is so complicated, that a concise statement of it was much needed. Alike in statement of law and in citation of cases the work is admirably done.

Idrasil: A Magazine of Literature, Art, and Social Philosophy, and Journal of the Ruskin Reading Guild. Orpington and London: George Allen.

The Ruskin Reading Journal has, with the new year, changed its name and style. The new name is good enough to have been invented by Mr. Ruskin, who is a master in the art of finding whimsical titles. 'The Ash Tree of Existence,' with 'its roots deep down in the Kingdom of Hela or Death,' is an appropriate name for a periodical whose aim is to look at literature, science, and art 'for the sake of the humanity that these illustrate.' The articles in the first number are varied and interesting. 'The Genesis of Modern Painters,' by Mr. Collingwood; 'Professor Huxley and the Land Question,' by Mr. Henry Rose; 'Home' is a vigorous satirical sonnet, by Robert Kemp. The second number also contains much readable matter. In *format* the new magazine is similar to *Fors*. Mr. Allen announces, by the way, that he has opened a branch establishment in London. The big city has after all drawn him into the net. Discounts, advertisements, and now a house off Fleet Street. Who is left to hold aloft the banner of the ideal?

History of the Great Civil War, 1642-1649. By SAMUEL R. GARDINER. Vol. II. 1644-1647. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1889.

Of the great work which Mr. Gardiner has set himself there is no part more full of fruitful and decisive incident than that contained in his last volume, which covers the years from 1644 to 1647. In these years we discover the last of the three conspicuous crises by which the course of the great constitutional struggle is conveniently distinguished. As the dissolution of Charles's third Parliament in 1629 marks the first open effort at systematic absolutism, and as the opening years of the Long Parliament, with their crowded story of impeachment and remonstrance, show the late reaction which that provoked, so in the time from Marston Moor to the King's surrender at Newcastle there are to be found the germ of the Commonwealth and the Protectorate and the final overthrow of the Royal cause. To see the importance of this interval we have but to remember that it embraces the battle of Naseby and the introduction and perfecting of the New Model. It is in it that Cromwell comes definitely to the front, as conquering captain first, and soon as sagacious controller of the Parliament and of the State. Then too the last hopes of the Royalists were raised and ruined by the meteoric flight and fall of Montrose. And then by the retreat of the Scotch army and the much-debated tradition of the King, the national destinies were transferred from Presbyterians to Independents, from the school of Prynne to that of Hugh Peters, from the Westminster Assembly of Divines to the armed ranks of 'Separatists, Antinomians, and Anabaptists,' whose pikes and muskets were to make of England an ineffectual and evanescent Kingdom of the Saints.

Mr. Gardiner's unpretentious, but none the less effective, historic art is seen in this volume's opening chapter, which bears the significant title of 'Prynne, Milton, and Cromwell.' For in these foremost figures we find embodied the two great currents of the time, whose drift had already become that of mutual opposition. Prynne is almost an ideal type of the narrowness and the *odium theologicum* by which the Presbyterians were characterised; yet after all it is well to keep in mind that the chief motive of their action was not ecclesiastic. To them, as Mr.

Gardiner points out, church-government by presbyters was chiefly an ecclesiastical form of Parliamentarism, 'in which the Assembly was to work under the control of the Houses, and the parochial clergy were to work under the control of the lay elders.' And the lasting fruit of their work has been to make both King and Church responsible to Parliament, a responsibility which in its efficient germ can be traced even from the apparent reaction of the Restoration. For this in after-times they have scarcely got credit. They were the unsuccessful party, the English Gironde, in a sense, and the more masterful hand of their opponents has snatched from them not only the present triumph, but also the future praise. To be sure, a party which numbered in its ranks two figures of the surpassing magnitude of Cromwell and Milton could hardly fail to draw the partial eyes of after-time. It is in this volume that these two great champions of Puritanism assume their historic place—Cromwell by his organisation of the New Model army, and Milton by his *Tractate on Divorce* and by the *Areopagitica* which followed it. On Milton's view of the position and rights of women Mr. Gardiner makes a severe but fully merited criticism. 'The root of his error, like the root of the error of Hildebrand, lay in the complacency with which he regarded the existing low standard of female education.' Milton, indeed, was in this regard a victim to the Hebraism which is generally assumed as making his chief dignity and excellence. He vanquished it so far as to rise above the current conception of a theocracy, but in his ideals of what we may call an androcracy it bore fatal fruit. There is no denying that his relations with women and his opinion of them form a serious blot on Milton's reputation, and one might say that by the *Tetrachordon* the abasement of Mary Powell has been most amply avenged. Of the other Puritan hero, Mr. Gardiner's estimate is that he was a kind of heaven-born opportunist, a man who, often halting and irresolute before the distant problem, rose up in infallible decision whenever a difficulty came within reach of his hand. Cromwell, in brief, was the practical man, while Milton was the idealist; 'the need of the moment was all in all to him, and what that need was he saw with unrivalled accuracy of vision.'

The central pivot of this volume is of course to be found in the battle of Naseby and the Scotch campaigns of Montrose. The former, which was the firstfruits of the New Model reorganisation, may be taken as the Jemappes of the Civil War, just as the Self-denying Ordinance was its bloodless 10th of August. To turn the wavering fortunes of the contest, a military *régime* was demanded, and in Cromwell and his lieutenants the need of the moment was met. One may regret the ruin of strict constitutionalism which this involved, but after all there is no getting over the proved incompetence of Parliaments in a military crisis. Mr. Gardiner's account of the battle of Naseby has all the vivid minuteness which the importance of that conflict so fully deserves. Detailed, too, and picturesque is his narrative of the wars of Montrose, so that one is prompted to recall the saying of Burton that 'no military career has ever had a literary commemoration so disproportioned to its length and fruitfulness.' Of the generalship of Montrose Mr. Gardiner expresses the highest admiration, ranking him indeed with the most consummate captains of his time. Perhaps, however, a less glowing eulogium would have been more appropriate. It is easy to overrate the merits of a dashing leader of guerillas like the victor of Auldearn and Kilsyth, a leader, too, who was vanquished so soon as he came in conflict with a trained general and with regular troops. Montrose's campaigns, after all, are but the first example of that use of mountain troops which was afterwards made by Dundee and by Prince Charles Edward with a brief though dazzling success. As a side episode in the history of warfare this use is not without its interest, yet success in it is unquestionably due more to a kind of political tact and knowledge of wild human nature than to any high proficiency in the military art.

Not the least interesting part of the present volume is its unravelling of the tangled web of the King's foreign intrigues. The missions of that bizarre nobleman, the Earl of Glamorgan, and the

efforts to stir up a league of help by the foreign and Catholic Powers, show what dangers encompassed the army and party of the Parliament, and form one of the best excuses for the captivity and death of the King. When it is asked why the Puritans could not banish Charles, the answer is that in exile he was to be feared and distrusted perhaps most of all. 'Stone dead hath no fellow'—this was not simply an utterance of the age's rude sentiments, but likewise a blunt expression of its needs. The defence which Mr. Gardiner makes for the surrender of Charles by the Scots will stand also for the imprisonment in Carisbrooke and for the scaffold at Whitehall. And when it is answered that the death of Charles brought about the Restoration, the rejoinder is that a restoration of the monarchy would sooner or later infallibly have come. If England is not ripe for a republic to-day, how much less was it ready for one two centuries ago, and that, too, complicated with a Kingdom of the Saints!

On the whole this volume will amply sustain the high reputation as an historian which Mr. Gardiner has already achieved. After him, one does not see what there is for another reaper, and even the reward of the gleaner must be very small. The laborious research, the lucidity of narrative, and soundness of judgment which characterise this work must make it to all intents the final record of the era which it covers. Mr. Gardiner has fully deserved that the epithet which is applied to Hooker should be transferred to him as a labourer in a far more fruitful field. His works are models of judiciousness, and to praise higher than this no historian need hope to attain.

R. AITKEN.

The Career of a Nihilist. By STEPNIAK, author of *Underground Russia*, etc. London: Walter Scott.

Russia has at last gained the ear of Europe. Long centuries of ignorance as to her condition, her national qualities and her aims, have brought forth their natural fruit of prejudice and fear. But the barriers erected by these prejudices and fears have been breaking down fast, from various causes into which we cannot enter here, and the fuller knowledge which has been gradually sifting into the public mind of Russia's imperial and internal policy, and of the complete and growing divorce of the State from the aspirations of the forward and active minds of the nation, has prepared the way for an appeal direct from Russian reformers to English sympathisers. Ten years ago who would have read, or reading would have understood, the marvellous work which lies before us? To-day Stepniak speaks to willing ears. Tourgueniev we know, Dostoevsky, Tolstoi—all giants. But Tourgueniev we know for the most part only in French. France must have the credit of having been the first to listen to Russia, but even in the French Tourgueniev made so profound an impression on the English readers who could reach him thus, that later students and translators of this great Russian literature brought Dostoevsky and Tolstoi straight to our doors, and we have learned to know them with but one instead of two veils between us and them. Now, a member of the same noble brotherhood of artists and patriots appeals to us direct, in our own tongue, in the tongue which he has made his own, the tongue of that land where he has found an asylum, and a fresh *point d'appui*, for assaults on that system which has strangled liberty in his native land. Stepniak's mastery of English is very remarkable. The style is simple, direct, and forcible. So firm sometimes as to be perhaps a little rigid, but so precise and accurate in the selection of word and management of phrase as to allow the reader only now and again to remember that it is not an Englishman who is conveying him through 'Underground Russia.' It is a sad, strange world to which we are introduced, a world in which utter self-abnegation is the rule of life, where the martyr's crown hangs close above every head, and where torture and death inevitably claim the best, the fairest, the brightest. It is only the noblest spirits who are trusted to carry the banner, and that banner has been soaked in their blood generation after generation. No repressive device whatsoever of the Government has yet availed to stop the tide of claimants for these posts of honour, so that even those who hate and dread Nihilism must be bound to confess that its disciples are moved by a very

passion for martyrdom, a passion which has its roots in no evanescent, hysterical feeling, but is based on a living hatred of the irresponsible autocracy of the Czar, and a burning anxiety to break it down at all costs.

In *The Career of a Nihilist* Stepniak contents himself with drawing a picture of these would-be saviours of society and the State. He does not refer even remotely to the condition of things which has brought these revolutionists into existence, nor does he try to expound their aims or hopes. He believes—and with justice, we trust—that when once a people which has won its own freedom realises the deep disorder which is eating like a canker into the heart of Russia, and realises too the purity of motive of the body of men and women who are the mainsprings of the disorder, that it will create a body—a whirlwind—of public opinion throughout Europe which will bear these revolutionists to victory. Whether that victory will come from their success and predominance, or from the self-reformation of the Government, who will care? Condemn the methods of these revolutionists if you will, but at any rate learn and understand the spirit in which they feel driven to use them.

The story opens among the exiled Nihilists in Geneva. One of them, Andrey, has received a special summons back to Russia. What the service is which is expected of him he has no idea, but his obedience for all that is unhesitating. He is a fine, strong, ordinary piece of humanity, with nothing of the visionary about him. But directly he lands in St. Petersburg, through frontier and passport difficulties which are described with great graphic power, he becomes immersed up to his neck in all the business of the inner circle. The leaders feel his power and future possibilities. There is nothing finer in the book than the spiritual drama of the union of Andrey and Tania. Tania is the daughter of a wealthy and influential professional man, who lives on the fringe of the revolutionary circle. Her fine, fragrant nature makes her peculiarly susceptible to the highly-charged magnetic atmosphere which surrounds her. Step by step she becomes more and more absorbed by it, until the great moment of her final conversion arrives, and she gives herself heart and soul to work for which she has special affinities and fitness. Andrey and Tania are widely different in texture, but they act and re-act upon each other in the most subtle and natural way until Tania has added Andrey's strength to her idealism, and Andrey has refined his coarser powers by drinking in the spirit of Tania's exquisite delicacy and purity of spirit. It is a perfect marriage, and its very perfection makes it possible for these two human souls, purged of every trace of gross, earthly passion, to cast it as an offering into the sacred cause they have sworn to serve with their best. Boris and Zina are another couple whose well-mated union has made it possible for them to render tenfold service, but Boris is scarcely a figure in the story. He is only seen for one moment, as he goes in the executioner's cart to the gallows, looking 'angry and defiant,—a valiant champion, overcome by numbers, chained, but unsubdued to the last.' Zina is by his side, having failed in her many gallant, well-devised attempts at rescuing him from the Dubravnik prison. She is by no means a shadowy personage. Her singular calm steadfastness and lofty elevation of character foreshadow what Tania will have become when her lovely nature has been annealed in the furnace of suffering which lies ahead of her. Of the minor characters it is bootless to speak. Each shares in due measure the full tide of life and passion which throbs through this fascinating but melancholy story. Every incident has its own point and value, and is not only vital to the drama and artistically successful in throwing into greater relief the figures of the chief personages, but serves to enlarge the stage upon which they are set. While it is quite true that the life of Nihilism has been strongly specialised, it is also true that the broader, more generic features of Russian life are introduced with great skill, and that myriad side-lights are thrown with strong illuminating power upon the Nihilistic movement. While Stepniak holds our hand we are in Russia itself, breathing Russian air, and comprehending by instinct, as it were, those finer shades of thought and habit which elude mere words.

S. A. BYLES.

TO A ROPE-DANCER.

YOUR father beats the drum before the show,
 Your brother grinds the music out ;
 The little ones stand shivering ; with a shout
 The clown comes leaping from below.

And now you dance ; you toss your head, to shake
 The blond curls backward from your eyes ;
 Hither and thither blown, they fall and rise
 With every dancing step you take.

How gravely, child, you lift your skirts, and place
 The small feet clasped in white-laced boots !
 Only, at times, a little glimmer shoots
 Across your little serious face.

A child's and yet a woman's smile, half-checked ;
 For you have seen the other side
 Of laughter, dancing when your mother died,
 In that same robe and ribbons decked.

You look before you, caring not at all
 For staring faces always new ;
 They come and go, and what are they to you ? . . .
 Still in the same rhythmic rise and fall !

But now the tent is filling, now we wait ;
 And now the rope is quivering,
 And rhythmically still, you step and spring,
 Now here, now there, alive, elate.

This is your own domain, a mimic queen's,
 Centre of every breathless gaze :
 Those beating hearts, you know, are more than praise,
 You know the silence, what it means.

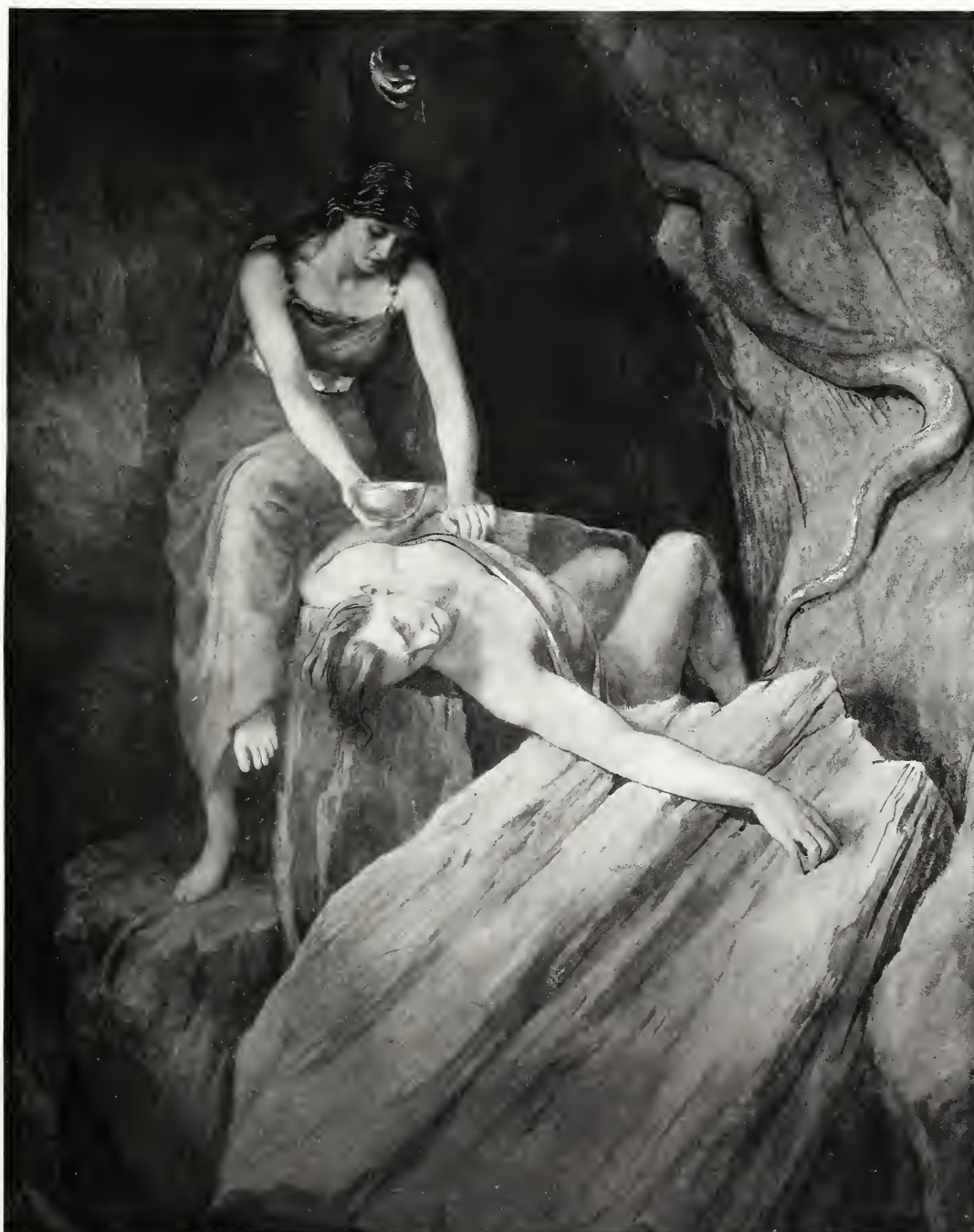
And gravely still you tread, and graver now,
 The perilous rope that bounds and leaps,
 Tamed by the little foot that flies or creeps
 As a bird flits from bough to bough.

And cold your eyes are still. Nellie, I know
 Grand ladies whom your touch would soil,
 Who, though they spin not, neither do they toil,
 Do not like lilies grow.

Like you they pose in such another fair,
 Like you, they tread a shifting rope ;
 But, unlike you, they dance in greedy hope
 Of taking hearts and purses there.

ARTHUR SYMONS.





Painted by J. D. Batten.

Photogravure by T. & R. Arman & Sons, Glasgow.



JULIET: AND HER ROMEO

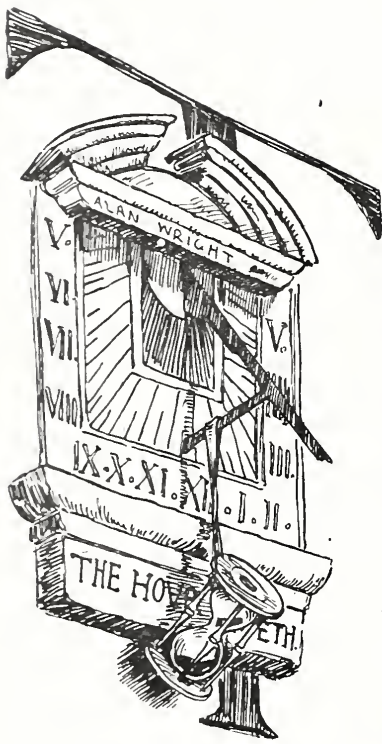
TAKE 'this of Juliet and her Romeo,'
 Dear Heart of mine ; for though yon budding sky
 Yearns o'er Verona, and so long ago
 That kiss was kissed, yet surely thou and I,
 Surely it is, whom morning tears apart,
 As ruthless men tear tendrilled ivy down ;
 Is not Verona warm within thy gown
 And Mantua all the world save where thou art ?

O happy grace of lovers of old time,
 Living to love like gods, and dead to live
 Symbols and saints for us who follow them !
 Even bitter Death must sweets to lovers give.
 See how they wear their tears for diadem,
 Throned on the star of an unshaken rhyme !

RICHARD DE GALLIENNE.



RECENT DEVELOPMENT IN GERMAN ART.



HE tendency of thought to be rapidly delocalised—to become cosmopolitan—is one of the features of our time. A new idea slips anchor and goes abroad, seeking affinities, or creating them wherever men or groups of men are susceptible in a given direction, touching the world here and there, and leaving its marks in many places. The world has grown very much more compact since the old days when schools of Art could be expressed geographically with absolute definiteness, and since the ways of thought belonging to different localities were distinctly and unmistakably at variance. Formerly it was an easy matter to distinguish the outer expressions manifesting themselves in Art and Literature; but now he would be an audacious man who would put his finger on any mode of expression and declare it to belong indisputably and wholly to a certain place. Intricate complications have worked together to produce all that we now mentally have and enjoy, and if things have lost some of their original local peculiarities, they have gained so many broadly human qualities that we need not complain. It may be a passing comfort, however, to lovers of local and personal characteristics, that however intensely the world of culture may respond to the impetus of a new style, it responds ever in perfect accord to the national, local, and personal differences which *do* still exist. The gift that a genius or a school gives to Art does not remain quite the same as it passes from hand to hand; each nation that receives it, that finds therein some bit of truth, the expression of which it has vainly sought, adds to it or takes from it, re-creates it to meet its own artistic ends, to become the more perfect symbol of its artistic thought. At first the new method is the expression of some one man's thought, and it is copied ignorantly by other men for its effectiveness; later on it expands and resolves itself into a new *language*, and in the hands of many men it becomes the expression of *many* thoughts.

If a person were to visit this year's Art Exhibition at Munich for the purpose of informing himself as to the special characteristics of Munich art and their development during the last year or two, he would certainly come out with ideas more chaotic than those he went in with. On the one hand Munich has its Piloty School, with petrified opinions clinging about a great name, in illustration once more of the fact that 'the new man always hates the newest, and the seceder from the seceder is as damnable as the Pope

himself'; on the other hand, it is in the closest of sympathy with Paris. Moreover, the most strikingly original pictures painted by Gabriel Max, Uhde, Böcklin, appear at first sight to have so few points in common that it seems difficult to formulate any general principle from whence they proceed. If, looking closer, one discovers a goodly list of names, certain of whose traits show a clearly defined line of tendency, a staunchly German development from the Sincérité, we are at the same time confronted by the fact that the younger men show as definitely and in far greater numbers a line of reaction, ostentatiously dissenting from all that has run counter to academic tradition. Then, too, supposing you decide contrary to the opinion of the crowd to let honest originality and force outweigh number, and to make the followers of simplicity and self-renouncing naturalism representative of the best side of Munich Art, then, lo and behold! you make the discovery that some of the pictures you had chosen as the fittest expression of *Munich* art were painted in Berlin or Vienna studios.

Berlin is grown very ambitious in matters 'culturelles.' All good Berliners are aroused to indignant jealousy at the prestige of the old-fashioned capital of Bavaria as 'Kunststadt.' Berlin would be father and mother, ruler, king, priest, and, above all, patron of art and general culture to the nation, and it is high treason there to speak of 'Munich Art' instead of generalising and considerably putting 'German Art.' Of course Munich exhibits at Berlin, and Berlin at Munich, and the one has its names of note as well as the other, but Munich seems to be the German Mecca, where young painters aggregate, glad to be surrounded by the air of art-tradition, and to leave behind them for a while the inevitable limitations in taste of the mere fashionable man of the world, the man of over-hurried universality. At the same time, Berlin represents so many circles that it is easier for a man of *any* persuasion to find a hearing there.

Perhaps after all, if we look closer into the meaning of what the exhibitions of the last two or three years show us, we shall begin to suspect that the shrinking in number of the paintings broadly classified under the progressive school is not as discouraging a sign as its adversaries would make out. It shows merely that the time of the imitator is practically over, that they who eagerly follow the style that is 'all the rage' have dispersed into other camps. What is left to-day is indeed the saving remnant, the undaunted few who are living up to their artistic convictions. The conditions of the new school seemed so temptingly easy of fulfilment to the host of the unsuccessful second best, it was but natural that a crowd should swell the ranks of those who preached emancipation from the schools. Art adventurers henceforth forswore aca-

demic aims, and crept contentedly under the wings of a party that argued the supremacy of individual conception and individual expression. Now that these lesser lights have done their best to injure the cause, they are gradually disappearing. What remains is, perhaps, painted with more or less talent, more or less cleverness, more or less crudeness, but with unmistakable signs of something better, with forcible integrity of artistic purpose. These paintings are mostly so undemonstrative, so little given to story-telling properties in the old sense, that it is not altogether to be wondered at that they are looked upon by many with disfavour as the outcome of modern German pessimism :—

‘ Die Welt ist todt. Das schweigende Entsetzen
Sitzt auf den Trümmern und gebiert das Nichts.’

But it is not after all the world that is dead, it is the old ideals that are no more, and it is these very men of the new school who are patiently and diligently groping their way to new treasures. And there is this of sympathy between works that seem to have nothing in common but canvas and pigment, they all show the overwhelming belief in the intrinsic beauty and wonderfully delicate grace of things as they are, or rather as they appear in the transfiguring light of human observation, unbiassed by conventional canons of classic beauty.

Of course no man could, if he tried, portray Nature objectively as she is outside of human perception, and it is not the *human* element that is to be eliminated but the artificial. Indeed it seems to me that unconsciously, perhaps, these men are laying special stress upon the human element.

The love of ugliness ascribed to naturalists by their opponents has often been derided; but it is not that the representation of ugliness pure and unadulterated should be made the end and aim of his efforts that he yields himself up heart and soul to the faithful and patient study of things trivial and apparently uninteresting. It is rather that, indignant at the callousness and blindness of those who will not see, he leads them away from the pomp and the foot-lights and stage-effects of life; he shows them the quiet places and sombre colours and humdrum, un-effective surroundings of everyday existence, and over it all and through it all he throws *light* and *air*, if perchance thereby he may convince these unbelievers of the permeating and wondrous beauty that lies at the heart of things, that floods and throbs with grand impartiality over the humblest of Nature's lineaments, that is so vast, so simple, so sacred that it puts to shame all the special manifestations of line and form and colour which were hitherto considered alone eligible for artistic reproduction. *Plein air, pleine lumière, Hellmalerei, Freiluftmalerei*, have been the shibboleth of the forerunners on the new lines. So thoroughly were they convinced that the method of Nature was the one thing needful, that they would

away with theatrical composition, and above all with the *artificially arranged* light of the studio.

This new school is not so very new then after all. The spirit that holds it together in spite of all minor differences it has in common with many a painting radical of old. Revolt against the tyranny of tradition has possessed many bold minds, and the honest desire to return to a state of unbiassed purity, to be able to see naively and feel simply, and to give expression unreservedly to *my* truth, and not to my father's but dimly understood truth—this has been felt and fostered by the *élite* at all times. It is well for the man who lives when the tide is coming in. He can be true to his best insight, and true to the drift of his age at the same time. Choice is more difficult, but the achievement greater for him who appears upon the scene when the present form of development is at its ebb, and helps to create a new epoch.

Looking back upon the list of revolvers, it is not difficult to come upon some of the early pioneers of this wave that we now see rising. Burly old Rembrandt, immortal of name, put his foot down like a man, and would have nothing to do with the meek-faced ideals of his predecessors. They were not for him. He must walk by the light that was in him, though it lead him to choose things of the earth earthy, offensively gross to the superfine taste of to-day. He would swear to it that these things were *true*; they were part of his innermost self; they were the world as it passed through his eye and his mind and his hand. Other things he could not vouch for; he had not seen them, they had not gone into him and become a part of him; but *these* were true. He painted out of the full experience of the man. If he were here now he would be the first to grasp the modern naturalist by the hand, and bid him Godspeed on his way.

Then there was Dürer, who etched and put his soul into it, and could not for the life of him have idealised. It would have seemed like sacrilege, like blackest sin, to draw things other than he saw them.

And then there comes another time. At dear little idyllic Barbizon it dawns, and Millet is its apostle; and once more the grammar of painting is forgotten, the wisdom of academies dwindles and looks small, and the peasant-painter shows us *his* truth.

It was there that one of our modern German exhibitors, Liebermann, was imbued with the spirit. When he returned to his German home, it grew and developed and was nationalised, and he is now as true an exponent of the tendency of contemporary German art as any one man can be. The Academics call him prosy. He horrified them from the first because he was so ‘vulgar’ in the choice of subjects! He painted old women doing this and old women doing that, and then a quantity of very promiscuous orphans, and he was never ambitious enough to go far beyond such humdrum matters. Besides, they say, his orphan children have not sufficient variety of expression, there is not a

jocose one here and a dreamy one there; they are all characterised by a dull monotony of mien, which is not as it should be on canvas, however little these poor waifs in life may be addicted to the display of vivacity and character. Worst of all, his models are all unwashed, and he takes a certain amount of savage relish in having them so. But there is not a man of them all, who has eyes to see, who would dare to say that the way Liebermann paints light—clear, wondrous, glimmering light—is anything short of a revelation.

Before all this talk about new art-aims Adolf Menzel had his day of unbounded success and well-deserved triumph. He is a giant who stands alone. And though in those days when he first became famous there were many silenced in their opposition and brought prostrate to his feet by his genius, he was too powerful in his originality to have many imitators and so create a school. He was also too little a rider of hobbies and too universal in his artistic interests. But his influence is preparing the ground for new ventures. Looking in upon his picture representing the interior of ironworks—a number of half-naked Cyclops working in the lurid glare of the fires—at the National Gallery at Berlin, one cannot but feel that this realist is all of a piece with these young moderns who have cliqued together and given a name to their tendencies and aspirations.

It is the healthiest thing we have had in Art for a long time. The Impressionists groped for it, and they who first essayed the 'Stimmungsbild' vaguely felt the need of something fresher and more impulsive than the diligent studio-work that was taking the place of everything else. It was nothing remarkably brilliant or astonishingly novel that the Sincérité formulated with truer insight. It was the most natural thing, quite the inevitable thing, one would think, to say that what the young, aspiring, earnest painter needs is to creep closer into the secret of Nature, to allow himself no longer to be hampered by conditions that are alien to his innermost self, to yield himself up without reserve to the close and intimate—most intensely intimate—study of Nature, not in holiday attire, but in the homespun garb in which she speaks to him and touches his life day by day.

The truth so plain, so self-evident, that lies at the bottom of this modern movement is in nowise responsible for the extravagant iconoclasm of some of its over-ardent followers. It does not necessarily condemn the artistic creed of the past. On the contrary, the more enlightened of modern 'naturalists' are ready and glad to admit the grandeur of artistic achievement in past ages. What they do hold is, that we are pigmies *because* we are mere imitators of modes of thought and feelings which are strangers to our modern life and civilisation. On their own ground we cannot cope with them, because they were true to the life within them and about them. This last decade of the nineteenth century is characteristically different. No man of us can think their thoughts over again. It

is better then to forsake old formulas and beliefs, to start out afresh and seek for new symbols with which perchance we may create an adequate expression of *our* time.

The most thoroughly *German* in conception and spirit of this new school is perhaps Fritz von Uhde. His naturalism is very non-committal, very faithful to dirt and grime and unattractive poverty,—at the same time very tender and dignified. A lover also of *plein-air*, he puts big windows in his pictures, and his figures swim in an aureole of mystic, whitish light. He is known as the apostle of the poor and needy, the painter of the scum of society, the most pitiful types of humanity, and this strikes many Germans as the more surprisingly incongruous because he was for many years a very aristocratic cavalry officer, and breathed the German military spirit which has little sympathy with rags and squalor. His great peculiarity lies in his conception of New Testament scenes, which he paints, oddly enough, without ever for a moment becoming historical or didactic. He has also peculiarities of technique, which his opponents think obtrusively eccentric. But they are all based upon very exact observation, and only tend to show that he chooses to see with his own eyes and not with other people's. His Bible-scenes express religion as it is developing to-day out of the faint outline of history and tradition, in harmony with the sentiment of the simple and illiterate. He has shown us the dwellers in lanes and alleys, their joys and griefs, their daily lives; now he shows us their spirituality, their Sabbath mood. It is all very naïve, and at the same time vaguely mystic. Though very German, it is hardly representative of the class that is in the habit of visiting picture-galleries.

One of his pictures represents a working-man's family gathered about a rude table for a meal. One of the children has just said grace: 'Komm, Herr Jesus, sei unser Gast,' and a meek, halo-encircled Christ walks into the room to sup with them and to bless them. The answer is as simple and natural as was the petition, and none of the persons concerned seem surprised. They are awed and very reverential, but not thrown out of their equilibrium by any means. If there is this of true portraiture of the lower classes in their ideal moments, there is also a bit of suggestive symbolism for all. This faintly designed ethereal Christ stands for an idea independent of the century or the locality, and to which each is at liberty to give his own interpretation. The conservatives would not have been so hard upon Von Uhde perhaps, for all his audacious radicalism in technique, if he had but yielded to convention a tiny bit in the treatment of his theme, but in this matter he has offended the two extremes of opinion. There are those who are impatient with him for choosing subjects altogether out of keeping with the rationalistic tendencies of modern life; and others who approve of the subject, but think it peculiarly impious wilfully to surround it with glar-

ing anachronisms, removing it thus insidiously but irrevocably out of the sphere of historical representation.

When Von Uhde first came to Munich, they would not have him at the Piloty School, and one or two private studios refused him admission. It was then that Munkacsy, who appreciated and respected his individuality, took him under his wing, and they were together at Paris for some time. But Von Uhde never became a follower of his teacher. He dug out a path for himself, and showed that he was well able so to do. The new German school looks to him now as its leader, and, if not its greatest potentiality, certainly its extreme representative. Better than this is the fact that it is not only his theoretical adherents who stand by him, but there is something in his pictures which is gradually winning ground in wider circles, and appeals even to those most unwilling to yield to his persuasion. Though he is abundantly criticised and upbraided, when his gainsayers have said their worst they are sure to end with something of a far milder intonation, that has the effect of a relieved 'for all that, and all that.'

A superficial glance at a collection of very modern paintings would show their first striking characteristic to be an astonishing indifference to colour. Loving with unprecedented devotion the bright clear light of day as these painters do, they delight in dazzling one with a glare of unmitigated whiteness, which in many degenerates into a weary tedium of neutral tint. The walls of a gallery are conspicuous for their paleness in comparison with other times. It is all the more striking in such surroundings to be confronted suddenly by a canvas of such unutterable depth of richness and brilliancy as is one of Arnold Böcklin's. Indeed, for a moment there is something indescribably shocking in this bold ingenuousness of colour. One gasps for breath, and then one is held spellbound in demoniacal fascination. Who is the man who paints these marvellous scenes of unearthly beauty that never were

and never will be? There is something about him that is vastly uncanny, and still he grapples with the world as a modern. He is a realist, who does not shrink back from the representation of downright ugliness, and who makes the world of actualities yield him its essence; he is also an idealist, who personifies mood in nature by the most grotesque of fabled creatures, and who intensifies all things, not theatrically, but by the vivacity of an imagination ever young and preposterously untamable. Then, too, he is neither realist nor idealist, but simply Arnold Böcklin.

One of his portraits represents himself at work, palette in hand, a grimly jocular spectre at his elbow fiddling wild melodies into his ear. The conceit is true to the life.

But with him it is colour, and ever colour, that is the exponent of the ravishing harmony that throbs through nature. He, too, is a path-finder on his own lines, and makes no concessions. There is something of the savage in him, harsh, gaunt, shrill-voiced, his sympathies all centred in the simplest emotions, scornful of the intricacies of modern soul-problems.

The adherents of the Munich historical school grumble discontentedly at the signs of the times. Their carefully contracted systems are beginning to topple, or, if that be putting it too strongly, they have at least, for the time being, lost their power of being effective. All things tend to a return to nature, to individuality, and simple seeing. If the postulates of German naturalism, more especially its passing phase of *Hellmalerei*, seem inadequate to fill all the conditions, that is no reason why it should be received with caution. From no movement can we expect more than a grain of the truth; but to make it powerful for good, he who accepts it must abandon himself to it wholly and unreservedly. The short-cut to perfection is not the work of an individual, but of an age.

HANS MÜLLER.

RONDEAU : BEYOND THE VERGE.

BEYOND the verge of night, dost sigh
To watch the glow of reddening sky,
While sleep the worldlings, wrapt in grey
Of mist and dreams that round them play
In semblance of reality?

Thought's craggy cliff is steep to try
That walls the future, yet Hope's eye
Doth catch the breaking beacon ray
Beyond the verge.

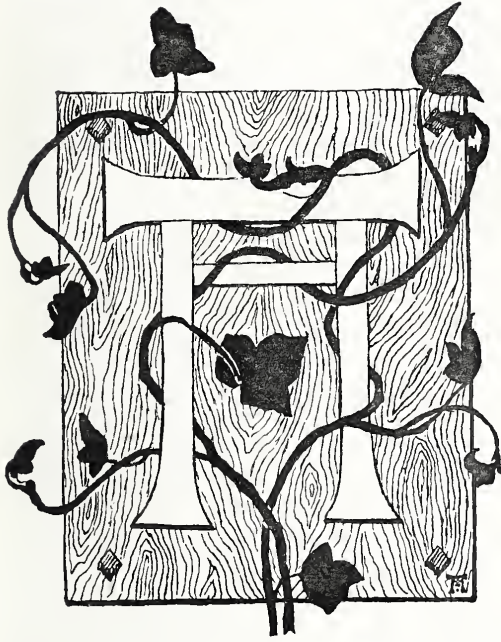
Now gleam or glance in gold array
Bright vanes on towers, that meet half-way
With spears and torches held on high,
And, flashing as the wind sweeps by,
The heralds fleet of that new day
Beyond the verge.

WALTER CRANE.

THE GOLDEN PRIME OF GOOD HAROUN ALRASCHID.



"AND MANY A SHEENY SUMMER MORN
ADOWN THE TIGRISI WAS BORNE,
BY BAK DAT'S SHRINES OF FRETTED GOLD,
HIGH-WALLED CARLENS GREEN AND OLD."



BORES OF THE GALLERIES.

'BORE' has been defined as 'one who will talk to you about *his* business, when you want to talk to him about *yours*.' This epigram, quoted suddenly, with no apt context, soon after introduction to somewhat garrulous strangers, may be safely recommended to young men anxious to succeed in society.

It is, we know, a noble thing to suffer and be strong, but the martyrdom inflicted by a thoroughly dense bore appears to promise no reward for all the patience expended, since the more gently you submit, the more you will suffer on future occasions. To endure bores gladly is an attribute of the caste of Vere de Vere. To those born in the purple this lesson appears to be learned early in life; on the other hand, the artistic temperament is rarely able to acquire it, and the last infirmity of that noble mind is often enough a needlessly frank expression of boredom. But that bores are not at this stage of civilisation limited to humanity is distinctly due to painters who have spread one large and growing section of mute yet merciless bores. To talk of the whole species as 'limited' is indeed a misuse of the word, for in fecundity and staying-power they are second to nothing in animated nature. But it is not the animated bore that concerns us here—and when one recalls the ghastly fun of that individual, there is at least one thing to be thankful for—but the inanimate bore, as he is painted. For the bore, in the most perfect antithesis to animate nature one can easily find—that is 'the hand-painted picture'—is only too well known, and confronts you ready and indisputable from every wall.

To reflect that 'Art,' or rather the thing so mis-called, has created a new species of these ghouls of society is sad enough, for without artificial inoculation inanimate objects are debarred by physical limitations from most of the vices that amuse or scourge us. Yet by means of clumsy Pygmalions in the arts, dead matter is endowed with sufficient vitality to compass our complete boredom, for all the world as if they were rational Christians.

Amid the crowd of canvases that we must needs interview every season, there have been, and still wait,

bores more stupendous than the Severn ever produced—not, of course, the suave President of the Dudley Gallery, but the river of the west. For if indeed a bore be one who will prate of himself from his own standpoint, and of himself alone, then many of the average atrocities of the Royal Academy, or, indeed, of any modern gallery, are, in their complacent egotism, past masters of the science, since they absolutely and entirely disregard your share in the interview. Such pictures as deserve the reproachful epithet care nothing for one's subjective impression, but are most distinctly and objectionably 'objective,' as they babble or rant, according to their subject, of themselves only. Before certain pictures of past and present times you pass in imagination at once out of 'the workaday world, with its pains and prose,' and are lost in the scene the artist has conjured for you. You forget the painter and his technique, and pay no attention to his pigments, his brush-work, or his frames, but enjoy the moment he has by his magic made to stay for you. In the wonderland he opens, whether it be a simple piece of quiet landscape, a great tragedy, or a glimpse into the Golden Age (that never was, nor shall be), you sojourn a while gladly. By his subtle suggestion, the sweet scent of the breeze or the ringing plash of the waves seem actually cognisant to you; or if his mood be different, you hold your breath as an unseen spectator at some great or grim event, that, although beyond your personal experience, is yet a part of those journeys into the unseen that we take from the cradle to the grave. But the bore-picture is not gentlemanly enough to permit you to enjoy yourself in your own way—not a bit of it. It scents a victim, and at once forces its conscious technique upon you, bids you note well the knowledge and skill of its maker, and from its every square inch holds you with a glittering eye, until you forget the subject, forget the sentiment, and are lost in questions of mere science or craft.

There are certain characteristic types of these bore-pictures that we all know only too well. Of these the Pseudo-Classic comes to one's memory first. Nowadays 'pseudo' has ceased to be a term of reproach, and 'false' and 'spurious' in its meaning, but rather conveys a graceful recognition that the genius who employs it has taken some liberties with his style, or, in plain English, that, finding his powers cramped by adhesion to the rules enforced by long-standing precedent, he has broken through the stupid traditions of former workers, and made his own laws for himself. In the Pseudo-Classic bore, its creator (or collator which is better sense, if worse English) is so conscious of having exhausted the resources of an encyclopædia in mustering together his crowd of heterogeneous facts, that he throws them all at you pell-mell, and

suffers you to miss none. Taken hap-hazard in this way, as you see them in erratic sequence, they have the sustained interest that attaches to the methodic perusal of a dictionary. The bore's facts are not over new, but so very true. It usually starts by bidding you note that the surface of marble when polished becomes hard and semi-transparent, and mirrors adjacent objects, that its joints acquire a peculiarly definite discoloration. These great truths are only the opening sentences of its harangue, which, as it proceeds, positively bristles with hackneyed Hellenisms. No matter where its locality, the blue Ægean Sea is well in evidence; if only visible through a chink of a wall, you are sure to find it by its maker's tuition. Then it exhausts itself in a discourse upon draperies, bids you note how it can make them writhe or cling, hang limp as wet seaweed, or float like the same plant when deep below the water it sways with the tides. When these things are told, and it takes a long time over them, then nothing will serve it but you shall observe patiently and thoroughly its charming collection of bric-à-brac, each object set out clearly and distinctly as if in a glass case in a museum: bronzes (mark the green patina, a quality of oxidation peculiar to bronze), pottery, glass, and all the trifles that moderns delight in, and imagine the old Greeks and Romans were also imbued with the same taste. Of course the Pseudo-Classic varies his programme; some of them are nothing if not archaeologically accurate to ten minutes; others mix you with contented catholicity. Egyptian Archaic and Later-Greek, Roman, with a touch of the Goth and a dash of Westbourne-Grove, antiquities to bring the happy group together. A classical drama at the Princess Theatre has even more of the true spirit of classic art than they give you. But all this tribe of bores agree in their love of small details, and especially in claiming praise for the unnecessary trouble they have bestowed upon non-essentials. For of the incident of their subject they say but little; whether it be told in human fashion, or whether its puppets display their emotions with the subtle intuitiveness that marks an Italian-opera chorus, is none of their concern. So as a rule the models they employ insist that they are Britons and Cockneys in spite of their correct robes and ultra-correct poses. But the point in which this bore takes special pride, upon which it never wearies to dilate, is the verisimilitude of its 'textures.' Like the passenger in the Cunard boat, whose request for a d'oyly at dinner was met with the reply, 'We have no dinner napkins, but we never lost a passenger!' if you ask of these pictures any reasonable feeling or consistent truth, they excuse themselves by praising their safe archaeology and textures. No matter if the complexities of their heroines are such as to make Madame Tussaud's beauties coarsely realistic by comparison, their hard polished skins are admirable texture, for the natives of this pictured period must live up to their marble halls, even as the æsthetic heroines with their

cholera-morbus blue faces had to live up to their blue china. For in one of these pictures you shall doubt its atmosphere, and wonder if it was painted *in vacuo*; you shall deem its trivial anecdotal subject unworthy of the care bestowed upon it; you shall object to its anachronism, in spirit if not in letter, but you shall never doubt its textures. That item of its monologue it repeats to you with all the fervour of a furnishing upholsterer's pamphlet; it is at once its first and last word. You may wonder if its strangely impassive people were studied from lay-figures, but the illustrated catalogue or the evening paper shames you, for there 'by kind permission of the artist,' you may usually discover facsimiles of his studies from the life—in black and white, for his masterpiece, 'No. 00, in the present Exhibition of So-and-so.' This fact is another delight that the bore offers, and should it progress on the same lines, we may hope to see its 'models' and properties arranged on either side of the framed work of art for immediate reference. Before you leave it, and lest by chance you should think, after all this prefatory speech, you may have a quiet study of its theme, you are constrained to note its correct sofas and chairs, to see that its trees are the genuine ilex, and its shrubs in pots the veritable 'oleander.' Yet in its anxiety to be faultlessly correct, it becomes unspeakably dull. Not a fold of its drapery has the accident of humanity to break its set academic exactness, not a hint of the dirt and wear and tear of even the most sumptuous thing in life as it mars its spotless perfection. That a blind old poet really told you the tale it parodies so feebly, or that its incident, say sentimental shopping, whether choosing a 'household god' or a 'button-hole,' reeks with banal modernity equal to the simpering chromatics of the current fashion-plate, it cares no jot. From it you shall not renew the charm of an old-world civilisation, or gain a fresh belief in the reality of these far-distant times. For it is no pictorial synonym of poetry, but a thing as prosaic as the price-list of an old-curiosity shop done into colours, and done with as little sympathy with its text as a biblical commentator has for the actual sentiment of the theme upon which he builds his mighty exegesis.

From the Pseudo-Classic to the Venetian bore is but a step. This 'common object of the ocean' may be divided into two great classes, that for further reference may be named the 'local view' and the 'grocers' calendar' varieties, each as full of the real sentiment of the mourning queen of the Adriatic as a Venetian blind itself. If it be a 'local view,' then you shall not escape St. Mark and the Ducal Palace whatever betide. 'In every weather, every day—dry, muddy, wet, or gritty'—they turn up with the unfailing regularity of an old joke in the comic papers. This bore indeed plays tricks with its theme, but the palace and the prison remain. Now they glitter in its sunshine, or loom through mists that are always as pearly—as verse three of a drawing-room ballad; again they silhouette

themselves against sunsets or moonrises, but never go out of the picture. As sure as it is labelled 'Venezia' you shall find the dear old supers taking their original parts. If, however, it be of the 'grocers' calendar' division, the buildings may retire in favour of a gondolier with his gondola, or a flower-girl, or both mixed to taste. In manufacturing one of these brilliant things, its maker will not waste the brilliant pigments set in a Venetian key upon his palette, besides he knows his Murray, his Baedeker, and the British public; and you must not demand Venice as she is, but accept 'Venice as she is painted' instead. But to provoke the proper sentimental respect for the city whose name is a poem is impossible to it, for the prattle of the travelled bore forbids any deeper feeling. Certainly it is more merciful than some of its neighbours, for it rarely insists on improving you, and avoids dilating upon its brush-work. As a whole, the aim of this bore, like some other returned Cook's tourists, is to pose as cosmopolitan and to be *chic*, yet its effort is in itself wearisome and its badinage is heavy. For although it relies on its memory for its wit, it rarely troubles to invent fresh facts to atone for its stale humour. Yet in spite of its noisy costume and incipient 'swagger,' it at least refrains from pouring out a quantity of ill-digested facts of 'tones,' of 'values,' or the like, learned from better men, some of whom, by the way, have, and still really paint us, the true Venice.

The seascape bores are not very numerous, far less than but a few years ago. The patriotic one who always sang 'Rule Britannia,' and was a curiously insular nuisance, is almost extinct. His descendants are too feeble in their platitudes to keep you a moment to listen. One fancies that the old men of the sea have crept up tidal creeks, for when near the wharves of a 'great city' they put on philanthropic airs and are as great bores as ever. The one with many coal-barges will quote from G. R. Sims, and spout long extracts from the speeches of the dockers; it bids you note its vivid contrasts, that all its low tone is but the needful preface to Gold, the cruel monarch of all. Look at my sunset! is usually its cry; see how the golden waves point my moral,—and so on *ad infinitum*. The open sea appears unfavourable to the growth of the bore, for before a picture of one of its few chosen lovers you forget everything but the magic of the crisp air that sweeps its waves into foam and makes their glad music steal into your soul. Or if it takes a long stretch of beach, it lets you linger there—not opposite to its mimicked charms, but verily in the soft sunny air, or in the blaze of noon-day it depicts. For the simple majesty of the sea is too great for the bore and his makers, who shun it, instinctively it would seem, and go after things that they can make mean and irritating with wonderful success.

But the imperial bore, the supreme tyrant of the mighty host, is the 'Baby.' No petted darling that ever made a howling desert where once a peaceful dinner-party smiled is more unbearable than this

prolific infant. Its babble trickles over with mawkish sentiment; spellbound if once you pause, it holds you stupefied while it prattles in broken English of its 'new shoes' or its nice white 'fwock.' Its atmospheres reek with violet powder, its clothes are newer than new. But its voice is so shrill that you may hear it shout from the very end of a long gallery; and if you risk the unspeakable crime of being supposed to dislike children, you can at least cut it dead whenever it accosts you. But the social degradation incurred by this only way of escape is one that few are bold enough to dare. So the 'baby-bore,' in the proportion of one to five at the Royal Academy, and a slightly less alarming number elsewhere, is the bore of bores, and not a small-bore, but a veritable Woolwich infant, as the comic papers have said only too often.

There is another exasperating type which includes the 'Cru-el Lights of London,' the 'Breadwinner of tender years,' and the 'Pinch of Poverty' bores. In any of these the piteous whine of the professional mendicant assails your ears, as it grinds out its old strain. Virtue in rags, and vice flaunting in broad-cloth and silk; poverty with its godliness only next to its supernal cleanliness, and whited sepulchres, supply its texts. It is most often a widow with a collection of child-models grouped around, as her 'orphan family.' Although so sordid and sad, it is more smooth and smug in its externals than almost any of its rivals. When it is 'poor but pious,' it is still more terrible; but when it forgets awhile its sorrow, and in a way borrowed half from Pecksniff and half from Ally Sloper, makes merry, there indeed is a triumphant and pitiless bore that should be shirked at any cost.

The 'Society strained situation' is another, and, oddly enough, not an unpleasant bore; its emotions are so suppressed that sometimes, in spite of the conscious gestures it uses in suppressing them, it does it more effectually than it meant, and you enjoy its little tattle and mild scandal, and forget to feel bored. For fortunately the idiom of Ibsen cannot be expressed in paint, and this bore is so well clothed with such a quiet gentlemanly tone in its best examples that you have no serious word of reproach for it. But its imitation—the would-be Society bore—is too bad to mention, and deserved not the hanging it received, but the kicking-out it escaped.

The multitudinous landscape bores are not so easily avoided as their fellows. For of these first impressions must be distrusted. One may lead you up to its simple country-side, and begin an apparently pleasant interview, and you shall discern beneath its bucolic guilelessness the natural history, the botanical, and the 'I-have-read-my-Ruskin' bore. While another, a stolid prosy fellow whom you dread to accost, may interest you, and keep you, to your surprise, chained to the spot, as you listen gratefully to the clear truths it tells so simply and well. But the risk is great, for there are

no medium nonentities here,—either you find a new friend, or discover an appalling creature that spares you no detail of nature's facts in a vast catalogue of commonplaces, and tires you with the scholastic jargon of facts. The older tribe are merely soporific, but when the great word 'tone' has reached a picture of a landscape, unless it is thereby changed to a marvellously delightful companion that never wearies, and always has new sympathy for your moods, it becomes a hideous Frankenstein, to crush you with its ponderous verbiage.

The pictures of mountain scenery, posing as Old Testament prophets with messages of rainbow hope or grim eternal judgment, are happily of a past age, and to-day those sublime bores offend you not.

The Arboreal is, however, a rather new but very unpleasant bore, with melodramatic trees (not of the Beerbohm, but common forest types) that are past bearing. Their blasted limbs writhe at you, their poetic titles in the catalogue make you long to smash them into fragments. Their badly-painted details, their utter untruth to nature, their unlovely colour, are not their worst sins, for they rant you poetry by the yard. Now they are Macbeth's witches, now Scott's poems, now Byron's *Childe Harold*, but always detestable, superfluous, and perfectly within the definition of 'bore' we have chosen to follow. For the thing is a vampire that sucks your true heart's-blood away, and leaves you flagging and enfeebled when you wish to enjoy the company of a true woodland picture.

The Historical Bore, the Natural Historian, the Presentation Portrait, the Cairene, the Biblical, and a hundred others must needs remain unnoticed, but the Fisher Village, with its heroes, heroines, and supers, must be mentioned, for it is a bore very rife to-day. It is so admirable in its externals, and has such a polished French address, that you think the short anecdote it quotes before it allows you to impart your opinion is but a graceful commencement to a pleasant dialogue. But that is merely its 'nasty cunning.' Knowing an Englishman, like his country, can always be approached by the sea, it opens (like a tract) with

a touching or humorous little narrative; but in a few moments, to your horror, it launches out like an amateur art critic with a craze. Square touch, brush-marks, the danger of being content with first impressions, the fallacy of ignoring impressions, values, relative tones, the true gospel Art has to teach—any or all of these portentous themes prove that it can be indeed a deadly bore. For, honest though it be, in spite of its continental schooldays, it is insular and long-winded. It has no French epigrams to dazzle with their brilliant truth, or bewilder you with their paradoxes; on the contrary, it takes a Whistler epigram seriously, and lectures on it for an hour; or it demolishes the happy paradox of a Parisian in a speech that would do credit to an Irishman in the House talking against time. But it has come, and come to stay, and if it only did not feel the responsibility of its mission so very seriously, would be no bore, but a welcome ally. However, its species is young, and although at present very serious, as it grows middle-aged, the saving vice of flippancy may atone for the monotony of virtue it now enjoys, and make it a true and lasting friend.

But the bores on canvas are as many as the bores that pass or pause before them, and if the proportion is high among the painted ones, it is yet not above the average in humanity. Secure in the statistics of past years' experience, it is foolish to shun new people or new pictures, because bores are sure to be found in plenty. The chances also afford new friends and true, with glad hearts and brave counsel, learned ones, with the ripe knowledge and true modesty of Wisdom herself, and cheerful comrades with a sanguine optimism, or cynical, but yet enlivening, pessimism.

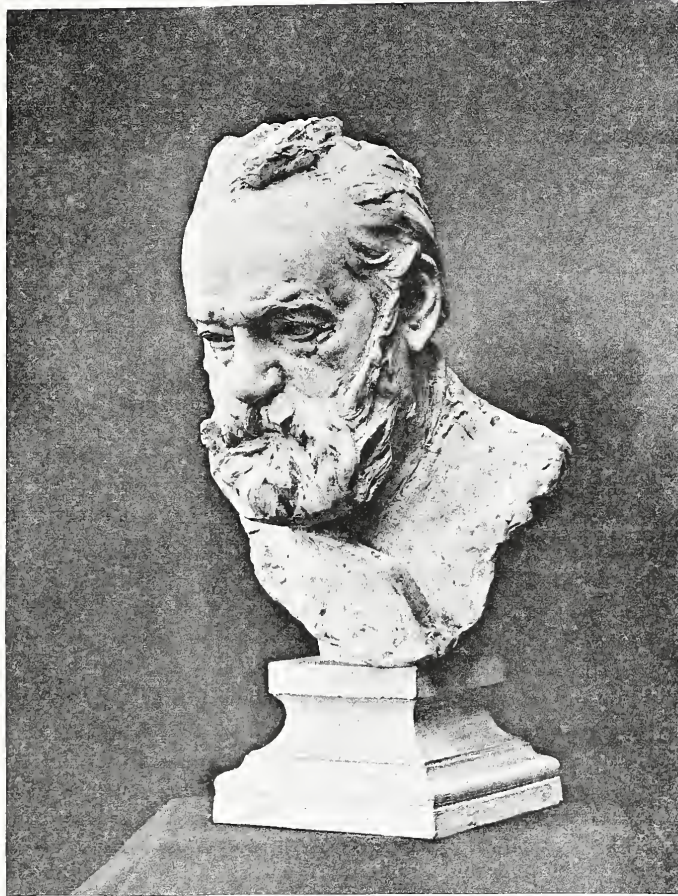
The bores of one day sometimes surprise us by being the delightful companions of the next, for we change, if pictures do not; and although one of these bores be to me a terror past expressing, to you it may speak in a most enjoyable fashion, and be infinitely less wearisome than this desultory gossip thereon.

GLEESON WHITE.

OUR PLATES.

'THE DOOM OF LOKI,' by JOHN D. BATTEN, is reproduced in photogravure by T. AND R. ANNAN AND SON, by permission of the Artist. The bust of VICTOR HUGO, by AUGUSTE RODIN, has been reproduced by the permission of the CORPORATION OF GLASGOW, to whom it belongs. The same sculptor's 'GROUPE DE BOURGEOIS DE CALAIS' has been reproduced by glyptographie by MM. Silvestre et Cie., Paris. The MOSQUE OF ACHMET at Constantinople is reproduced in collotypy from a photograph.

ERRATUM.—In our March issue, by a typographical error, the owner of 'THE ITALIAN GIRL' was incorrectly designated. We were indebted to the kindness of Mr. JAMES DUNNACHIE of Glenboig for permission to use this picture for purposes of illustration.



VICTOR HUGO.

AUGUSTE RODIN.

THE French Exhibition of 1889 must have been a revelation to many as to the real artistic power of our neighbours, a power which is still feeling its way towards higher perfection, and from which, therefore, we may hope for even greater results than it has already produced. Especially, however, after a visit to the Gallerie Rapp, strangers must have recognised that in sculpture France at this moment is not only taking the lead, but is producing such superb work that we may safely predict that the French sculpture of the latter end of the nineteenth century will in future times stand out in bold relief.

The Sculpture Gallery at the Exhibition was found to be too small to contain all the best work of even the last ten years, and thus many single statues and groups were scattered about in the gardens, under the verandah, at the foot of the central staircase, and in

fact a little everywhere. The uninitiated must have found some difficulty in coming to a right understanding of what was most worth studying; and even to many who really admired these noble creations the full meaning of the art of sculpture must have remained hidden because of the great ignorance which prevails concerning the means which produces the end. To understand these, a sculptor must be seen at work in his workshop. There one can better understand how the magic element alone lies in the sculptor's brain, how, not only by the sweat of his brow, does fancy become fact and the high ideal become realised, but also how an extremely high order of genius is required to endow marble and bronze with life. Of the many statues that are produced, not one in many hundreds have any true artistic life at all, and it would be far better for every one if they had never been born.

The vast capabilities and the vast impossibilities of the unyielding substance must be understood to appreciate the result. We must also realise that the victory of the animate over the inanimate must be gained, and that patience must perfect genius before the sculpture can produce anything worthy of true fame; and when we realise all this, only then can we appreciate such works of art as Rodin gives us.

Rodin offered seven works for study at the Exhibition, and his admirers did not fail to seek them out, for, to such, Auguste Rodin stands forth as the greatest sculptor of the age. Among these seven treasures was a cast of one of the six burghers of Calais, the whole group being exhibited for the first time, and at the same time, in Georges Petit's Gallery, where many went to view the marvellous group which the town of Calais is to possess.

But to return first to the Exhibition:—

In the Champs de Mars, or rather, at the bottom of the staircase of the Decennial Gallery, was placed Rodin's 'L'Âge d'Airain,' which figure—that of a man standing in an attitude of utter pain and grief—was the first that brought the sculptor into public notice.

It was sent up for the Salon in 1877, but the jury who had to decide its acceptance or rejection declared that some portions of this noble statue must certainly have been modelled from life; it was in fact, said they, a mere cast taken from a living subject. The rejection of 'L'Âge d'Airain' on this plea raised up friends to Rodin, and they, with great energy, fought his battle, fought and conquered, and thus the true merit of the artist became universally recognised.

Besides 'L'Âge d'Airain,' the bronze figure of 'Saint Jean Baptiste' could not be overlooked. It is full of genius. You will see how well the anchorite's emaciated but strenuous limbs are rendered. Bare-footed he stands, but he upraises a face full of inspired strength, and all his countenance is lit with the light of mysticism as, with the gesture of the prophet, he proclaims his message, and you recognise him at once as the man preaching in the wilderness.

There, too, among the seven works was the portrait of Victor Hugo in marble, and a bronze bust of Pronst, both strong in their originality.

The exhibition of thirty-six sculptures by Rodin at the Petit Gallery made it possible to study his work more at ease; but a still better opportunity is afforded to some.

It is in Rue de l'Université that Rodin can be seen at work in his studio, reached through a great Porte Cochère, over the sill of which one passes into a large courtyard, where all around are scattered immense blocks of stone—of marble, alabaster, or granite—of all shapes and sizes, and, gazing at these, we know that out of them will one day proceed some exquisite Venus or some hideous satyr, as yet imprisoned, but only waiting till the brain of man has made them live.

And this man, this Rodin who works such magic

results, is there,—small, thickset, quiet; his fair beard flows down over his chest, his smile lights up a face that is over-grave and preoccupied, but his pale blue eyes and his soft voice can both penetrate into the heart of things, and this same heart of things he is labouring to show to the world: he wants to tell us, blind and deaf as we are, that Nature's voice cries out from an abyss which few can look into, and that he is one of the prophets who is consecrated for this purpose, so as to make us understand something of that cry of universal suffering to which we fain would stop our ears in order not to hear; and he, giving all his soul and body to the work, says, 'If you will not hear, you shall see, for the stones will cry out, and they will for ever witness against you.'

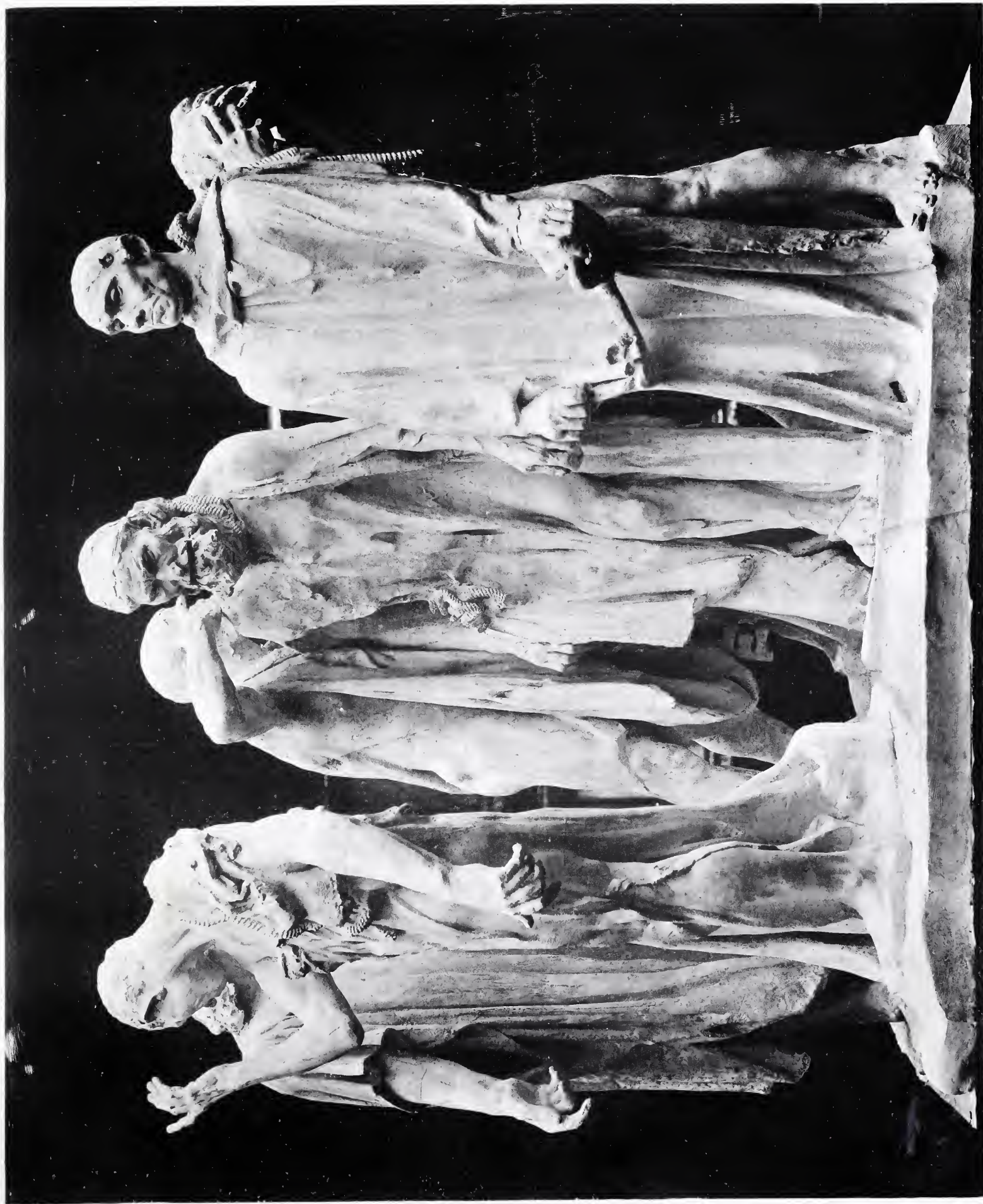
What suffering a man like this has to go through before he can attain that vantage-ground where he may hope for a little rest, if not leisure! What has he not to endure before his own imprisoned genius is allowed to come forth! what common hard manual labour must he not go through before he can, if poor—and most artists at the onset are poor,—dare to bring forth the embodiment of his own mighty thoughts! In this struggle, if he does not faint by the way, as Meryon and many another has done, he learns the full meaning of the groaning of oppressed earth, and has then earned the right, after such an apprenticeship, to speak to us.

Rodin has been through all these struggles. Born in Paris in 1840, he went through a course of study under Barye, but it was almost nominal. After this he worked, that hard manual labour we mentioned, for Carrier-Belleuse. Doubtless he learned technique, but what is technical ability compared to the soul-knowledge of art?—a very small part indeed, as we cannot but too strongly insist upon. From 1871 to 1877 he worked for a Belgian artist, and helped him with his decorations of the Bourse at Brussels; and here, when his daily labours were over, he would wander forth to find that solitude which, to an artist, is as necessary as his daily bread. It is during such pauses that a man seeks to know himself, questions himself painfully whether his great thoughts mean something or nothing, faces in anticipation the scorn of men, or, worse, their indifference, and asks himself whether his nature is capable of enduring disappointment and neglect,—is he sufficient for this ordeal by fire, which he will have to go through? True genius never hesitates; it says, 'I am capable of bearing it, or I will die in the struggle.'

It was only in 1877 that 'L'Âge d'Airain' was finished, when Rodin was therefore thirty-seven years old. Notice this well: it is an age that can give all its best, or can never have a best to give.

Then came the senseless hue and cry that the statue had been modelled, and it was only in 1880 that a third-class medal was given to the sculptor for this same 'L'Âge d'Airain,' once more seen at the Salon.

The tide has already set another way: the State graciously bought the much-talked-of statue, and



AUGUSTE RODIN. — *Groupe de bourgeois de Calais.*

placed it in the Luxembourg, and the Luxembourg lent it to the Great Exhibition of 1889; and besides all this, Rodin has a *Cordon Rouge* at his button-hole. Does that make a genius forget the past? Some of us will doubt it, but it certainly clears his future outlook.

Now, to go back to George Petit's Gallery at Paris. At the end of the room was a splendid group, destined to be cast in bronze, and to be set up in the Place de la Poste at Calais itself. The group represents the six burghers of Old Calais, the men so well known to English people as the heroes whose lives were saved by the fair Queen Philippa when her husband, Edward III., took the town of Calais after its long and desperate siege.

The group does indeed repay careful attention, and even an ordinary observer cannot help being struck with the splendid, yet perfectly natural, pose of the six figures. Rodin has the passion of noble realism, which we may truly say is the special characteristic of our nineteenth century. Before he accepted the order, he stipulated that he should work out the design as best it seemed to him, and the town of Calais, unlike some English corporations which we might cite, believed in their chosen sculptor, and agreed to let him have his own way.

So these six full-sized figures came to life, as it were. The forgotten past has helped in the creation, and in the future this same creation will repay the debt to their prototypes by enshrining for ever the memory of their noble deed, thus showing us the true power of the ideal over the real, and the real over the ideal.

The six self-sacrificing citizens are on their way from Calais Town Hall to the camp of the English conqueror, who has said that if half a dozen of the chief citizens are given up to him for execution he will spare the rest of the inhabitants.

Even now we feel proud of poor humanity as we read the old story in Froissart's words. How the bell was rung in the market-place, and how the weeping governor, Sir Jean de Vienne, told the people the hard terms, for with them rested the answer to the question, 'Should all perish, or should six of their best be sacrificed?' Then the richest burgher stepped forth, Eustache de St. Pierre, whose name will be written in gold in the long ages of history. 'I have such faith and trust,' he said, among other noble words, 'in finding grace before God if I die to save my townsmen, that I name myself as first of the six.'

And so first he stands forth in Rodin's noble group: an old man he is, with a venerable, half-bent head, a slight stoop, and thin and worn of feature; his hands hang down, and we can trace the veins where the blood circulates but slowly. His long hair and thin beard add to the resigned look on his face; but it is a true, unconscious resignation. The road is hard, and we can see that his bare feet feel this unusual mode of walking, whilst the shirt and rope about his neck tell the tale of unaccustomed shame nobly borne.

Then, says the ancient story, Jean Daire stood forth

and said, 'I will be second to my comrade Eustache.' Brave Jean Daire was very rich, and was moreover the father of two beautiful girls. Next followed Jacques Vissaut, very rich likewise, and his brother Pierre, who would not be left behind, and then two more citizens, whom history has not named, but who belong to the noblest army of heroes, those of whom the world knows nothing.

Rodin must have delighted in this subject, for the result is intensely sympathetic. He rejected the usual pyramidal-shaped group, and clung to nature. There is the slow procession well emphasised; spaces are left between some of the figures; there is no overcrowding, so we see that they are walking slowly and painfully; they have already suffered much during the siege, and this act is but the last briar twisted into their crown of thorns. Look at the last in the group: he carries an enormous key; he is young and strong, and can well bear this extra burden; he raises his head with a movement of energy; he has been one of the fighters, and now he has to control his energy and to slacken his pace to that of old Eustache de St. Pierre; but he does it with reluctance, although there is nothing but death to expect at the end of the journey. Another of the group is a young man, who, though willing to sacrifice himself, yet gives a long lingering look back to life and the happiness he is leaving behind. Who knows?—perhaps he loves one of Jean Daire's beautiful daughters, and wishes to prove it to her by dying with her father!

Rodin manages to give a life-history as well as a death-history to each of these figures; but then all his work is thorough. Before thinking of the least drapery, every figure was studied in the nude. Truly in such artists alone may we look for great results: this is not work merely to please the eyes of the ladies of Calais, but it is to be a memorial of a great deed and of a world-wide heroism which has no date, but which belongs to the noblest inheritance of a suffering world.

Leaving this group with reluctance, we must turn to the remaining works of Rodin sent to this small Exhibition. These are small marble, bronze, and plaster figures of fauns, satyrs, women as witches. All, or most of them, are detached fragments from his future great work now in process of creation. This is to be an allegorical 'Gate of Hell' destined for the Museum of Decorative Arts. Unless we knew this, the figures in the Exhibition would lose much of their meaning, or would convey a wrong impression to us, and so it were best, if possible, first to go to the Rue de l'Université and see the Gate as it stands in its unfinished condition. There you will see a broad portico, six metres in height, and high above three nude figures stand, and below there is this inscription—

Lasciate ogni speranza.

The three lean against each other, and are stooping in attitudes of despair; their extended arms are

pointing in the same direction, and express irremediable fate. Below them, in front of moving crowds, constituting the first circle of Hell, is seen a poet, the poet of earth (the poet's head is in Petit's Gallery, and is a splendid piece of work), and all its hopes and fears. At his feet surge the crowd of figures, which are each separately telling a story, and collectively pointing the same lesson, the lesson of hopeless suffering. Marvellous assemblage of creative thought, these forms have flashed into being as quickly as the idea has flashed into the artist's brain. He has rejected the old worn-out expressions of form, and has boldly declared that each age has its way of looking at ideas, and why should it not have its special manner of embodying them? He has said, 'The Greek idea was splendid, they were young and joyous, but this idea does not belong to a world that has grown so old, and so much less joyous. Leave the old idealism, and force nature to give you a new one, an idealism drawn from life as it now is, life which, after all is said and done, is the noblest ideal; but let there be no ideal *type*, let each type have a thousand ideals.'

Thus it happens that we do not see in all these figures one old formula of Faith, or Hope, or Despair, for Rodin can express Hope without giving her an anchor, and Love, with him, needs no Cupid, nor even his bow and arrows, whilst Charity's face would alone reveal her actions to us.

Rodin is, let us say it boldly, the sculptor of the new school that shakes off old chains, and that refuses to imprison new thought in old forms, or to put new wine into old bottles.

In his studies for the Gate of Hell Rodin gives us most forcibly the sad side of Passion; he shows the result of nature unbeautified by the highest spirit; he shows us, we might almost say, the return of the man to the order of the beast, if he rules not his passions,

and that sensual pleasure becomes for him only avenging pain. Rodin expresses this in stone as easily as a great master of language expresses it in words. He has partly taken Baudelaire's *Femmes Damnées* as his inspiration for his Gate, and we are amazed how well he has succeeded.

Here a satyr, emblem of brute force, is struggling with a woman; there, the struggle over, the satyr gloats over his conquered prey;—here one of the *Femmes Damnées* is carrying off a young man on her back, and as they pass we hear the cry of overmastered youth.

Look at the female satyr kneeling; the hideous face is full of expression; but here, in two others who are interlaced like the wild bindweed, we see how love conquers ugliness, for love is ever beautiful.

But though he can so vividly express these types, Rodin can equally breathe beauty into his creations. Look, if you get the chance, at the head of St. Jean; look at his group of 'Mother and Child'—maternal love seems one of his most sympathetic themes; and again look at 'The Poet's Head.' To us his sculptures seem more as if he had thrust his two hands into the stone and then and there moulded the figure.

This sketch may serve, though very inadequately, to give some slight idea of Rodin's genius to those who are still ignorant of his work.

We who appreciate and venerate him as a great master are waiting impatiently for what he will still give us, and in the meantime, if we can, we desire to make others love what we love, and honour that which deserves our admiration and gratitude.

We wish to awaken the love of the Beautiful and of the Strong, because a man lives in our midst who can satisfy our high ideal, and we wish to do this because—it is not too much to say it—to thousands of English-speaking people the name of Auguste Rodin is still unknown.

ESMÉ STUART.

APRIL 1888.

ONE is dead.
 Green month of bursting flower and leaf,
 One is dead.
 For joy of life thy tears are shed;
 Naught, naught to thee are these of grief:
 April! fling wide thy disbelief
 That one is dead.

ERNEST RADFORD.

LETTERS FROM EGYPT.—IV.

OFF BIBBEH, April 8, 1889.



ANON RAWLINSON, in one of his books on Egypt (which I picked up the other day on a friendly *dahabiye*), expresses the astounding judgment that the ordinary Nile scenery is not beautiful! as though such a broad condemnation could be passed with justice upon any class of

scenery whatever. The beauty of the Nile is not as the beauty of richly cultivated France, or as the beauty of the Bay of Naples, but the Nile has its own peculiar and exceeding loveliness other than theirs. No artist, unfortunately, has yet been found to interpret it for the education of dull eyes, but the beauty is there, and awaits the painter.

The Nile valley, for some 500 miles above Cairo, is bordered on either hand by a row of steep cliffs of limestone rock, the riverward fronts of the two ranges of desert hills, called the Arab and Libyan chains. These cliffs are usually some three to ten miles distant from the river. Occasionally they actually overhang the stream on one side or the other, but this is seldom the case for many miles together. As a rule they keep their distance, and a strip of fertile soil, annually covered by the summer inundation, intervenes between them and the river-banks. It is easy therefore to describe the normal Nile view, as seen from the deck of a *dahabiye*. The field of vision is chiefly occupied by the great dome of sky above and its hollow reflection in the waters beneath. Sky and water are sundered by a belt of land, subtending so narrow an angle that the thumb held horizontally at arm's-length is usually sufficient to fill it. Within this narrow range there comes first the rich brown mud-bank or white sandy flat, then a much foreshortened glimpse of the cultivated district, next perhaps a trace of the almost flat desert beyond, and finally the limestone cliffs as foundation to the sky. Astonishing are the multiplex changes of tone, tint, and outline which nature accomplishes upon this narrow panorama, and the delicacy of the handiwork of sun and air is unsurpassed by the cruder if richer glories which most countries in the world can show. Now and again, when a palm-grove and village appear in the foreground, picturesque elements of another character are supplied; but this only happens once every few miles. The normal view is the simpler one I have described.

I find myself ineffectually noting down, day after day, the softness of the view. Considering the utter

dryness of the air, this softness was long a mystery to me, for it possesses all the aspect of being the result of a delicate mist. For a day or two after every sand-storm it is emphasised by the presence of fine dust suspended in the air. I noticed this particularly, near Bellianah, two days after such a storm. About noon the Arab hills, being then some six miles or more distant, were so faint, that to half-closed eyes they were indistinguishable from the sky. The water was of a slightly deeper tone, and the sandbank in full sunlight was almost as bright as the heaven. The whole tone-chord for sky, mountains, sandbank, and water was incredibly narrow; and yet, observe, that though the hills were so faint they were absolutely clear, with every stratum of their beautiful rock perfectly distinct.

Lower down the river, near Cairo, in mid-winter there is doubtless aqueous vapour enough in the atmosphere to produce the pearly grey and faint purple tones which usually appear on cold, dull days. But in Upper Egypt the combination of dryness, clearness, and softness can only be explained on some other hypothesis. The softness of the distances, seen through air as clear as that of the high Alps, is to my thinking the result of a partial mirage. Mirage is the total blotting out of a portion of the landscape owing to the presence, between it and the spectator, of convection currents—that is to say, of vibrating currents of rising hot air, equivalent in effect to an opaque curtain. I have noticed that when a mirage is coming on or passing off the appearance of softness is greater in that direction than elsewhere in the landscape at an equal distance. Hence I conclude that, before the vibrating currents of rising hot air are thick enough or active enough to be opaque, they yet suffice to fulfil that softening function which elsewhere is due to the presence of aqueous vapour. In this hot country, with the desert for a warming-pan, such convection currents, of greater or less energy, must always be present, and, being present, they give to distances the values of tone for which the painters of high Alpine scenery sigh in vain. The landscape is not a bald, hard, lunar nightmare, as without this lovely quality it would be, but all its tones are delicate, and its chord of colour is low. Faint pink and purple harmonies play over the distant surfaces, and lurk in the gullies of those limestone cliffs, which, when nearer at hand, burn in radiant gold against the marvellous sky.

But let us be done with this peddling over details. The greatest glory of the midday Nile is what it shares with all the great deserts across this band of the world, the triumphant blaze of sunlight, involving everything in its overwhelming splendour, and which hides rather than reveals. It is the slanting sunbeam of morn and

eve, of Harmachis and Tum, that reveals forms. The direct, blazing, midday glamour of Ra enwraps all it beholds, and brings sky, and cliffs, and water into burnished blinding unity.

One lovely effect of mid-morning light, bright sunshine on the rippled water, lingers in my memory so persistently that I must at least share it with you. It seemed for all the world as though diamonds were raining into the river, and that not one here and one there, but millions of them over all the broad southward stretch of the stream. No bay of the Ægean can ever have laughed with a more joyous gaiety than this. I wonder did the river smile thus upon Gordon as he passed up it to his heroic end? In these very diamond drops, mayhap, there glittered some precious fragment of his dust.

I have mentioned the cliffs of the two chains of mountains as usually distant. When they approach the river the scenery takes on quite another character. The Libyan chain is, for the most part, of little importance, for it keeps so much aloof. It does not really begin till the Fayûm is passed. At Assiût it does indeed approach nearer, but its real magnificence is only appreciated when the traveller rides to its foot. The great cirque behind the burial-place of Osiris at Abydos, and the splendid cliffs which rise above the rock-cut tombs of Thebes are indeed noble walls of rock fit to be the bastions of Amenti. But the voyager on the river makes more intimate acquaintance with the Arab chain, for that comes forward to the stream's edge from time to time, and looks down upon the passing boats, sometimes deflecting a puff of wind in so unexpected a manner that ruin overtakes the surprised sailors. By general consent the long line of cliffs known as Gebel Aboofayda is considered the finest example of this mountain front; but, as a matter of fact, the limestone wall, whether here or at Gebel Tookh or Gebel Sheik Heridee, or wherever it comes, is always, in the sunlight, the same golden, crystalline mass, standing out in peerless softness against the bluest sky. The rock has something of the gloss and seeming transparency of sugar; one might even compare its texture to that of fair human skin. During the sunny hours of day the sky is brighter than the cliffs; but when the sun hangs low in the west, and shines full upon their buttressed fronts, it glows in warmth of colour, a rich fess drawn across the silver field of water and sky. After the sun has gone they melt into the silver chord. Happy is the man who beholds them in their evening fascination, as we beheld the Gebel ed Dayr, with the long stretch of the Nile passing away northwards at its feet. Everything was pearl-grey that memorable evening, save for a faint suspicion of pink in the high veil of cirrus that hung in the sky, and for the light brown streak of the cliffs, ruled in fine horizontal lines of bedding, and striped vertically by broad white bands of quarry, powdered as it were with snow. Far away to the north, ending the perspective of the cliffs, was

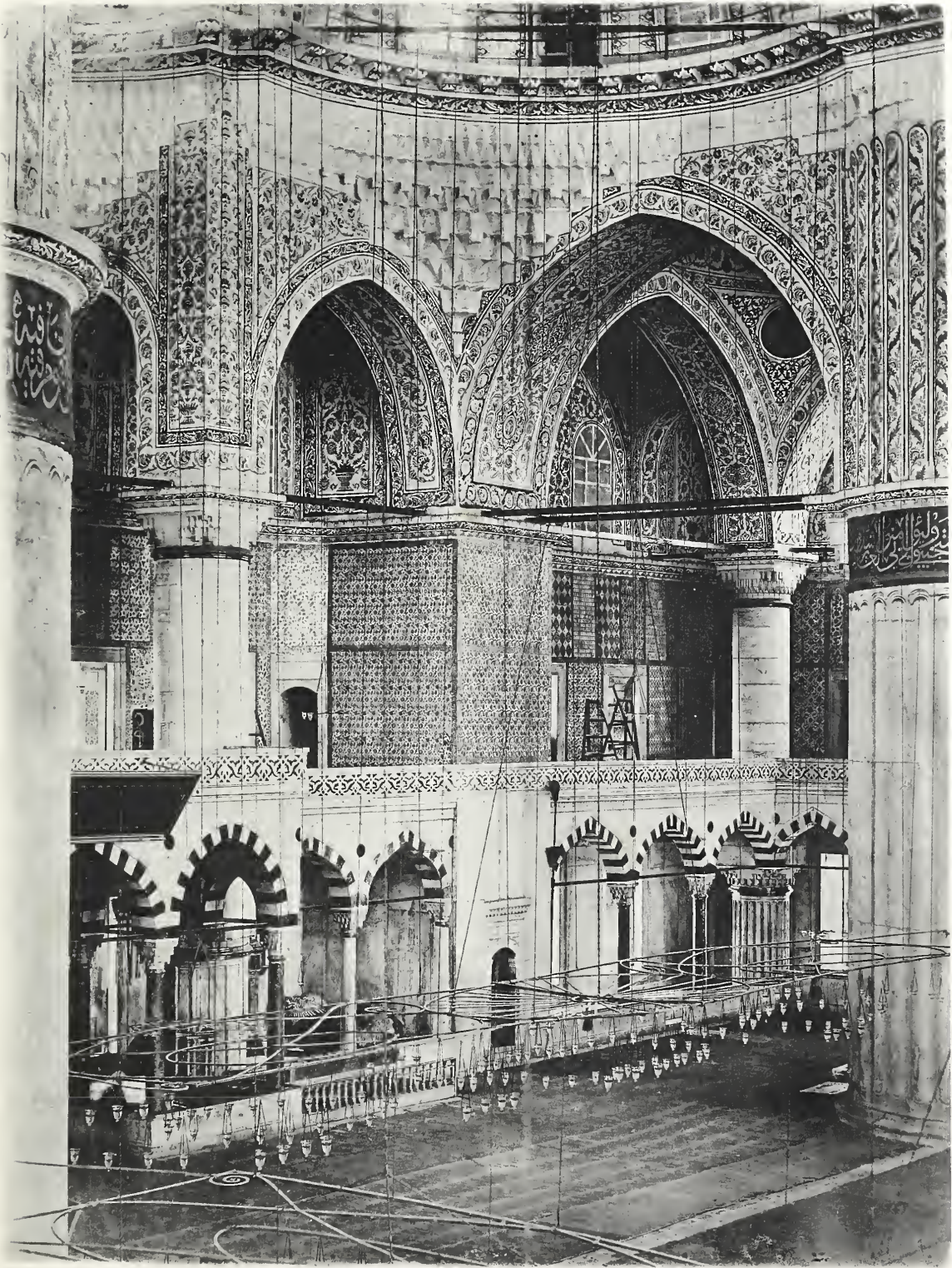
the feathery crest or a palm-grove passing below into a grey bed of twilight and mist.

Even Canon Rawlinson admits the beauty of Egyptian sunsets. They are not really more beautiful than the midday views, but their beauty is more easily appreciated. The sudden glory of colour attracts the attention, and then the eyes are not glared nor is the face scorched by the all-conquering sun. I have seen several dawns, but the sunsets are lovelier. Harmachis comes forth impressively enough; to Ra would I sacrifice willingly were there but one priest left to present my offering; but Tum, Tum the fair, Nefer-Tum is the god for me! Squanderer of richest, tenderest colours, curtaining the portals of the west with crocus yellow or crimson, or what you least expect—he is indeed the king above all solar gods. All nature prepares for his coming—he, the lord of the slanting beam, the giver of rest to the labourer and of food to the hungry. When the shadows begin to draw out to the east, the charm of evening is there before the colour comes; the air grows softer, the light pales from its fierceness, and over the mind steals a receptive mood, which the brilliant sunshine of midday was not intended to produce. There is no tiring of the sight of drooping sails against the sunset, nor of the palm-groves melting down into mist, nor of the wondrous silver-grey chord which reigns in the east as the sun sinks towards the opposite horizon.

We have watched the great god of On vanish behind the pyramid of Maydoom, which stood forth bathed in purple before the orange wings of the sinking orb. We have seen him set in an aureole of golden cirrus behind the craggy outline of Gebelayn. The cirrus was like feathers of fine-spun glass of gold burning in light. One gigantic ostrich plume curved proudly from horizon to zenith high over our heads. Another time we watched with breathless delight a faint pink lotus-flower of cloud, over which Venus blazed in the midst of an amethyst sky.

The evening we anchored off Serariyeh Providence had an exceptional wonder in store for us. We were looking towards the east, across a water foreground of leaden tone. The opposite hills were of all browns and yellows in rock and sand, the colours of autumn leaves. The sky above them was blue-grey, with soft violet-grey clouds resting in it. Suddenly a brilliant meteor, quite close at hand, flashed across the eastern sky, just over the hills, and *nearer* than the low-lying clouds. It was visibly liquid, and looked like a drop of glowing rain. It disappeared by going out, like an electric light when the current breaks.

Visions of this kind are too sudden and startling to be thoroughly enjoyable. Before one is ready to look at them they are gone. The absolutely calm evenings, when the surface of the water is glass, when the clouds in the sky and the boats on the river pause in sleep, and the only use of sails is their beauty—then, indeed, there is leisure for delight. Sky and water, twin hollows of an opened shell, are divided by a



THE MOSQUE OF SULTAN ACHMET,

CONSTANTINOPLE.

From a Photograph.

wondrous line of velvet-textured purple, bordered by orange above and its fainter reflection below. All else is blue sky. The orange by its brilliancy first attracts and presently tires the eye, which then turns for rest to the larger area of blue, and receives from it with surprise and delight a vivid, almost incredible, shock, the sense of blueness coming after the orange with an intensity such as I never before experienced—as though one were seeing blue for the first time.

If we are very tired we find most attraction in the last scene of all, when sunset is finally passing away and the night coming on. Then there reigns the daintiest harmony of greys and faint yellows. One such evening I shall always remember, when the atmospheric tones were softer than ever before. The feathery palm-groves were perfectly grouped with other kinds of trees, more numerous than usual. Just before the last trace of parting day was gone, two boats chanced to cross before it, with their lateen sails spread wide in opposite directions: they looked for all the world like a gigantic black moth hovering over the water.

By day and night the boats of the Nile are always beautiful to watch. There are such numbers of them, too, and all have beautiful lateen sails. I hold that every sailing-boat, built in the style decreed by some long local tradition, has the beauty of a natural object, and must be regarded, like any more obvious product of nature, as formed by the action of natural forces. The tools wherewith a mountain is sculptured are water and frost. A sailing-boat is modelled by water and wind. The hand of man is indeed employed to make it, but every form produced is absolutely dictated by the imperious commands of nature. I do but use Dante's argument; by him, too, borrowed from some one else, and introduced in the Third Treatise of the *Convito*. 'The bounties and good gifts of the Divine Goodness,' he says, 'make diverse things through the concurrence of that which receives them. Wherefore, since each effect retains somewhat of the nature of its cause, . . . so each form in some way holds the essence of the Divine Nature in itself, . . . and the nobler the form the more does it retain of that Divine Nature.'

This letter has already protracted itself to a greater length than I intended; I cannot, however, bring it to a close without completing what I have to say about the date-palms. Palm-groves, below Silsilis at any

rate, are almost invariably planted in the immediate neighbourhood of villages. Towards sundown the villagers in every cottage light their wood-fires to cook the evening meal. The air is then almost still, and so the faint blue smoke drifts and trails along low down across the trunks of the palms. From a distance this produces the most charming effect. The feathery heads of the trees rise up against the sky out of a bed of mist, purple, violet, or grey in tint. Such a scene recurs evening after evening, and is always beautiful, the softness and tender colour being unique, and harmonising to perfection with the grey tones of the river surface seen afar off to the north.

Palms in a wind do not seem to wave their leaves, but to set them sloping about an inclined, instead of a vertical, axis. A palm-grove thus becomes not only an excellent weathercock, but also an indicator of the force of the breeze.

That common ornamental motive, the palmette, proves to be a much more truthful abstract of the date-palm's form than I could have imagined. Beheld from a distance, the date-palm is the most formal, the most architectural, of trees. I have sometimes been almost startled at the artificial aspect of a long line of distant palms seen by full daylight. They have resembled a row of posts with a palmette upon the top of each. Do you know, by-the-by, that the Egyptian, and likewise the Assyrian, forms of fan were clearly borrowed from the date-palm?

Just a week ago, a few moments after Aten, the solar disc had vanished below the horizon, stretching out beneficent golden bands of light to all quarters of the heavens; a flush of crocus yellow spread itself across the place of the god's departure, in beauteous contrast of colour to the purple curtains of the east. Purple shadows too were caught in the rolling sand and hid themselves in all the clefts and hollows of the hills. It chanced that the heads of a grove of palms were projected against the yellow, so that they fretted it into all manner of lovely forms by their graceful leaves.

But I must cease from writing and go on deck, for the sun is just now setting behind purple Bibbeh, and all the sky is clothed with crimson splendour. Undoubtedly the further we go from the Southern Cross the more rich and beautiful do the sunsets become.

W. M. CONWAY.

THE MOSQUE OF SULTAN ACHMET, CONSTANTINOPLE.

LIKE a strict Presbyterian, a Turk has a holy horror of images. His religious worship is simple and beautiful. His prayers are directed to the one God, without the aid of any symbol; for Moham-medanism avoids all kinds of idolatry, and requires the absence of animal forms in the decoration of its architecture. The Turk, however, is not satisfied with bare walls, but, surrounded in his daily life by all

that is beautiful in nature, he has adopted flowers as the basis of decoration. In Constantinople the best example of Turkish architecture is the Ahmedyeh, or Mosque of Sultan Achmet. This Mosque was built about the year 1610, and is worthy of its illustrious founder, who at the time had brought the victorious Turks so far into Europe that they had subdued all Hungary and advanced to the gates of Vienna.

The Ahmedyeh is unique in one respect, that it is the only mosque in the Ottoman Empire which has six minarets. These are of the most graceful character, each having three galleries in the Saracenic style. Only at Mecca are there so many minarets attached to one mosque; and it is said that Sultan Achmet when constructing the Ahmedyeh had to ask permission to erect these six minarets. The chief Imam at Mecca hearing, however, of the magnificence of Achmet's mosque, and fearing that it might surpass the sacred shrine at Mecca itself, would only grant the desired permission to the Sultan on condition that Achmet would add a seventh to the six that then existed at Mecca.

In plan the Mosque is nearly square, being 210 feet long by 235 feet wide. The form is thus the opposite of the Gothic Cathedral, where length is used to give the effect of distance and magnitude, and where the eye is deceived by the vista of repeated arches. On entering the Ahmedyeh the eye grasps the height and width of the structure at once. The effect is magnificent, realistic, and thrills the spectator.

Of the interior, the most remarkable feature that first meets the eye is the size of the four enormous marble fluted pillars, thirty-six feet in diameter, which support the dome. This large cupola, the largest in Constantinople, is joined by two smaller domes behind each of these enormous pillars, forming the four corners of the Mosque; and thus around the central eupola are grouped eight lesser domes, most effective, and giving the whole the characteristic beauty of Eastern architecture. Round the interior walls on three sides runs a gallery supported on porphyry and marble pillars with stalactite capitals. A similar gallery is repeated again on the outside of the building. The walls are lined with old Persian ceramic tiles of the most beautiful floral patterns. The colouring of these tiles is mostly green and blue, combined on a white ground, with flowers of red and yellow harmoniously introduced, producing a most charming and artistic result. The arches and upper parts of the building are decorated with frescoes in harmony with the Persian tiles that line the walls. The interior thus presents a brightness and sparkle of effect found in no other mosque in Constantinople. Under the gallery are benches for the readers of the Koran, and behind the gallery are treasure vaults, in which are deposited gold and other valuables. On each side of the Merab, looking towards Mecca, stands an enormous candelabrum, and from the roof hang golden lamps adorned with emeralds and other jewels. Across the Mosque hangs an iron framework, from which are suspended innumerable little lamps that hang at a height of about ten feet from the floor. The floor is covered with matting, as is the case in other mosques, the interiors of which are all kept most scrupulously clean, strangers and worshippers alike being compelled to remove their shoes before entering.

On the western side of the Mosque there is an outer court similar in dimensions to the Mosque itself. This

is called the Haram. It is surrounded with a colonnade of marble and porphyry, roofed with numerous cupolas, and having at each corner one of the far-famed minarets. In the centre of this large court is a covered fountain, from which water is drawn for use in the Mosque; this fountain is similar in architecture to the rest of the buildings, and is most beautifully proportioned. From this court start the caravans of pilgrims that go from Constantinople to Mecca, and the Mosque is therefore considered peculiarly sacred in consequence. Hither also comes the Sultan on great State festivals to worship, and thus the Ahmedyeh may be called the State Mosque of Constantinople.

Around the buildings are trees and shrubs, which add a charm to the magnificent aspect of the Mosque.

To one who, for the first time, comes in contact with Eastern life, no scene can be more charming than such a picture as this. The doves flutter with their glancing wings round the marble minarets, sparkling spots of white against the deep blue of the sky, and out on the gallery you see the Muezzin, and hear him calling 'Allah illa Allah.'

The worshipper comes to wash his feet and hands at the fountain in the cooling shade, and then enters the Mosque, prostrating himself thrice with brow touching the floor.

Having my camera with me when in Constantinople, I was determined that if possible I should carry away with me, amongst other negatives, one at least of the interior of the Mosque of Sultan Achmet. The first time I visited it, I proposed to one of the attendants, through my interpreter, to ask permission of the chief Imam to photograph the interior. This, I was told, had never been done: it was impossible. I suggested that a gift of money to the funds of the Mosque might be a means of doing good, while at the same time I might be able to show to my countrymen what splendid architects the Turks were. Knowing too, by this time, something of Eastern bargaining, I began by offering one medjideh, and suggested a possible half more; but these overtures were rejected with scorn. Two days later I returned armed with the camera, which I judiciously left outside, and began again to try the virtues of *bakshish*. 'Would not one medjideh do?' I asked.

'No!'

'Would two do, then?'

'No!'

'Well, how much?'

The attendant would see the Imam again, he said. We waited, and at last he returned saying five medjidehs should be the price. 'Ha! ha!' I thought, 'I have you now!' And then came the bargaining—a species of Dutch auction on his part and regrets on mine—ending in the triumphant entrance of myself and camera at a cost of three medjidehs. I was told to hurry in by a little side door, and to keep quiet, and beside one of the huge sheltering pillars I erected the tripod, and thus from the gallery above photographed the interior of the beautiful Mosque of Sultan Achmet.

DAVID R. CLARK.

SALAMMBÒ.

BRUSSELS, February 1890.

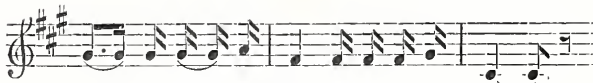
THE Paris Grand Opera, and its celebrated onyx marble staircase, is the most gorgeous of opera-houses. It possesses two managers, who, besides handsome profits, receive an annual Government subsidy of 800,000 francs (£32,000), and have at their disposal a fine orchestra, good choirs, a well-trained *corps de ballet*, and the most complete mechanical scenic arrangements. Yet, notwithstanding all these advantages, the Académie Nationale de Musique et de Danse, as it is pompously styled, is one of the worst managed and least artistic theatres in Europe. Every year or two a new opera or ballet is played (the latest novelty has been a *reprise* of *Lucie de 'Lammamor'*!), the rest of the time, *The Huguenots*, *Faust*, the *Africaine*, or the *Favorite* alternate on the tri-weekly list of performances. This is why French musical composers, finding that they have little or no chance of seeing their works performed in Paris, have to go to Brussels to be played. Thus within the last eight years the following works have been brought out at Brussels:—Massenet's *Hérodiade*; Reyer's *Sigurd*; Littol's *Les Templiers*; *Jocelyn*, by B. Godard; *Gwendoline*, by Chabrier, and other works of less importance.

The Théâtre de la Monnaie has become a musical Mecca, to which a pilgrimage is made by *Tout Paris* at least once a year. The run from Paris to Brussels is now done in 5½ hours, and, thanks to the good accommodation offered by the Chemin de fer du Nord, the trip is quite a *partie de plaisir*. This year the musical event which has attracted the Parisian artistic and literary world to Brussels has been the *première* of Reyer's *Salammbò*, grand opera, in five acts, which took place on the 10th of this month. The libretto of *Salammbò* is an adaptation of Flaubert's celebrated Carthaginian novel, but in the transposition from prose to poetry the character of the daughter of Hamilcar has lost much of its strange and mystic charm, and has become that of the traditional love-stricken maiden, with a contralto voice, who sings, 'O Ciel, me voilà seule'; while the enamoured tenor warbles, 'O viens, ange adorée.' When will a writer of sense and talent have the courage to throw aside the conventional poetic trash of the ordinary opera libretto, and adopt instead a form of rhythmical prose (an improvement on the Wagnerian formula), which will be better adapted to the dramatic action of the play as well as to the descriptive passages of symphony music? But to return to our subject. Whatever faults are to be found with the poem, they are fully redeemed by the many beauties of M. Reyer's score, which is full of melody. *Salammbò* is perhaps a more highly finished work than *Sigurd*, though opinions differ as to which is the better opera. The music of the first three acts is essentially in keep-

ing with the action of the drama, and nothing can be finer than the scene in the precincts of the Temple of Tanit, where we assist at the sacred rites, incantations, and dances in honour of the Goddess of the Moon, during which Matho, the chief of the Mercenaries who are besieging Carthage, steals the Zaimph (the sacred veil of the goddess, the Palladium of Carthage) in order to offer it to Salammbò. But the gem of the opera is the third act, which discloses to our view the terrace of Hamilcar's palace, from which we see the Acropolis of Carthage, the Temples of Tanit and Moloch, and the sea in the distance. The whole scene, which is very artistically put on the stage, is bathed in bright moonlight. Shababarim, the high priest, comes to bid Salammbò sacrifice herself in order to save Carthage. He orders her, in the name of the goddess, to go forth to the camp of the Mercenaries who are besieging the city, and obtain, at any cost, the Zaimph, which lies concealed in the tent of Matho, their leader. At the end of this scene occurs the beautiful lamento—



Ah ! qui me donne - ra comme à la co-



lombe des ail - es pour fuir dans le soir qui tom - be

most exquisitely rendered by Mme. Caron. This lady, who has already 'created' the part of Brunehilde in *Sigurd*, that of Chimène in Massenet's *Le Cid*, has scored another success in her personification of Salammbò, a part which demands not only an accomplished singer, but a good actress. The orchestra, choruses, and general interpretation of *Salammbò* are worthy of all praise, and the performance, taken in its *ensemble*, reflects the greatest credit on Messieurs Stoumon and Calabrèsi, the enterprising managers of the Brussels opera.

Samson et Dalila, an early work of M. Saint-Saëns, well known in Germany, but never yet played in France, is to be given next week at Rouen, where an enterprising impresario has obtained a subsidy from the Municipal Council, and the promised support of a group of Parisian and local *dilettanti*. He also intends to produce Berlioz's *Beatrice et Benedict*, played with great success at Baden-Baden in 1868, M. Cahen's *Le Vénitien*, and other novelties of more recent date, which we may never have an opportunity of hearing in Paris.

I have taken advantage of my short stay in this city to run over to Antwerp to spend a few hours with the Old Masters, so gloriously represented in the churches and museum of Rubens' native city. At the

Plantin Museum I learnt that on the occasion of the tercentenary of Christophe Plantin, next August, a committee of eminent bibliophiles has been formed, with the view of organising an exhibition of old and rare books. Lectures will also be given on the origin and progress of printing, and other interesting subjects

relative to books. The Secretary-General of the Tercentenary is M. de Roosas, Conservateur du Musée Plantin Moretus, at Antwerp, who will be most happy to give all requisite information on the subject to those 'lovers of books' who would like to take part in the proceedings of the Tercentenary. C. NICHOLSON.

MARY OF ROMSEY: A DIPTYCH. BY COMPTON READE.

PART I.

THE ARGUMENT.—King Stephen of England was feasting with his lords at Caerleon Castle, when the spectre of a Welsh bard he had slain with his own royal hand intruded on the company with a direful prophecy, afterwards verified to the letter. He predicted that none of King Stephen's blood should occupy the throne of England, and that his descent should be preserved only in the offspring of his daughter. Stung to the quick by this taunting vaticination, the king swore to defeat the latter part of it by devoting his only daughter, Mary, to conventual vows. Accordingly Mary was brought over from Normandy and took the veil as a nun in the Abbey of Romsey in Hampshire, but under compulsion.

Her cloister life was far from happy, and she had already begun to gird against its restraints, when the death of her elder brother without issue, and of her father, was followed by that of her surviving brother, the Count of Boulogne. To that, the richest fief in France, she succeeded, and ere she had taken possession, Mathieu of Alsace, a soldier of fortune, with little more than good looks to recommend him, crossed the Channel, and persuaded Mary to elope with him.

PANEL I.—A COLD CLOISTER.

THE King was at wassail, and wassail deep,
In Caerleon, the Cymri's royal keep,
When a sound—as the dead awaked from sleep—
Ushered in a being so leary,
Each eye might trace by the festal light
Bone, nerve, and vein through his robe of white,
The gore and gash of a fatal fight,
'Twas the phantom of a seer.
Then knights upstarted and barons paled,
For his fleshless visage was dimly veiled,
And churls' teeth chattered for fear;
The black bat circled from beam to beam,
A grey owl tallied her wanton scream
With the tempest's re-echoing moan;
The watch-dog fleered an affrighted yell,
While aloft in its turret the curfew-bell
Flung abroad a foreboding tone.
Then the word passed forth through the revelling host
That this was no man, but the quickened ghost
Of a hard King Stephen had slain;
And they all fell aback,
Lest his touch should wrack
Their limbs with unearthly pain.
E'en toppers, *malgré* the wassail bowl,
'Gan grave to behold as a monkish cowl,
As he strode through the gaping door,
And with hand upraised,
'Mid the rabble amazed,
Fared forth to the dais floor.
But to arms stood the King—a King and no coward,
Be the foeman or mortal or spirit untoward—
And he gripped his good sword,
While this ancient outpoured
A peal of malignant laughter,
And withdrawing his veil
Up and told a tale
To knights and earls,
To shivering churls,
Till the hall rang from rush to rafter!

'Lo, the knell,' his voice as a storm-wind cried,
'Of doom is tolling! Pomp, power, and pride

To the dust shall thy sin abase.
Lift high, Lord King, the goblet and drink;—
Yet, anon ere thou pledgest, pause and think
On the Cymri's piteous case.
We were free; we are slaves;
We were lords; we are knaves;
Yet shall not be enslaven for aye;
The future will bring
A Cymric king
And the dawn of a brighter day.
And thou, in the lack of an heir, shall rue
The hand that The Seer of The Skerrydd slew,
Yea, a girl shall be all of Stephen
To bear his strain to the coming age,
To limn his descent on an alien page,
For the measure of fate is even.
Nor male of thy blood, nor son of thine,
Shall wield the sceptre from Thames to Tyne
Of a royal inheritance broken;
As thou wak'st shalt thou sleep,
As thou sow'st shalt thou reap,
For the prophet the word hath spoken!

A flash as of flame; then astonished eyes
Beheld this unhallowed spectre arise
By the glare of a flickering taper,
And on pinions of light,
To the uttermost night
Upsoaring, vanish as vapour.
But the King raised aloft his goblet and drank:
'Be witness, my lieges, this mountebank
In his ghostly teeth hath lied!
Forewarned, natheless, let our counsel be wary,
We boast but one daughter, the Princess Mary,
And lest this mischance betide,
We will send an herald across the sea
Our damsel to fetch from Normandie
Ere the moon her circuit hath run;
And to prove him base in his dastard face,
And to give him grace for his foul menace,
We will make of the chit a nun!

Like the tocsin bell with its iron clang
So the vaunting voice of King Stephen rang

To the time of a victory won ;
 Yet for all his jest and unfatherly vow,
 The night wind repeated, laughing low :
 ' We will make of the chit a nun !'
 A king's parole—yea of evil token—
 As his solemn seal remaineth unbroken.
 Let the skies descend,
 Let the old world end,
 He must bide by his folly spoken.
 'Twas base, nathetheless, for a sovereign sire
 To vow for a sacrifice
 In a passing moment of crazy ire
 His pearl, and his pearl of price.
 This chit, so lightly esteemed of the king
 Was in every thought a delicious thing ;
 By the side as he stood of his daughter Mary.
 'Twas the jest that an ogre begot a fairy,
 For the maid seemed of holier birth ;
 With eyes as the skies
 Of paradise,
 And a lip
 As the dip
 Of harvest eve,
 And hair
 So rare,
 In a tangle of gold
 Its tresses rolled
 From neck unto feet,
 With texture meet
 For a god to weave ;
 And a voice whose notes, like a little bird's,
 In their tender trill seemed to kiss the words ;
 And, lit by the dazzle of maiden mirth,
 A glorified face in the guise of earth ;
 As the face of the lily abroad it smiled
 'Twixt the shower and the glad sunbeam,
 As the blissful thought of a little child
 In the trance of a waking dream.
 For a soul so sweet, in her bounteous womb,
 Had the future no more than a living tomb ?

She was bound, the thrall, by *force majeure*,
 Of a holy rule, whose discipline *dur*
 Deflowers the bloom of love ;
 To vow her heart
 As a worthless part,
 Her beauty, her grace,
 As lures to debase,
 The warmth of her life,
 As with mischief rife,
 To the service of Mary above.
 They had harried her hither from fairy France,
 Dear realm of the rondel, high home of the dance,
 From her childhood's rose-trellised bower ;
 And anon from the Thames to the woodland west,
 Where ripples afield the crystal Test
 By Romsey's embattled tower.
 And the Abbess Matilda, silvern grey
 With the flux of years and austerity,
 For a benison coldly kissed her,
 And prayed her remember,
 That, though December,
 She welcomed May as a sister.
 And they changed her bodice of foreign grace,
 Her robe of samite inwove with lace,
 And the pearls that bedecked her head,

And they gave her a veil of deadly hue,
 With weeds all dark as the dismal yew,
 A religious garb instead :
 And they cropped the wealth of her hair with shears,
 Till the smile of her eye was lost in tears—
 For the shame, the bitter shame ;
 And when she made plaint in her childish tone,
 They whispered, that, an she be lost and lone,
 'Twas her sire must bear the blame.
 For in truth the King's royal pleasure was done,
 And Mary of Romsey made a nun.

As the clouds, as the leaves, as the fleeting showers,
 So sped unobserved her cloistral hours.
 Nor wear, nor care,
 Nor foul, nor fair,
 Nor ill, nor well,
 Nor heaven, nor hell,
 A life all written in sand
 By the daily tide of the tolling bell,
 And anon, for new's, a funeral knell,
 Or the clasp of a novice hand ;
 A life of the shade,
 Of things that fade,
 With never a colour,
 And never a dolor,
 A life to dwindle a heart.
 For a carved stall in that vast Abbaye
 They had taken the all she cherished—yet stay,
 They could not purloin a part.
 Let the choir resound
 To the swelling sound
 Of matins, lauds, or prime,
 Her thoughts were free
 As the wind or sea,
 And far from the ceaseless chime.
 The cruel scissors that marred her beauty,
 The rigid round of religious duty,
 An they turned her spirit to stone,
 Still, the dear old days were her very own.
 'Mid the sisterly throng she lived alone,
 In faëry vision of home and France ;
 Again she drank each note of the song,
 Again she tripped in the dainty dance,
 While the ritual droned along.
 Yet the priest professed there was never one
 So devout as Mary, the royal nun.

So told its tale each day to day,
 Till it fell on a midsummer holiday
 With the Abbess austere she wended her way,
 Past a busy mill with its tumbling wheel,
 And the swirl of the water-flood made her feel
 The flight of a fateless fate.
 Then the hidden fire in her bosom burned,
 And her eye on the chilly Superior turned
 One glance—and may be of hate,
 While she fretted : ' O mother, I hold it a sin
 Fond Philomel to imprison within
 The bars of a holy cage.
 I would barter a life of pious leisure
 For a butterfly's spell of passing pleasure,
 Ere womanhood merge in age !'
 ' My erring sister,' the Abbess said :
 ' I have thought such thoughts in the years long dead,
 And they yielded nor ease nor gain,
 Canst thou turn the Test
 From her seaward quest,

Or give back to the skies their rain?
 Let be. Uncloud thy fantasied brain,
 Or seek in penance the purge of pain!

A sultry noontide wooed them afield
 Where Embly's embowered recesses yield
 The breath of a sea-born wind:
 It harped, as the lull of a distant lyre,
 A harmony of fate and fire
 To the maiden's attentive mind.
 She dreamed, yet never of Mary above
 And the sad-sweet joys of her mystic love,
 But, as revelled in rays the sun,
 Of the bond of bliss

That hallowed is
 For her who is not a nun.
 She dreamed, and dreaming an idle lay
 'Gan hum for a rebel's rosary:—

Sing, one makyth none

In the sum of life,

And twain but one—

A man and a wife.

To the rhyme of old time doth my ditty run,

For a damosel shall be waste or won.

With a heigho! Nonny-no!

And I marvel much it was ever so!

For a gaudy hour

By the lonely lea

A lovesick flower

Grew fresh and free,

But at vesper-tide for lack of light

She drooped, and she draggled, and died in a night,

With a heigho! Nonny-no!

And I marvel much it was ever so!

Then atack for the one

Per spell of ill

Professed a nun,

And against her will!

The deed it is done, the maid undone,

And all is weariness under the sun;

With my heigho! Nonny-no!

Beshrew my star, was it ever so?

But anon these wayfarers paused to view

The forest billows with trough of yew,

A very ocean of green;

And the dream, and the hour,

And fantasy's power

Gave a glory to gild the scene.

'Twas perchance a harbinger of pleasure,

For adown the glade in gentle measure

A footfall aroused the ear.

It pulsed, and it pulsed, like to Spanish dancing,

Till its melody merged in a courser's prancing,

And the thrill of a presence near.

Then zephyrs blew lighter

For hap of the day,

And beams flecked brighter

The beechen spray,

A squirrel upsprang

To the topmost tree,

A throistle sang

In an ecstasy,

The wild dove fluted,

The linnet luted,

The rose shed her scent,

The violet lent

An infinite fragrance for her content,

As she stood on the sward with her bright young soul
 All swathed in a tender aureole;
 For the world, late so triste, to her charmed eyes
 Now blazoned the hues of paradise,
 While Phœbus limned with his gaudiest ray
 The thought of her dreams for many a day.

This thought that dawned as an orb of light
 Was in truth a gallant and gracious knight,
 With a laugh as the morning of mirth and might,
 And the deep-set eye of December night,
 Sir Mathieu, Count of Alsace;
 And his words of greeting—an coy and few—
 Fell sweet on her soul, as the early dew
 Refreshens the germinating grass;
 For she stole but a glimpse of his manhood's glory,
 Like the rose of the summer sun,
 To repeat in herself the ancient story
 Of a heart never wooed, yet won.

He tethered his steed
 To a hawthorn tree,
 For he came to plead,
 And on bended knee,
 How he journeyed afar,
 From beyond the sea,
 Nor would rest from his quest,
 Unburdened his breast
 Of the message he carried for her behest.
 Rich his helmet's blazon,
 Rich the diapason,
 E'en of a halting address;—
 His speech was his smile,
 The guerdon of guile,
 Though it told of a true tendresse;
 And when he besought her with courtly art
 To grant of her grace an audience apart,
 A very rainbow lit the skies,
 Then melted—in her azure eyes.

In vain the Abbess essayed to chide,
 As he drew perforce her sister aside—
 She wondering how he durst—
 And then he prattled, as lovers will,
 Such pretty conceits as overfill
 The cup of a soul athirst.
 And his form encompassed the tremulous nun,
 As sheaves of harvest a ripening sun
 Ablaze in the heaven high;
 She felt his magic in waves pass o'er her,
 His every sense and nerve adore her,
 Till eye was blended with eye;
 And he clasped to himself for a little space
 In his palms profane her uplifted face,
 Nor courted its smile in vain,
 For her head 'gan droop on his mailed breast
 As a little bird that has lost its nest
 And found it at last again;
 And the Abbess beheld, for her breath to forsake her,
 This stranger knight,
 As a feather light,
 Upraise to his mettled steed
 The freight all-fairy
 Of Princess Mary,
 And with never a poor God-speed,
 In his circling arms for a captive take her;
 While ere she had shrilled 'By our Ladye, stay!
 The knight and the nun were to horse and away.

(To be continued.)

FRAGMENTS FROM THE LOST JOURNAL OF PIERO DI COSIMO.

II.

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

[The following excerpts, all that remain of Piero's Journal, are plainly of a considerably later date than those given in the January number. The postscript by Antonio del Monte is written on the page immediately succeeding that containing Piero's latest entry. There is some further writing below the 'Requiescat,' apparently in Latin, but, save for a few letters, indecipherable.]

YESTERDAY I completed a series of drawings of strange animals, similar to those of dragons, and other rare creatures which I made for Giuliano de' Medici. I have often wondered if, in some far country, a fortunate traveller will not unexpectedly come upon those half-human creatures of which legends tell us. How well I remember going to a wild rocky place on the Pisan shore, in hope to see the golden hair and white breasts and waving arms of those Ladies of the Deep of whom I heard oft in my boyhood, or, at the very least, to hear the delicate sweet forlornness of their alien singing! One night—it seems but yester eve as I recall it—I lay in a heathy dingle, watching the moonlight resting like the caressing hand of God upon the tired earth, and listening to the deep undertone of the ancient Sea, as he laid his lips against the shore and murmured, in a tongue unknown of men, secrets of Oblivion, and dull, remote prophecies. There was an absolute hush in the air. Now and again the pinging sound of a gnat deepened the profound stillness. I almost fancied that I heard the serene aerial chiming of the stars. While I lay there adream, mine ears caught the sound of a faint splashing. I thought it was a fish, leaping in silver upon a moongold wave to snap at a wandering firefly. Then as the sound waxed more distinct and without intermission, I conceived the idea that the sirens were swimming landward, and I caught myself listening eagerly for that wild fantastic music which lures mariners to the doom of which no man knoweth the manner or fulness. Suddenly I heard a low laugh. The sweet humanity of it acted upon me like the dawn after a night of gloom. As silently as the doe lifts her head from the fern-covert when she scents from afar off the prowling wolf, I raised myself. *Per Bacco!* was I still adream? I wondered. A beautiful girl ran to and fro along the sea-marge, her ivory limbs splashing far and wide the foam of each long, low, ultimate wave. Her hair drifted behind her like the tresses of a wind-blown larch. Her beautiful naked body gleamed in the moonlight, and as she moved hither and thither, now swiftly as though pursued, now with dainty listlessness, I thought that I had never seen aught lovelier.

A little cape ran out from the shore, and as she neared it she laughed low again and again—low, and yet so that I heard it easily. It thrilled me unspeakably. There was in it such unfathomable pain, and yet with—oh, such a subtle rare magic of delight! I felt that I could—nay, that I would—follow that low-haunting laugh, and that ideal beauty, even to the ends of the earth, even though I was led into places of death, unspeakable because of their terror. Suddenly she—this thing of beauty and grace—disappeared as in a wave, and I saw her no more. With the speed of a man fleeing for his life I raced towards the shore. Strange that I should notice, and for a second or two halt, because of the shrill sudden cry of an aziola. It mocked me, I thought. But when I reached the shore nought was there. There was the same vast stretch of the moonlit deep, the same long low wave, for ever breaking in foam out of stillness, like the froth upon a dying man's lips—the same inscrutable silence on sea and land, save for the pinging of the gnats below the cystus-bushes, and the low thrilling monotone out of the heart of the waters. Hastily I ran out upon the little cape—but no, nought could I see beyond it or close under. Had I then seen one of those mysterious creatures who live in Ocean, and lament a lost humanity? I wandered all night long by the margin of the sea, but heard no unwonted sound, save the crying of a strange bird far waveward: saw no unusual sight, save a furtive phosphorescence which came and went upon the dark surface of the waters, like an evil smile upon the face of an Oriental satrap dreaming of cruel delights. But about dawn I met a haggard fisherman, who stared at me strangely and muttered some foolishness. From him, in reply to my eager questions, I learned that one Mariana, the daughter of a gentleman of Pisa, had recently become distraught because of the exceeding beauty of a youth of whom she had dreamt, because of his surpassing loveliness, but still more because of his visionary immortality, which could not mate with her earthliness. She had passed through Pisa as one dazed, and had been seen at sundown watching the inward moving tide, and laughing strangely to herself the while. None had seen or heard of her since. But this had occurred many days—ay, weeks—before mine own adventure. To this day, in all verity, I know not whether 'twas Mariana of Pisa whom I saw passing like a dream through the wave, or some Donna Ignota born of the moonshine and the sea.

To-night, as I walked in my wilderness (so I lovingly call my garden), filled full as it is with all manner of

strange things and desolate growths, I noticed a curious flashing of red lights. Ever and again it happened, and once so that I was almost dazzled. At first I thought some rare creature, a lizard or salamander from afar, or it might be some gem or old-time weapon, lay amid the mould; but at the last I found to my surprise that this flashing of light was caused by two or three blooms among a cluster of nasturtiums. One, in particular, glowed like the lantern of a monk in a dark wine-vault. I knew not till then that flowers gave off this mysterious effulgence, though, now I think of it, Suleiman has told me that he has seen something of the kind in the region beyond Nilus. It has made me think. Perhaps all created things give off some coloured emanation. I should like to paint the people going to and fro in the streets of Florence, with all their hidden sins made visible in furtive flashes of scarlet and purple, and wan green and yellow, and bloodied red! *Cristo*, how the Medici would reward me for my pains if I painted *them*! 'Twould be a short shrift then for the hermit-painter, Piero di Cosimo. Nay, but seriously, what if some of us have this quality? 'Twould account for the divers strange and terrifying apparitions of the dead of which rumour is oft, in the dark hours, so wondrous garrulous.

(On the morrow.)

I slept little last night, for a deep brooding over the thing of which I have writ above. I have decided to tell Alessandro Bardi that I shall paint him and his Caterina after all. How I hate old Luigi Bardi! The insolence of the purse-proud man—how dared he insult me that day on the Ponte Vecchio?—sneering at me as a madman because I had stood staring for an hour or more upon the marvellous violet lights in the shallow flood of Arno, laughing loudly while I told him that that violet had to be waited for for weeks at a time, mocking with his twisted mouth, 'Violet! violet! *Corpo di Cristo*, hark to the man! He cannot even see aright!' Fool that he was! Howsoever, it is true that painters see deeper into colour, as falconers see further than goldsmiths. And yet, because of his ducats, he thought he could obtain a portrait of his son and his mistress from me! No doubt—*si, si, amico mio*—you shall have the portrait—*ecco!* Piero di Cosimo shall paint your son and the twilight-eyed Caterina.

'Tis a month since I have writ aught in these pages. Alessandro and Caterina are both dead: died o' the plague, it is said. I know better.

They came to me. I made that a condition. I painted both upon one canvas. A comely youth, Alessandro: Caterina's beauty, melancholy, exquisite, like an antmml eve on the Maremma. How they loved each other! Ofttimes I laid down my brush, and once I burst into laughter so loud and so long that Bardi, the good youth, hesitatingly came towards me, as a stag might approach a hyena. But I waved him back, with muttered execrations. Had he but

gained one glimpse of my canvas he would have slain me forthwith. Oftener, I simulated great abstraction in labour, and watched them furtively. Her favourite attitude was to lean her head against his breast, and then, many a time, she sang a wondrous sweet song of the Trevisan (whereof she was a native), so that my tawdry workroom became glorified, I know not how. His pleasure was to stroke her long lustrous hair, and to look dreamily into those shadowy eyes of hers, where immortality seemed to brood amid depths of death. She was with child, and oft looked suddenly at naught, in a wild trouble, as I have seen a white hart do at the falling echo of a far-off baying hound. Ah! this terrible brutality of motherhood. It is a device of nature to humiliate the soul, of which she is jealous unto death. She has disguised it in a rainbow, as a Borgia might convey a debilitating, slow-killing poison in an exquisite rose. . . . Well, I watched them oft. The other eventide I was sitting alone, brooding upon the frightful thing before me, all but finished it was, when Suleiman entered. I did not hear him knock, nor do I believe he did, though he so averred. He is a dark and evil spirit. He stared at my canvas, and an awful look lurked about his eyes and mouth. Then he laughed. Thereafter he told me that he too bore a bitter grudge against Luigi Bardi. *Dio mio*, how it thrilled me when the swart Oriental—Suleiman el Moro, he calls himself, though hell knows his accursed name—confessed that he had woven a spell upon my brushes, so that demons had entered into them. 'To what end?' I asked, with my tongue moving like a wounded thing in time o' drought. 'So that when Luigi Bardi's son and his love look upon your painting they shall become what you have depicted them.' In horror I rose, thrust the grim saturnine Suleiman aside, and ran from the house, as one pursued by a demon. For I had painted Alessandro as the Lust of a Devil, and Caterina as the Desire of a Beast. 'Twas a wild revenge upon Bardi: but now God had turned it against me. I stayed all the night with Antonio del Monte, moaning so, at times, that he cried to me at last a wolf were fitter company. On the morrow, filled with remorse, and resolved to end my folly, I hastened back to my house. As I passed under the shadow of the Duomo I met Pietro Avante, who asked me if I had heard that Sandro Bardi and Caterina Dà Ra had gone secretly from Florence—so it was said, at the least, for nowhere were they to be found. My heart sank deep, deep, though I put a brave front against disastrous fate. At the end of the Borgo di San Sepolero my late pupil, Giraldo di Signa, stopped me, and asked if I knew whither Suleiman el Moro was bound. 'Wherefore?' I asked. 'Because, as I was going home, an hour before dawn—having been at the carousal of Berto Danoli, who is returning to Venice as the heir of his old uncle Benedetto—curse him for a miser!—I desried El Moro riding upon a white horse, and methought he had the face of a

corpse as he stared, in his swift passing, towards the way of the Pisan Gate.' 'I know not, fool,' I muttered; 'think you the accursed Egyptian, or whatever he be, is my son?' But thereafter I hurried with trembling limbs to my house. When I entered the workroom I thought my heart-strings would break: 'twas as though it were a wet cloth wrung by a woman on Arno-side. There lay Alessandro Bardi and Caterina, not only dead, but horrible in death: with a likeness, appalling, frightful, to their ghastly phantasma on the canvas. I know not how they died: whether she shrieked and fell (they must have come earlier than their wont, and seized the opportunity to look at my canvas), or whether he turned and slew her and then strangled himself, or whether demons wrought their death, I know not. They looked as though they had died of the Black Pest. Hastily I dashed paint this way and that across my accursed picture, and scraped the distorted features with the palette-knife, till it was as ghastly a ruin as the love of Sandro and Caterina. Then again I rushed out, crying, '*The Pest! the Pest!*' At first I was taken for mad. I know not how it might have gone with me, but the authorities feared to have even the name of the plague mentioned, so sent for, and privily removed, the two dead bodies, and had them burned on a waste spot half a league behind the wester slope of Fiesole. And now it is all over—all gone—all done. It might be a horror of the night, but for this letter from Luigi Bardi, with its awful curse; but for this oily, dull-savoured, blood-red pebble, come to me this morning, whence I know not, without word of any kind, without indication, save the word 'Suleiman' cried hollowly behind me by—by—*something*.

Old age is terrible when manhood is prostituted in it. It ought to be as full of peace and beauty as a snow-covered landscape in sunlight, as happy as a child's laughter among unfolding blossoms. To be a derelict upon the ocean of life is worse than any sudden wreckage. Death itself can never be truly abject: living death is the grave: corruption.

Sorely distraught have I been of late. No sound could I withstand. The very sight of priests, monks,

councillors, any one almost, of flies and shadows even, has made me quiver like an aspen. Oftentimes I have thrown down my brushes, cursing, because of my impotent hands. They would give me medicine. There is but one potion for me. They would poison me, no doubt. But I am already dead. O God, the beauty of the world!

'Tis all one ravening horror. And I have worshipped Nature! Fool—fool—fool that I was! It is a Monster with a passion for Death. It is a Creature, devouring, insatiable. We are but the froth blown for a moment above its churning jaws.

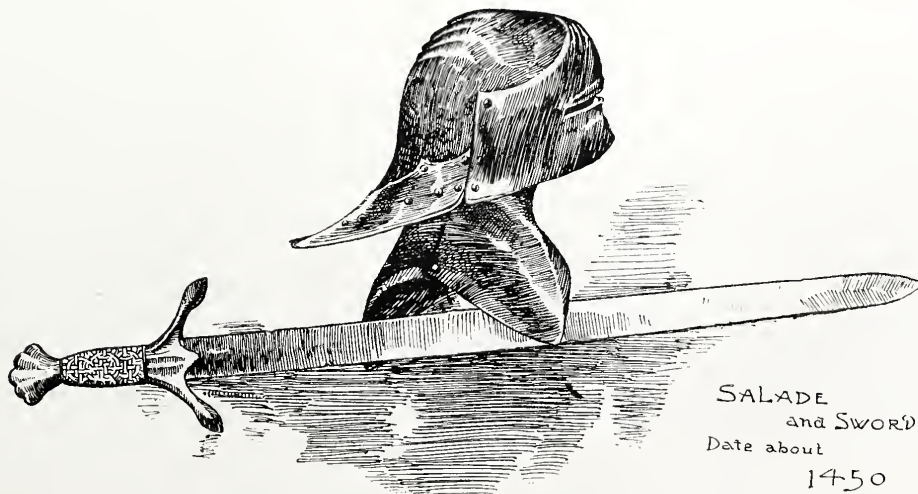
Is there anything more beautiful than a windless midsummer eve, within the hour of moonrise? Nothing stirs, save the flittering bats. The slow-circling fireflies swing their flames among the cypress boughs. Nature is dead, or asleep. God leans downward wistfully, and looks betwixt the stars of His azure veil upon the world the foolish priests say is His. Somewhere, in the unsunned gyres of infinity, the unknown God, the third and conquering Protagonist, looks upward, with dim prevision, beyond the twin Portals of his Rest—Oblivion and Chaos.

(Appended in the Script of Messer Antonio del Monte, Chemist and Naturalist, of Florence.)

Yester-morn, not having seen the maestro for many days, and knowing how his madness has been growing upon him, I went through his desolate garden, strewn with the bones of the many rare beasts and what not he hath purchased from me, and ruinons with decay and damp vicious glooms, and then up the broken marble stairs to his door. There was a weight against it. I pushed it to, and lo, the corpse of Piero, with a most awful horror on its face, lying head towards me, with the feet still upon the stairway. I note this here at once, lest any questioning should arise. Here, also, I record his own wish, told me but a half-month ago, that he was to be buried in his garden, betwixt a great heavy iron ercifix that would cover him, and an equally huge and heavy iron cross. Upon the former was to be engraved the single word, SPES, upon the latter, NATURA.

(Requiescat in Pace: Antonio Barili del Monte.)

WILLIAM SHARP.



SALADE
and SWORD
Date about

1450

ALEXANDER NIKOLAEVICH OSTROVSKY.



WITHIN the past fifteen years Russian fiction has become tolerably well known in Western Europe; but excepting a few specialists the many readers of Russian novels do not so much as suspect that there is a Russian national drama. This is by no means due to the inferiority of our dramatic art as compared with our fiction. Gogol, for example, who is the greatest among the great masters of Russian fiction, has written a comedy—*The Revisor*—which is in all points equal, if not superior, to his other great work—*Dead Souls*. Yet that comedy of his is hardly known abroad, and utterly unappreciated. Even Gogol's admirer and French commentator, Vic. Melchior de Vogüé, who shows so keen and subtle an understanding of his novels, fails to see much merit in him as a dramatist.

Every work of imagination is understood best in its native country. But it is evident that the novel, giving the fullest picture of life, and admitting both the facts of life and their explanation, lends itself comparatively easily to foreign interpretation. In the drama, the severest, and most thoroughly objective form of art, much which is left unsaid and unaccounted for must be supplied by the spectators, or by the readers out of the stock of knowledge and experience they have in common with the author. When such a common ground does not exist, and when the life reproduced offers many local peculiarities, the best dramas must lose much of their reality and power of convincing, and sometimes are even incomprehensible.

This applies to Gogol, and still more to Ostrovsky, the scenes of whose best dramas are laid in a sphere still more peculiar.

Ostrovsky, who was born in 1824 and died in 1886, left Russia a whole dramatic literature—thirty-seven dramas, representing all spheres and all sides of Russian life—the peasants, the old-fashioned middle class, the new money-makers and speculators, the nobility, the bureaucracy of high and low degree. Besides, he wrote a series of remarkable historical dramas, and a delightful fairy comedy in the style of the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*.

It is impossible to describe here with any degree of clearness all that world of fancy, so vast, varied, and at the same time so peculiarly Russian. Besides, such a detailed study would be of small interest to foreigners. Ostrovsky is the most unequal of our great writers. He has dramas which are works of genius, whilst others are hasty second-rate productions destined to oblivion. We will therefore omit the plays of the last period of his literary career, which are less original, and, with a few brilliant ex-

ceptions, show a certain exhaustion of creative power. We shall omit also, with regret, his historical dramas, though they are quite original, and offer an interesting supplement to his early productions. Ostrovsky's claim to stand by the side of the greatest writers of our land, as well as his vast social influence, rests upon a series of his dramas from middle-class life. We must study them to get an idea of Ostrovsky as an artist and as a thinker.

Our middle class is one of the curiosities of our country. Whilst in Western Europe we are accustomed to associate with this name the idea of intellectual refinement, high culture, and love of independence, in Russia it is the most narrow-minded, the coarsest, and most obtusely conservative of all classes. The fact is, that owing to peculiar causes, political, social, and religious, which would be tedious to explain here, the vast stream of European culture of the last two centuries passed entirely over the heads of our middle class. Whilst the upper classes, the nobility and the intermediary classes that come next, were rapidly educated, undergoing meanwhile profound inner changes, the middle class remained quite stationary. Up till the emancipation of the serfs in 1861, which revolutionised all our social life, the middle class as a whole was just a bit of the Tartaric Muscovy of the seventeenth century, so dear to our would-be Slavophiles. Thus with the educated Russian the family despotism became long ago a monstrous exception, the rights of grown-up children being fully recognised. The Russian women became long ago the equals of the men in their intellectual pursuits and social position. But in the middle class all this while the women were kept in an almost Oriental seclusion and dependence, while even grey-haired sons and daughters were compelled to look up to the head of the family. With the educated Russians orthodoxy is a thing of the past, utterly shattered by the influence of secular science; but with the middle class it is a terrible power, sanctioning all forms of despotism, and preserving the characteristic superficiality and wooden formalism of the seventeenth century. In no country with a healthy and normal development are such contrasts possible. But they existed in Russia for generations, and what may seem still more surprising, the educated Russians knew nothing about it until Ostrovsky lifted the veil for them.

How a man born in another class, and belonging to quite a different world, may succeed in mastering so thoroughly all the details of the life, the thought, the language of this most jealously secluded caste, rather than class—this is one of the secrets of Ostrovsky's genius. The fact is, that he succeeded marvellously, and from the very outset.

He began his career as an author in 1847, being

then a young man of twenty-four, fresh from the Moscow University. Though consisting merely of light sketches and scenes from the life of Moscow merchants, his early work reveals the real Ostrovsky in manner, style, and language, such as Russia knew him for the thirty years to come.

In 1848 he completed a five-act original drama, *Good Friends—Short Accounts*, in which his talent reaches at one bound its full maturity.

The scene is laid in Moscow. The central figure of the play is a rich merchant, Bolshov, a typical representative of those irresponsible and whimsical tyrants who are to be met only in our middle-class families. He has a wife, a daughter, and a number of dependants who all crouch and tremble before him. His will is law to all, whilst he recognises no duties toward those who depend upon him. It is the principle of unbridled Oriental despotism applied to the family life.

But upon these principles no true family can be founded. Bolshov's household is a gang of slaves kept down by fear, protecting themselves from his tyranny as best they can by lying, treachery, and deceit, and ready to jump at his throat and trample him down at the first favourable opportunity.

Such an opportunity, and the mode in which it was turned to account, is the subject of the play. Bolshov is meditating the committal of a fraudulent bankruptcy. One must not expect common honesty or recognition of men's mutual obligations in the class in whose ranks all have undergone in childhood much the same moral training as those of Bolshov's family. Here all are at war with each other, deceiving and cheating, and robbing and swindling with perfect equanimity. Success is the only moral test they acknowledge. Bolshov could very well afford to pay his creditors, but he does not choose to do so. He prefers to cheat them. To carry out his plan he wants an accomplice, and he opens his mind to Lazar, his confidential clerk, a cunning, though not a very clever fellow, with just brain enough to humour his patron, play upon his foibles, and use him as a stepping-stone. He secretly loves Olimpiada, his master's daughter. She is an empty-headed, shallow-hearted creature, whose natural coarseness has been transformed by her domestic life into brutal and revolting egotism. But to a dependant like Lazar she appears as a princess in a fairy tale. He dare not think of proposing to such a fine lady, who dreams of marrying a noble, when Bolshov speaks to him of the intended fraud. Lazar promises everything, making a show of devotion to his benefactor, and drops, as if by chance, some words disclosing his hopeless love to Olimpiada. Bolshov is glad of such a certain means of securing Lazar's fidelity. He immediately resolves to give his daughter in marriage to Lazar, and in the best of humour invites him to his house to play a 'practical joke on the ladies.' In the evening, when all are assembled, and the professional 'match-maker'—an important

character in middle-class life, and in Ostrovsky's plays—makes Olimpiada's head turn with the display of several noble alliances, Bolshov steps in and declares that they need not trouble about it any longer; he has chosen a husband for Olimpiada, and this is no other than Lazar. Olimpiada and her mother are struck dumb. But when they begin to express their indignation at the prospect of such a match, Bolshov imposes silence upon them, saying that 'his daughter is like a dish of his own cooking, which he can eat with whatever sauce he chooses.' Olimpiada does not, however, resist long. Left alone with her suitor, she is easily persuaded by the description of the vulgar comfort he promises her. She gives her consent freely, and the couple get on very well together. They marry. Bolshov, after having transferred all his property to his son-in-law, declares himself insolvent, and is put into gaol.

In the fifth act he comes to his children, broken by the shame of public exposure, imploring his son-in-law to accept the compromise which his creditors have offered. But now Lazar has got all he wanted. Whilst lavishing on his father-in-law protestations of love and gratitude, he firmly refuses to advance money, in which resolution he is heartily supported by his wife. The scene closes with the malediction of the father, who has to return to prison, and of the mother, who takes his part. But the happy couple pay no attention to these idle outpourings. They had a stroke of good luck, and have carried a difficult business to a good end. The jubilant Lazar turns to the audience with a playful monologue, asking for their patronage, and promising to serve them well, and never to cheat a child for so much as the value of an onion.

In the original version the curtain falls at this point. But the censor took offence at the implied suggestion that in a well-regulated State such swindling could remain unchecked. To save his work, Ostrovsky gave it another wind-up. After the exit of Bolshov an officer of the police appears, withstanding heroically an attempt to bribe him, and marches Lazar forthwith to prison.

But this artificial ending could not alter the nature and effect of that powerful drama. It is a great living thing, which tells its own tale, each character bearing the stamp of truth and reality, each scene adding to the convincing power of the whole.

Many a time Ostrovsky resumed the same theme of middle-class family life, painting its despotism, sometimes more violent and brutal, sometimes more whimsical, systematic, and cruel than in *Good Friends*. But never has he reproduced in such a masterly way the utter shallowness of all that life, its immorality and all-pervading egotism. It is the bitterest satire upon our patriarchal institutions, which loses nothing of its strength by being so perfectly objective. An artistic representation, says Tourguéneff in one of his letters, if done well, is the sharpest of satires.

In the peculiar conditions of Russia, this side of

Ostrovsky's drama could not be lost upon his public. The despotism he represented at work in the old-fashioned middle-class families has only too much hold upon all our national life. At the time when Ostrovsky began to write, it was flourishing in the institutions of serfdom. Later on, in 1859, Ostrovsky published a drama, *The Pupil*, in which he paints in its full hideousness the far more extensive, and therefore pernicious, despotism of the slave-owning nobility.

After the abolition of serfdom in 1861, the autocracy, the political and administrative despotism, were still there in full vigour, filling with gloom and suffering the life of all educated Russia. Now the despotism may vary in form, but its effect upon the minds and morals both of tyrants and victims is the same everywhere. The great artist who exposed its evils on one sphere of our national life has necessarily attacked it all along the line. Ostrovsky was at once hailed by liberty-loving educated Russia as one of her most powerful champions. Indeed, no writer has dealt a more severe blow to despotism, for he has attacked it in its very stronghold—the patriarchal family.

During all the thirty years of his literary career Ostrovsky never swerved from his mission. Yet it would be doing injustice to our great dramatist to consider him as a politician who made the drama a vehicle for spreading and championing his opinions. He is above all an artist, giving us the full picture of life he has observed with its gloom and occasional sunshine, its pitiless logic and its sublime inconsistencies.

In his next drama, *Paddle your own Canoe*, Ostrovsky introduces us to a father, Rusakov, who, though fully imbued with Bolshov's ideas concerning paternal authority, is so little of a tyrant that some short-sighted Slavophiles hailed Ostrovsky as having become a partisan of their views. In another renowned and most remarkable drama of his, *Poverty is no Sin*, Ostrovsky once again gives a far milder picture of middle-class family life than in his first play. No drama of Ostrovsky's is more popular in Russia than this one, on account chiefly of the truly national figure of its hero, Lubim Torzov. Here also we meet with a beautiful example of Russian womanhood in the person of Luba, the heroine of the play, a simple, modest girl, so very different from Olimpiada, in the truthfulness, sincerity, and honesty of her loving nature.

In *Live as God has willed It*, Ostrovsky places the action in the eighteenth century, thus making it his first attempt at a drama of popular history, which he so much enlarged afterwards. But as the action passes entirely among common, unhistorical people, the play is fully modern. It is one of his most remarkable works, from the powerful conception of the character of its hero, Peter, a typical Russian of the 'dashing young blood' order, and from a new side-light thrown upon our patriarchal family life. It is painted here as it exists among the poorer middle class and peasantry—an imperfect but decent institution, recognising certain principles as a rule of life, and not as a

means to indulge and gratify an unbridled personal egotism.

We can only mention the *Penniless Bride*, and the *Lucrative Office*, where Ostrovsky treads on Gogol's ground, the powerful *Pupil*, the *Marriage of Balsaminov*—all first-class dramas, showing the remarkable breadth, variety, and fecundity of our national dramatist. We must keep some room to speak of the gem of his plays, the *Thunderstorm*, which puts him side by side with the Titans of our literature.

Character-drawing, the creation of living individualities, is the test of great art. Now in the *Thunderstorm* we have a whole cast of wonderful perfection and completeness, such as only the hand of the greatest masters can produce. They live before us naturally, unconstrainedly, yet all the while we see the whole of them, as if they were lit from within by some magic lamp. There is no hidden recess of their heart they do not disclose to us. We know without their telling us the whole of their spiritual history—what they were intended for by nature, and how they became what they are.

As to the poetical and ideal figure of Catherine, the heroine, she is one of the deepest and most original creations of Russian genius—at once ethereally human and womanly, and thoroughly national.

But none of Ostrovsky's plays can be judged as a mere study of character, the *Thunderstorm* especially, for it is above all a drama of human passions. The plot is very simple. In the opening scenes two typical middle-class families are introduced to us. One is ruled by Dikoy, a foolish, ridiculous tyrant, whose balance of mind is upset beyond his own control by the excessive authority he possesses. He has a nephew, Boris, the hero, a young man educated like a 'gentleman,' who has remained, however, a typical 'merchant's son,'—submissive, low-spirited, cowed by the sense of his material dependence upon his brutal uncle.

The other family, which is the central one in the play, is ruled by Kabanova, a rich, strong-minded widow, well advanced in years, in whom we have the sanctimonious tyrant—the tyrant on principle,—worrying and harassing all around her in the name of religion and of respect due to the sacred ancestral traditions. Her first victim is her son, Tikhon, Catherine's husband, a weak, kind-hearted, inoffensive man, completely crushed by the grinding tyranny of his mother. Barbara, his sister, is a more energetic though absolutely commonplace character. She succeeds in keeping her head above water, and in protecting somehow her independence by resolutely and deliberately taking refuge in deceit and lies. She appears in a very bad light through all the drama, but one sees in her a slave brought to bay. With her companions and equals she is frank and truthful. She lies to and deceives only her mother, though she accepts that expedient easily enough.

Barbara's character shadows forth admirably by contrast with that of her sister-in-law.

Catherine is a born enthusiast, a superior nature with an inexhaustible spring of love in her heart, and a capacity to set it upon things spiritual. She is exquisitely sensitive, modest, and shy, but she stops at no considerations when her high moral sense is aroused. Her strength lies in her incapacity to stand in any contradiction with her conscience, or to endure falsehood. Such natures break, but they never suffer any moral deterioration, and perish—if perish they must—in all the splendour of their purity.

Catherine is exceedingly religious. She must have some kind of spiritual interest in life, and she finds it in the religion into which she throws all the poetry and enthusiasm of her soul. In Kabanova's house she suffers very keenly, though she tries her best to be a dutiful daughter to her and a good wife to Tikhon. But unhappily she meets Boris, Dikoy's nephew, and they fall into a sudden Romeo-and-Juliet kind of love with each other.

Catherine has married Tikhon without knowing him, the match being arranged, as usual, by their elders. Now she has a sort of affectionate pity for her husband, but she has never loved anybody, and her love to Boris has all the exaltation of a girl's first love, with the hidden ardour of a woman's. The drama is the story of that passion. In the first act we see it unacknowledged, unconscious, yet irresistible, growing upon the unhappy woman, who struggles desperately against it, and tries to find refuge in prayers, in the horror of the sin, in pity for her husband. But nothing can break the spell. Her husband, whom she implores to remain by her side, refuses to stay, and leaves the house on a business trip, only too glad to be released for a few days from his jail.

Catherine is alone, standing as though at the brink of a yawning abyss, toward which she is pushed by her love, her past miseries, the cheerlessness of a whole life of thralldom that lay before her. A tempter comes forward in the person of her sister-in-law Barbara, who removes all obstacles, and puts in Catherine's hand the key of the garden gate behind which Boris expects her.

Catherine yields and comes to see her lover. The short hours of intoxication are followed by a bitter awakening. The memory of her sin scorches her heart. She cannot bring herself to deceive and lie, and in a moment of great mental excitement she makes a clean breast of it, confessing everything publicly, in a truly Russian fashion, before her family and a crowd assembled under the arches of an old church.

The end of the story is easy to foresee. Gnawed by Kabanova, who makes the house a hell for her, disgusted with her husband, whom she can no longer endure, cowardly abandoned by her weak, whining lover, Catherine puts an end to her sufferings by throwing herself into the Volga.

Upon this simple canvas Ostrovsky has drawn one of

the most wonderful epopees in all the range of fiction. The love-scene at the garden gate, the last meeting, and the leave-taking with Boris, the monologue before the suicide, and, indeed, all the culminating scenes of that inspired story, are of surpassing beauty.

In none of his dramas has Ostrovsky exposed family despotism so deeply and mercilessly, down to its very roots and tragic consequence. Yet the final effect of the drama is not depressing. Catherine's presence redeems that world from the taint of hopeless rottenness. She is not a rebel, a bringer of a new light in this region of darkness. She is herself a faithful upholder of the principles which are at the base of Kabanova's tyrannical rule. But the time will come when, fired with other ideals, and listening to other teachers, she will become as a spring of living water for all around her. She will awaken in the Barbaras and the Kudrashes their better selves, and make them ashamed of their life of deceit and low egoism. She will inspire her moral energy in the Borises, sometimes even in the Tikhons, and make them lift up their heads, and stand up for their own independence and dignity, as well as for that of others.

With the insight of genius, Ostrovsky has given us in Catherine a type of these Russian women, the glory of our race, who have already done so much for the political redemption of our country, and who will do still more in the future for her social and moral regeneration.

The *Thunderstorm* was translated into French, and had the rare chance of being produced at the Parisian *Théâtre Libre* last year. It was a complete failure. The key-note of Catherine's character, the sincerity of her religion, was quite lost upon the French, and the inner logic of the drama was destroyed. The critics found it incomprehensible and absurd that Catherine, who had such a wicked mother-in-law and such a weak husband, should scruple to conceal from them her guilt! An appreciative English critic writing about the same drama in the *Scots Observer* does not repeat this blunder; though, while praising the many beauties of the play, he finds it utterly undramatic, and suggests that Ostrovsky was a great novelist who mistook his vocation! Here another point was missed,—the strength of patriarchal despotism. The Russian audiences shudder at every appearance of Kabanova. The imminence of some terrible tragedy is felt from the very outset, as in *Othello*, when this big, confident child lends her ear to the voice of Iago. But for an Englishman Kabanova is merely a disagreeable, intrusive mother-in-law of a common comedy.

It is doubtful whether a writer like Ostrovsky will ever become popular in foreign lands. But for those who would approach him with some preliminary initiation into the original life of his native country, he will disclose many of her deepest secrets not to be found in any of our great writers.

S. STEPNIAK.

NOTES AND REVIEWS.

PAINTER-ETCHERS, OLD AND NEW.—Etching has undoubtedly acquired of late a fresh hold upon artists and the public in England, and, like all sudden movements towards an art after years of contemptuous indifference, is in no small danger from the indiscriminate admiration lavished upon good and bad alike. When some few years ago a body of artists, who recognised the tendency to confuse the true work of the painter-etcher with work that is mere engraving, a formal stand was made against the spurious art that floods the shop windows, and to this Society, now formally incorporated by Royal diploma, may be credited the official recognition of the importance of pure etching. The powers at Burlington House have yielded scant hospitality to the new departure, and although many indeed recognise the art of the engraver, they welcome the work of the copyist as readily as original motives in black and white, conceived and executed by the same artist.

In the present revival these men stand out pre-eminently as having steadfastly adhered to a true ideal for the labours of the needle, although in different ways:—the President of the Painter-Etchers, Mr. Francis Seymour Haden; the well-known professor at the Slade School, Mr. Legros; and Mr. J. M'Neil Whistler. To compare these artists would be absurd; each in his own way has done great things, and raised the art in the estimation of the public to the dignity it now enjoys.

The popular schools who produce with the needle and bitten-in line works that have all the tamely mechanical elaboration of steel engraving or copper-plate at its lowest level, owe little to either of these men, and are probably doomed to perish unwept in the onslaught of process-work that is invading all schools of engravers, whether on wood or metal. But the art that Rembrandt employed in his way, even as Albrecht Dürer had infused his own personality into it previously—the widely different work that is recalled by such names as Barbari, Jean Both, Claude, Van Dyck, Hollar, Jacquemart, Meryon, Turner, and Zeeman (to pick a few names at random)—has a noble legend in the past, and a vigorous following of capable hands in the present, that are destined by sheer excellence to preserve its supremacy for original work, in spite of all the allurements of photogravure which may oust it from being the favourite vehicle for reproductions of paintings.

When fairly good prints of etchings by some of the best modern men are offered for sale, framed and glazed, for three or four shillings, in the shop windows of the drapers, it is too late to plead for popular recognition; yet this same public who buy greedily the humble print for a few pence, or pay their ungrudging guineas for adequate impressions, are often not aware of the most rudimentary principles of the art they admire. To them an etching is a pen-and-ink drawing, and the idea that the artist can afford to spend the needful time to draw so many of the same subject for such a beggarly pittance has been often expressed by people whose ignorance had never else been suspected.

The somewhat elaborate terminology of dry-point, mezzotint, sand grain, aquatint, and the rest of the technical vocabulary, is still further confused in their minds with the arbitrary differences of 'proofs on vellum,' '*remarque*,' and 'proofs on Japanese paper,' and other trade distinctions carefully nurtured by the printsellers. To the buying public the first impression is *per se* the most valuable, and every other becomes less so in a gradually deteriorating sequence. Their guileless minds know naught of steel-facing the plate, and still less of lettering being stopped out, and new 'proofs before letters' printed from a plate that has been printed and sold in thousands previously. It is a pity that they shun painters' etchings as a class, and have a natural tendency towards engravings of popular pictures done in etching; yet this work is very seldom removed from dull mechanism, and if now and again, like the admirable mezzotint of Watts' 'Orpheus and Eurydice,' some of the late George Mason's works, and examples old and new that readily occur, the translator has breathed a new spirit in his version, enforcing its original message, but in words suited to the language of black and white, yet such instances are almost as

rare as Fitzgerald's version of *Omar* done 'in English so divinely well' in the sister art of poetry.

At the late Exhibition of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers, many lessons were to be learned by those who had eyes to see. For, from the collection of Mr. Seymour Haden, a hundred of Rembrandt's masterpieces hung in the same room. This unselfish action of a Society in deliberately yielding the best places on its walls to the work of a past master deserves recognition, and might well be pleaded in extenuation of the few shortcomings rendered more evident by such a contrast. Naturally, the simultaneous exhibition of etchings, ancient and modern, resulted in leaving fanatical admirers of 'antiquity' or of modernity more confident of their absolute patent of truth. Those who believe that nothing is or can be done that will rival, much less surpass, what has been, and those who distrust all earlier efforts, and think art rises year by year to higher things, had each found near at hand many arguments, both sound and specious, for their views.

Setting aside, however, the odious comparison of beautiful things, and trying to discover among the works hung those that were loyally obedient to the limits possible in expression by line, and in themselves evidence of the delight of the artist in things seen, expressed in the full mastery of the technique he employs, one who was unprejudiced found on either hand work worthy of sincere praise.

The magnificent impression of Rembrandt's 'Mill,' 'The Goldweaver's Field,' and many another of the Rembrandt landscapes, showed that the most devoted followers of the old school had ample justification for all their unstinted adoration, and that the eulogy of centuries had been well lavished upon such noble work. On the other hand, etching-like, 'Rye's Long Pier,' by Mr. Frank Short, the 'Rue Chanoinesse' of Mr. Charles J. Watson, were proof that, with technique that suffered little by comparison, the English artist of to-day could express the feeling of the nineteenth century—its delight in the sea, its appreciation of the picturesque beauty of the buildings in its great cities, in an idiom as true as the mighty Dutch master. In portraiture so much could hardly be alleged; modern etching as there shown had nothing of sufficient importance to place in competition with the old work. These from the Rembrandt with three moustaches—the mezzotint like Jan Six, the four states of Clement de Jonghe, and the rest of the goodly company being unrivalled for truth of character and splendour of technical accomplishment. In 'subject' etchings, Mr. William Strang's curiously individual works, betraying his own intense individuality as clearly as they reveal the masters he has admired and unconsciously suggested, were weirdly fascinating. 'The Salvation Army,' a brutally forcible group, was a unique study in—if not ugliness impure and complex—at least the antithesis to prettiness pure and simple. In this grotesque tableau, despite its types that are hardly English, drawing that is purposely exaggerated, and grim humour of a stern type, the work is not unkindly nor cynical, but rather a pitiless dissection of the curious mixture of sensuality and spiritual fervour that has marked the outbreak from demure Calvinism at many periods. Mr. Charles Watson's dainty transcripts of old English and continental towns have a quiet individuality and suppressed emotion that is singularly pleasant. Work at once so strong and so delicately wrought is rare in any of the arts.

The sea, almost ignored by Rembrandt, and only loved by most of the early etchers when in violent action, or made sensational by some uncommon effect of sunset or storm, finds its worshippers 'to the level of every day's most quiet needs.' Mr. Frank Short, in nearly all his etchings this year, has haunted its shores, and in his drawings catches the exquisite poetry of the sea in repose. With no exaggeration of commonplaces, and no omission of trifling unheroic facts, he has a peculiar power in making the pathos of his subject tell without a trace of sentimentality. His dry-point, 'A Wintry Blast on Stourbridge Canal,' was in another mood, but in its sterner purpose yet made factory chimneys and canal waters full of the significance that Jean-François Millet discovered among his field drudges and bucolic louts. Mr. D. V.

Cameron of Glasgow in a score of works gave promise of work of a very high order; not entirely without a leaning to the popular school, they yet show feeling for more restrained successes. Among others who recognise the legitimate limitation of the craft were Mr. Percy Thomas, whose 'Down River' is a delightful study in miniature; Mr. W. Holmes May's landscapes and fine studies of trees were also notably distinguished works; Mr. Dalglish, in his 'Dort Canal,' sailed dangerously near the ideal of Westbourne Grove, but fortunately escaped it; Mr. Herbert Dicksee, in an important study of a lion and lioness, 'Roused,' Mr. Axel Haig in his picturesque group of Spanish subjects, showed work good in itself, yet entirely alien to the ideal of etching as held by its accepted masters. Mr. Francis S. Walker's 'St. Paul's,' 'Eton,' and 'Windsor,' were all of high merit. Mr. Edward Slocumbe, in a dozen or more works of very varying calibre, displayed in 'The Grand Place, Antwerp,' and specially in a 'View from a Bridge,' an appreciation of true etching one had scarce suspected in his work, and scored therewith the successes of which he might well be proud. An excellent interior by Mr. W. Niven, 'Montacute Hall,' was second to nothing in its own way. Mr. T. C. Farrer has also tried to please both schools, and in two at least of his works has triumphed. Mr. C. O. Murray again shows effects belonging to the engravers' school, although it is made with bitten lines. How far certain 'inked' effects in printing are permissible must not be touched here, but the line where simple printing ends, and manipulation that at times is akin to actual brush-work begins, is a somewhat difficult one to trace. Purists who cry out for purity in printing may have certain 'tricks' of wiping pointed out in Rembrandt's own plates. Those who claim unbounded liberty for every and any effect to carry out their ideal, might hardly recognise how derogatory it is to the designer to rely upon adventitious aid to carry his work to completion.

Altogether the movement towards the sterner laws of the art seems gaining strength and securing good auxiliaries, both among workers and critics. So good an effort deserves success, and etching is so pre-eminently an art within reach of people of moderate means that the test of its progress will depend to some extent upon, and yield rather valuable statistics concerning, the real culture of the one class who seem most alive to art and most capable of education therein. E. BONNEY STEYNE.

MR. ALFRED EAST's Japanesc Exhibition is the most interesting, brightest, and most versatile private show that has been seen for a long time. We hope next month to give our readers some illustrations from it.

MR. PHILIP RATHBONE has presented the Liverpool Corporation with Mr. Stirling Lee's rejected panels (illustrated in the *Scottish Art Review*, vol. ii., No. 15, 1889); and the Corporation has accepted them. We have to congratulate Liverpool, Mr. Rathbone, and Mr. Lee on this happy issue of a prolonged controversy.

ERRATUM.—The final line of the fifth verse of the lines 'To a Rope Dancer,' p. 96, *Art Review*, March, should read, 'Still the same rhythmic rise and fall.'

Revue Bibliographique Universelle. Partie Littéraire. Paris, aux Bureaux du Polybiblion.

The *Revue Bibliographique Universelle* is not so well known to English students of literature as it ought to be. It is a monthly publication of which we have no exact counterpart in this country. The literary section consists alone of reviews in series. The first two or three series consist of sets of reviews from the same hand of recent books upon some important subject. In one month Geography and Provincial History are taken; in another, biology; in another, philosophy; in another, novels, and so forth. Each article is signed, and each is actually what it pretends to be, viz. a bibliographical review. In addition to these articles, which are always important, and invariably written by competent writers, there is each month a series of *Comptes Rendus* in the following subjects:—Theology, Jurisprudence, Science and Art, Belles-Lettres, and History. In addition, there is a *Bulletin* or group of notices of miscellaneous recent books. Finally, there is a *Chronique* in which new publications in foreign countries are

noticed. The *Revue Bibliographique* is quite invaluable as a work of reference to current French literature. It happens that it is associated with clericalism and royalism; but as a rule the reviews are free from bias derived from sympathy with these. Wherever prejudice does appear, it is too obvious to mislead. It would surely be worth the while of some enterprising English publisher to promote a similar review, strictly so called, for English and American books. Our own weekly literary papers, e.g. the *Athenæum* and the *Academy*, do fulfil the function of such a review, but in less compact a form. They are too cumbrous to file for reference, and do not after all contrive to give quite so good a conspectus as the *Revue Bibliographique* succeeds in doing. It is an immense advantage to have in handy octavo a record of literature from month to month to perform for books a service which the *Review of Reviews* seems desirous of performing for magazines. One excellent feature of the *Revue Bibliographique* is that the price of the book reviewed is always stated.

The Age of Marie Antoinette. By CHARLES NEWTON SCOTT. London: Field and Tuer.

In the first pages of his new volume the author of *Foregleams of Christianity* holds a brief for that eighteenth century which was so uncompromisingly denounced by Carlyle. His defence of that period is, however, a mere proem to a very able and enthusiastic appreciation of what he entitles the Louis Seize Revival. Here a wealth of illustration is adduced to prove—what, if it be accepted, adds a singular pathos to the colossal tragedy of the French Revolution—that at no time had the *ancien régime* deserved so well and highly of humanity as on the very eve of its brutal and barbarous extinction;—which extinction is, in Mr. Scott's opinion, a clear case of the sins of fathers visited upon offending children. Possibly his manifest sympathies may have led him to somewhat over-estimate the greatness—(the word is by no means too strong for the claims which he puts forward)—of the period with which he deals. For instance, at p. 34 he writes: 'Perhaps one never need despair of a "Damascus road" in the case of very highly cultured people, especially such as have inherited refinement of feeling, perception, and nature generally, whether from their immediate progenitors or from ancestors more or less remote.' And, again, we know

'that which we love
Is dearest in departure.'

However, be this matter of predilection as it may, it cannot be denied that Mr. Scott has established the following: that not only in the Fine Arts, but in the arts of living, and in what we may call *par excellence* the 'art of life,' the age of Marie Antoinette was a remarkable one—not in France alone, but throughout a great part of Europe also. Of its numerous points of superiority over the present time, the following interesting passage contains an illustration: 'What, however, had suffered less than religion or morality was external beauty; for the degradation of art had not yet greatly affected the picturesqueness of towns, even where the architecture, at any rate of private houses, was mainly of post-mediæval date, nor of dress, still adapted to the condition and circumstances of the wearer; while the beauty of the country was at its maximum when, with enough of its area having been taken into unniggardly cultivation for it not to be monotonous or bare of the poetry of human associations, it could still inspire Cowper's well-known line.' From the great cloud of witnesses summoned by the author to give evidence in support of the point which he wishes to establish, we are somewhat surprised to miss the names of Chateaubriand (whose *René* was 'lived,' though not written, in the France of Louis the Sixteenth), and, in this country, of Bewick, the wood-engraver,—than whom no man (not even excepting George Morland or George Crabbe) ever more thoroughly embodied in his work the spirit of country-life, at a time when, as Mr. Scott very happily points out, country-life was at its best. However, as has been already hinted, these omissions notwithstanding, there is certainly no lack of erudite illustration. The little volume is very dainty in its type and binding, which, in this respect, are quite in keeping with its subject and with the style in which that subject is treated.

BALLADE OF BOYS BATHING.

(As dainty a sight as I wish to see !)
 Drifting along in a boat we were
 On the coast of the land of the kilted knee,
 Under the sea-cliffs' shadows, where
 A flock of boys, slender and debonnaire,
 Laugh in a lovely disarray,
 Fear they know not, nor ever a care
 The boys who bathe in St. Andrews Bay.

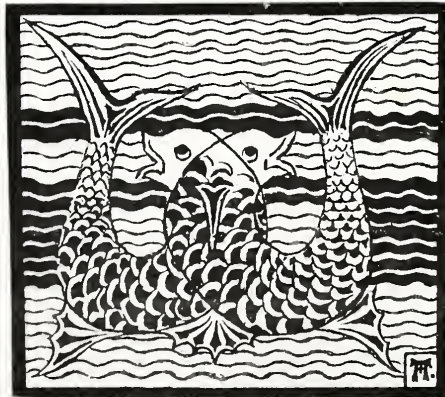
Deep blue water as blue can be,
 Rocks rising high where the red clouds flare,
 Boys of the colour of ivory,
 Breasting the wavelets, and diving there,
 White boys, ruddy, and tanned, and bare,
 With lights and shadows of rose and grey,
 And the sea like pearls in their shining hair,
 The boys who bathe in St. Andrews Bay.

A summer night, and a sapphire sea,
 A setting sun, and a golden glare :
 Hurl'd from the height where the wild rocks be,
 Wondrous limbs in the luminous air,
 Fresh as a white flame, flushed, and fair,
 Lithe round arms in the salt sea spray,
 And the sea seems alive with them everywhere,
 The boys who bathe in St. Andrews Bay.

Envoy.

Andrea ! set me out tinctures rare,
 Give me a palette, and while I may
 I'll fix upon canvas, if so I may dare,
 The boys who bathe in St. Andrews Bay.

FRED. W. ROLFE.



OUR LADY OF MELANCHOLIA.

NO saluting at my gates
Shows a queenly presence waits ;
Without sound, or clash of drums,
Lady Melancholia comes.—

Queen and royal doth she seem,
As in Albrecht Dürer's dream ;
Heavy robes of black and gold
Wrought with runes that were of old ;
Heavy wings, whose sweeping fold
Hints of darkness seem to hold—
With her slow and stately tread
Comes and stands beside my bed,
With a smile that sleep forbids
Looks within my sleepless lids.

‘ Once my lover, now my thrall,
Shall I tarry till thou call ?
Ah ! you wooed me for a time
With the call of honeyed rhyme,
For my favour did entreat,
Called me mistress fair and sweet,
Listened for my coming feet.
Yea—I heard, and answer gave—
Free thyself from bonds, my slave !

‘ Thou art safe beneath my sway,
Safe until the Judgment Day.
Nay, even then thou shalt be mine,
Earth and heaven away may flee,
God shall not deliver *thee*,
Thou art mine as I am thine !

‘ Nay, for further stay with thee
Suits not queenly dignity,
I must leave thee with the night,
Yet thy thought shall do me right ;
Of my love have thou no doubt,
I have left my page without,
Waiting at thy portal-side ;
He will hear thy lightest breath,
Servant both to me and Death—
Call him,—he is Suicide.’

ELIZABETH CRAIGMYLE.

MONTPELLIER AND ITS ANCIENT UNIVERSITY.



IN the early part of May a stream of pilgrims, responding to the invitation of the University of Montpellier, will be wending their way to celebrate the Six Hundredth Anniversary of the University, which has kept alive the lamp of learning ever since the Middle Ages. But this commemoration is only one side of the festival: the other is concerned with the present and the future. Montpellier is justly proud of her past, and she is giving evidence of her still abounding vitality by her capacity for adapting herself to the foremost movements of the age, and even it may be for leading in these. The students' procession, representing the sustaining of the doctor's thesis by Rondelet and Rabelais, expresses the one side, the inauguration of her new buildings and institutes marks the other.

Let us imagine ourselves in Montpellier on the morning of the procession, with time for a stroll through the town before we have to take our places in the crowd that will soon gather to see it pass. It is not large, this town whose fame has spread through all the world, and we shall not be tired if we go all round it. Its general aspect is very different from its appearance of 1620, when it was a stronghold of the Huguenots of the south of France. Its fortifications were carefully repaired and strengthened to resist attack, and in 1622, when Louis XIII. came in person to besiege it, the garrison was able to hold out for two months. At last the city surrendered, and one of the conditions laid down by the king was that the fortifications should be destroyed. On the eve of the Revolution their general outline was still recognisable; now walls and gates and battlements have disappeared; the moats have been filled up and turned into boulevards; an old gate and two towers are all that remain. The town now lies between two garden promenades,—the Esplanade on the lower side, the Peyron, the pride of the city, on the other.

Let us start our walk from the Esplanade, a fine large open space on the southern slope of the hill, where on sunny mornings and afternoons the leisurely folk (and these one would judge are in the majority) come out to bask in true southern fashion in the sunshine. No planting save that of a fourfold row of plane-trees having been attempted, the Esplanade itself is somewhat bare: its charm lies in its wide

view. To northern eyes, of course, the lack of verdure in the Mediterranean landscape is very striking. Instead we have the contrast of barren rock and well-wrought vineyard, of little white- or colour-washed country houses gleaming out from amidst grey olives, dark evergreens and sombre cypresses, while over all there is the brilliant sunshine and blue sky of the south. To Sainte Beuve this landscape had another charm—to him, the Lez, the little stream 'with banks now dry and barren, now bordered by fresh coppice and pleasant shade,' recalled the rivers of Greece.

Turning from the Esplanade and passing the Musée Fabre with its notable picture gallery and public library, we dive into one of the little streets which lead up the hill. Narrow and crooked they are, these old streets, but for that very reason much better adapted to the climate than are the wide straight ones which have been carried recklessly through them, since they afford a most welcome protection alike from the hot sun and the cold biting mistral. On the whole the architecture of the town is disappointing. Of the mediæval town no remains are to be seen among the houses we pass, while the new streets are all after the pattern of the *Rue n'importe où*, the houses decorated with costly ornament cut with mechanical precision, but without a trace of individuality or interest. In the older streets, however, we find stately mansions in the various Renaissance styles of the last three centuries; and a glance here and there into a courtyard is rewarded by the sight of a monumental entrance or a picturesque old fountain. Continuing our way we come out on one of the market-places, where the peasants, in their blue blouses and wide velveteen trousers, are eagerly talking and gesticulating. They are speaking the patois, the old *langue d'oc*, more alike to Spanish and Italian than to French, which indeed they speak with an accent almost as foreign as our own.

Turning back into the streets and descending the hill a little, we make our way to the Cathedral. Its most striking feature is its quaint but noble porch, probably the vastest in existence, and built on to this are a nave and choir of recent date. The interior has much more of the open feeling of a basilica than our northern cathedrals. Adjoining the cathedral is the old bishop's palace, a massive pile with heavy *machicolis* (corbellings to bear battlements) in which is now lodged the School of Medicine with its library. Close by is one of the towers of the old fortifications, known as the Tour des Pins, on account of the two cypresses, chance seedlings of unknown age, growing on the top. A popular legend connects these trees with the fortunes of the city—when they die, then too will be an end of Montpellier.

At the opposite end of the town is the only other old

tower remaining from the fortifications, which goes by the name of La Babotte. Crossing now the boulevard, we may just enter for a moment the famous Botanic Garden, the oldest in France, founded nearly three hundred years ago. But the procession will soon be on its way, and we have yet to see the Peyron close by, where the students will come to receive their banner from the hands of the President of the Republic.

Leading up to the Peyron from the Main Street of the town, and originally connected with it by railings, is a triumphal arch to the glory of his majesty Louis XIV., the erection of which was decided upon four days after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Truly, the last monument one would have expected to find in a town which less than a century before had been besieged by his grandfather on account of its devotion to Protestantism! The Peyron itself, a stately terraced garden on the summit of the hill, and large enough to hold half the inhabitants of the town, is laid out in the somewhat artificial style of the last century, but has also the dignity of the best work of that time, and is a great contrast to the Esplanade with its rows of decapitated plane-trees. Here too are planes, planted however not simply in straight rows, but in masses. In the centre of the garden is a broad avenue, adorned by an equestrian statue of Louis XIV., and leading up to a lightly-proportioned water-tower, or rather water-castle, which crowns the further end of the Peyron. In front of the Château d'Eau is a large basin of water in which black and white swans are sailing, while behind stretches away for half a mile the great aqueduct. Mounting the steps which lead up to the water-tower, we see in the south the Mediterranean and its network of lagunes shining in the sun, and surrounded by lagunes is the little island of Maquelone, with its ancient fortress-church, which was often attacked and partially destroyed by the Saracens when they ravaged the country in the eighth century. To the north is the bold mass of the Pic St. Loup, with the Cevennes stretching behind it. These mountains are really fifty miles away, but in this clear bright atmosphere they seem to be only half that distance. Away in the west lie in shadowy outline the Pyrenees, and to the east the Alps.

From this commanding point we realise more easily how Montpellier became a natural focus of both material and intellectual life in the south. From here we may see coming down through the centuries the long procession of the makers of Montpellier. The cortège we are waiting for represents but a moment of this great procession. We may complete it in imagination, and looking through the eyes of its chroniclers see the figures of nobles and merchants, professors and students, doctors in their scarlet gowns, and bishops in gorgeous vestments who peopled Montpellier in the Middle Ages. Looking back, then, to the eighth century, we see a band of fugitives whose homes in the island of Maquelone have been harried

by the Saracens, and who, with their bishop, are going to settle on the hillside here. To these join themselves fugitives from other towns similarly fleeing before the Saracens, and as the multitude increases we distinguish amongst them Jewish and Arabian merchants and scholars driven out from Spain. The merchants see their opportunity of making this an important commercial port now that Marseilles, ravaged by the Goths and Saracens, shows no sign of life. Gradually the throng of merchants increases. Looking through the eyes of an old Jewish Rabbi who came to Montpellier in the twelfth century, we see 'Arabs, merchants from Lombardy, from the kingdom of the great Rome, from all parts of Egypt, from the land of Israel, from Greece and from Gaul, from Spain and from England,' and we hear them 'speaking all manner of tongues.' Montpellier is evidently becoming a great centre of Mediterranean commerce. But the Jewish and Arabian scholars are not idle either, they are setting up their schools of medicine, and so laying the foundations of the future university. And now we begin to make out a line of feudal seigneurs walking always hand in hand with the bishops, to whom they have rendered some services in the suppression of the Albigeois heresy, and as a reward have obtained from the Church certain rights over Montpellier. Side by side with the doctors there appear the professors of the new school of law and theology, founded in the twelfth century by a learned doctor from Bologna, and in 1289 the two schools, medicine and law, are formed into a university. Students from far and near, attracted to these already famous schools, form a more and more important element in the procession. Walking a little apart from his comrades with downcast eyes is the young Petrarch, sent here by his father to study law, but whom even the brilliancy of the teaching cannot interest in so dry a subject. As the procession comes on the people bulk larger, not only in numbers but in importance; not slavishly following their lords, but gradually assuming an air of dignity and command, keeping a watchful lookout over the city, whose keys they hold. True, from time to time there appears among them a foreign ruler, but throughout the thirteenth or fourteenth centuries it is these stout burgher-magistrates, masters of the commune, builders of the city ramparts, who head the procession, and under their leadership the march is a gay one—music and song arise from the ranks. But the song dies away—is drowned in the clash of arms, the ranks are thinned by plague and flood and famine, the French *fleurs de lis* take the place of the banner of the city, and during the fifteenth century we see but a scattered remnant toiling wearily along. But as the sixteenth century opens the music rises again, not so jubilant perhaps as before, but with new instruments and more complex harmonies, the music of the Renaissance.

It is the moment of the climax of the Renaissance movement in Montpellier, which the students have chosen for celebration in their historical pageant. Its

two central figures, Rondelet and Rabelais, are typically complete men of the Renaissance, both known already for their passion for knowledge and their wide learning. Science, art, the humanities are all eagerly studied, yet none the less are they leaders in the festivals and amusements of their fellow-students. As they grow older their paths diverge, and the characteristic differences underlying their general resemblances become apparent. Rondelet is pre-eminently the naturalist, Rabelais the humanist. Rondelet founds at Montpellier the first anatomical theatre in Europe, and at a time when anatomy was regarded with horror, when to the religious prejudices derived from the old Jewish doctors were added those of the Catholic Church, so making the difficulties of obtaining subjects for dissection almost insuperable. Rondelet, a tender-hearted father, dissects the body of his dead son before his students. Rabelais no less skilfully and unsparingly dissects the body politic with the scalpel of the humorist and satirist. Yet the jester's motley never wholly covers the doctor's robe, or curé's vestments, and his portraits—the authentic ones at least—show us the face, not of a comedian, but of an earnest and thoughtful student and observer, with an expression full of dignity as well as humour. The students' procession, then, represents Rondelet and Rabelais on their way to the church where the thesis for the doctorate is defended, and the degree conferred. Accompanying them are guards mounted and on foot, the guilds and corporations of the old arts and trades of Montpellier, nobles in the costumes of Francis I., doctors in their scarlet gowns, and priests in their vestments—all the parts being taken by students.

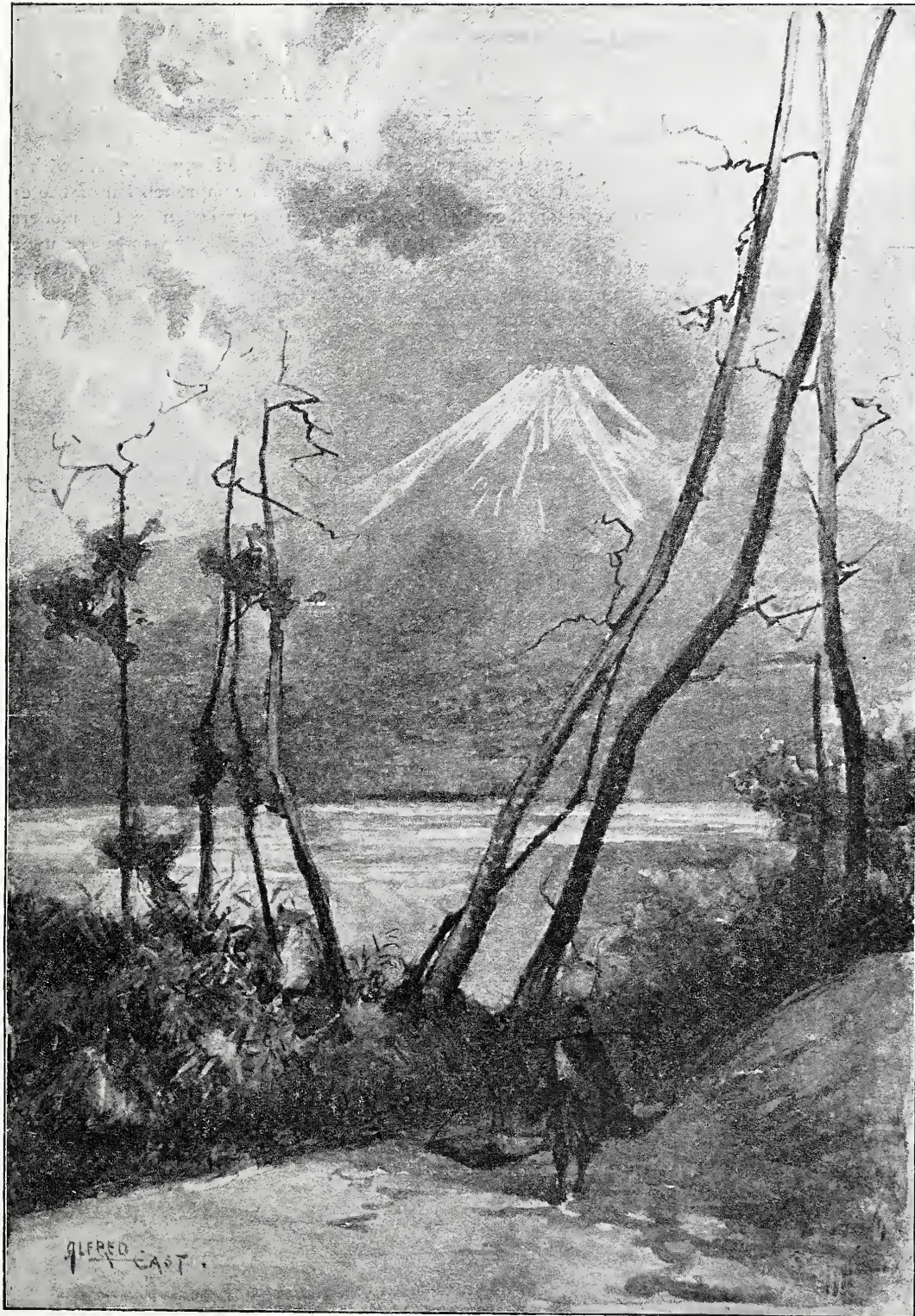
As the cavalcade vanishes in the sunshine we may look again, as it were, into our camera obscura and see the greyer shadows of later years. We see Rondelet at the height of his influence and fame, surrounded by a school of ardent disciples; then an old broken-down man, if not actually the object of a heresy hunt, at least continually harassed by the dread of it. Around him, and following him as he fades out of sight, the ranks of Catholics and Protestants are always more markedly and more bitterly divided. For a time the air is darkened with the smoke of heretic fires, the noise of arms drowns the voice of learning, the people wend their way through streets blocked with the ruins of churches and public buildings—even the university does not escape. The law school gradually disappears, and when the storm of the Revolution breaks it is already in the dust. The medical school still carries on its work, even this last shock only scatters its members for a moment, and soon they form their ranks again; while more slowly the other schools rise into life anew.

But what now of the new developments which no less than the six centenary celebrations are the occasion of the assembling together of all the sister universities at Montpellier? If we visit the material

reconstructions first we shall perhaps gather from them some idea of the intellectual ones which these imply. Less than five minutes' walk from where we have been standing is an immense building with three internal courtyards, which was until recently a hospital. Now there is a large hospital built outside the town, which last year gained the gold medal as the best organised in France. The old building is being altered, and in it are to be housed the faculties of law and letters, with their libraries, as well as the greater part of the faculty of science. The School of Medicine, as we have seen, keeps its ample accommodation in the old Episcopal Palace.

As one of the chief features of the new reorganisation, we may take the Institute of Botany, which is rapidly becoming one of the most completely equipped in the world. Its making is interesting. The Dean of the Faculty of Science, and the Director of the Botanic Garden, generously gave up their houses without any compensation, and these became the nucleus of the present buildings. One of them contains the research laboratories, another is used for all the various purposes of teaching, while the third, with a long gallery containing the vast collection of *herbaria*, is devoted to systematic botany. The most complete practicality is here combined with severe simplicity; yet art, with its power of stimulating science, and keeping all life and work wholesome and sane, is not forgotten. In the lecture-hall, decorated with stencillings, tablets commemorative of the famous botanists of the world, are two stately panels, 4 feet long, painted for the Institute, and presented to it by M. Max Leenhardt, one of the most effective of the younger French artists. One of these panels represents the botanists in the field, the other in the laboratory, so showing the students that there are beauties worthy of an artist's pencil not only in a group of botanisers on the hillside, but even in the heterogeneous collection of bottles, microscopes, and other furniture of the laboratory—in a word, idealising to them both their work and its surroundings.

As Montpellier has now but little industry or commerce, her university is of even more importance to her than to a larger town, and there is a good omen for the future in the union and collaboration of all parties, religious and political, in her university fêtes. In the enthusiasm of this moment there lies an important opportunity not only for professors and students to form ties which shall unite them more closely, but also for the university and the citizens to draw together in a common purpose; for the ladies of Montpellier especially to realise the fact that they too are responsible, socially and morally, to their city and to their country, for these young students. Only too well can one anticipate the objections that would be brought forward to meet indeed any proposed, and even much desired, social change. The stock phrase, '*Ce n'est pas dans nos mœurs*,' which is invariably used to repel all innovations, needs some one to bring it into ridicule



as did old Jeremy Bentham our corresponding one of 'unenglish.' These *mœurs*, it is true, have come down very little changed from the time of Louis XIV.; but surely there is all the more reason for adapting them to a more developed civilisation. Truly it were a noble

task that of socialising and moralising student life, and one in the doing of which not only the women of Montpellier, but of all universities whatsoever, would reap their reward a thousandfold.

ANNA GEDDES.

NOTES ON A FEW SPRING PICTURES.



It is a mistake to suppose that English painters enjoy a monopoly in the way of commonplace ideas and methods as against the painters of other countries. The mediocrity which is, unfortunately, always with us, and which somewhat obscures what artistic and intellectual value there is in English work, is apt to make us pessimistic about the average tendency of native ideas. In such gloomy moments it is not amiss to look in at some picture gallery, representative of foreign as well as British elements. Here, if the mere prestige of well-known names casts a subtle and irresistible spell over the minds of

wealthy picture-buyers, on the other hand, the art critic—who for obvious reasons is seldom in a position to buy works of art—finds a slight relief in the reflection that commonplaceness is at times cosmopolitan and not wholly insular. This point is brought out with a certain emphasis at Messrs. McLean's Gallery in the Haymarket. For among the fifty or sixty works now on view there, there is hardly to be found anything beyond dexterous manipulation and admirable technique. To prove there is this at least, it is only necessary to name Mr. Orchardson, whose fine canvas fills the place of honour in the gallery. If this picture were the first, or even the second of its kind, it would produce a great impression. As, however, both treatment and theme differ very slightly from most of Mr. Orchardson's recent canvases, the enthusiasm formerly evoked by his high powers and vivid treatment of certain social phases is here tempered into mere admiration of his signal ability and mastery of technical difficulties. The fascination and beauty of this particular work largely depend on his subtlety of style and his quite peculiar key of colour, on his flexibility, and, above all, his taste. As a rule Mr. Orchardson's pictures, though never profound, are often suggestive of pathos and even of tragedy; the people he paints may be worldly, unscrupulous, heartless—but never vulgar. They are born to the best there is in the social way. About this picture, however, one feels that the meaning does not keep abreast of the execution: there is no disputing the artistic grip or the charm of tone

and colour; it is painted superbly, and with an ease that results only from comprehension of the essentials that go to masterly expression in the modern sense. The values of light, shade, and form are understood; the problem of fixing the centre of interest far back in the picture is solved, and in the brilliant way familiar to all who know Mr. Orchardson's work. But then these problems were mastered long ago, and now we wait with hope for some fresh inspiration in the way of motive. That is certainly not forthcoming in 'If Music is the food of Love—play on.' On the contrary, we have here a picture in which the human meaning is nearly if not altogether lost sight of. Lassitude and indifference reveal themselves in the attitude of the young girl playing at the far end of the room, and boredom in that of the young man; and yet—the title of the picture is a romantic one. However, interpretation of character or distinctive temperament is nowise plentiful in the exhibition. One of the few cases is 'The Old Old Story in an Old Old City,' a cleverly-painted canvas by Mr. G. Kuhl. The old city may be either Ghent or Nuremberg—or neither. The sunny red-gabled roofs and hints of masts and sails beyond the walls certainly carry Dutch suggestion, just as clearly as the pretty but practical-looking girl and the phlegmatic young man betray the Dutch temperament. The theme is of the simplest and homeliest kind, yet a distinct idea takes it out of the commonplace, and the leading characteristics of a nation—self-reliance, phlegmatic reticence, practicality seem suggested, not without humour, in the stolid aspect of the young man who goes on smoking, smoking, and the business-like air of the pretty young maiden.

But what of the other canvases! Close by Orchardson's picture, and offering a complete contrast to L'Hermitte's sympathetic "Gleaners," is a brightly-painted canvas by Ernest Waterlow. This artist's seas and skies are generally blue and sunny—a fitting environment for the optimistic type of peasant he is fortunate enough to find. Even when he is painting the Irish peasantry, the 'silver lining' is very much more patent than the cloud that broods over their unhappy country. Like all Mr. Waterlow's work, it is good in many technical respects, and is, besides, delightful to look at. With all its picturesqueness, however, one is inclined to wonder whether it is quite true. The picturesqueness, which distinguishes Mr. Waterlow's motives, is due to the selection of happy

sunny moments, and, so far, may be true; the one thing left out is the summarised expression of the normal life of the peasant class; in this respect L'Hermitte is more profound. In the Frenchman's work, as in that of our own painter, George Clausen, ceaseless toil and narrowed intellectual opportunities are the great facts in the life of the agricultural labourer and the proletariat. Seeing only Mr. Waterlow's canvases, one might imagine that discontent, rheumatism, and ignorance were utterly unknown; but though he inclines to set down one side of the picture only, this does not involve a falsification so much as a *limitation* of the statement. Unreality and a certain amount of falsification are more truly the things we see in Mr. Marcus Stone's graceful and artificial themes. No one denies the 'prettiness' of Mr. Stone's work, but it is that common to a picturesque set scene, and it is secured simply and purely from the theatrical point of view. A sentimental effect is aimed at, and a sentimental effect is the result; and the sentimentalists are delighted, especially the cultured ones, because there is a basis of artistic feeling and thorough work to justify their verdict. Such elements as debts and disasters, poverty, intense joy or grief, convictions, or despairs, are unknown in that world. To the denizens of this land of roses, this country of idleness, vain regrets, and elegant apparel, they are impossible. At the most, what is painted is but the shadow of a reality. Still, though this class of art belongs to the 'pot-boiler' division, its elegance and refinement prove more attractive than the Recollections of Watteau, Corners of Roman Gardens, Accepted Suitors, Bead-Stringers of Venice, Fair Critics, and Flirts of the Neighbourhood, by foreign as well as English painters, that are scattered up and down the walls.

At times the dull and mediocre is associated with fairly clever technical expression. Anything beyond that, and amounting to brilliancy of executive ability, seems, in virtue of its very brilliancy, to become at once interesting. Geza Vastagh's study of a Lion, Lioness, and Cubs, playing in the sunshine of a rocky solitude, is an instance of extremely brilliant power, breadth of touch, and artistic condensation. His animals have strength, life, playfulness; they are

what they are called, 'A Happy Family.' As a piece of pure painting, though a development on utterly different lines, it is nearly as virile as Mr. Orchardson's. On the other hand, the dulness which often seems inseparable from elaboration and very minute attention to secondary matters is particularly evident in G. Bauernfeind's 'Jaffa.' Without being exceptionally able on the executive side, it is, nevertheless, well painted; so well that it is a pity it is so utterly tedious. For a long time I wondered why it should be so, for the mosques and domes and white sunlit walls were admirably rendered, and the blue sea and faintly flecked sky above were tenderly painted, and with a suggestion of atmospheric quality seldom set down as a characteristic of Eastern climate. At length I arrived at the reason. The various groups of figures in the picture are not studied nearly as thoroughly as the walls of the old city. They are 'lumped in' anyhow; so far as individual expression or character is concerned, they look like dummies and not like human beings: they are without force or meaning. All the rest of the picture is valuable as a piece of carefully considered 'still life,' and, being interpreted, so becomes interesting. Had it not been for that significant poetic glimpse of sky in the corner above the sea, the interest of the picture would have been solely that of a 'still life.' As it is, *that* suggests artistic possibilities.

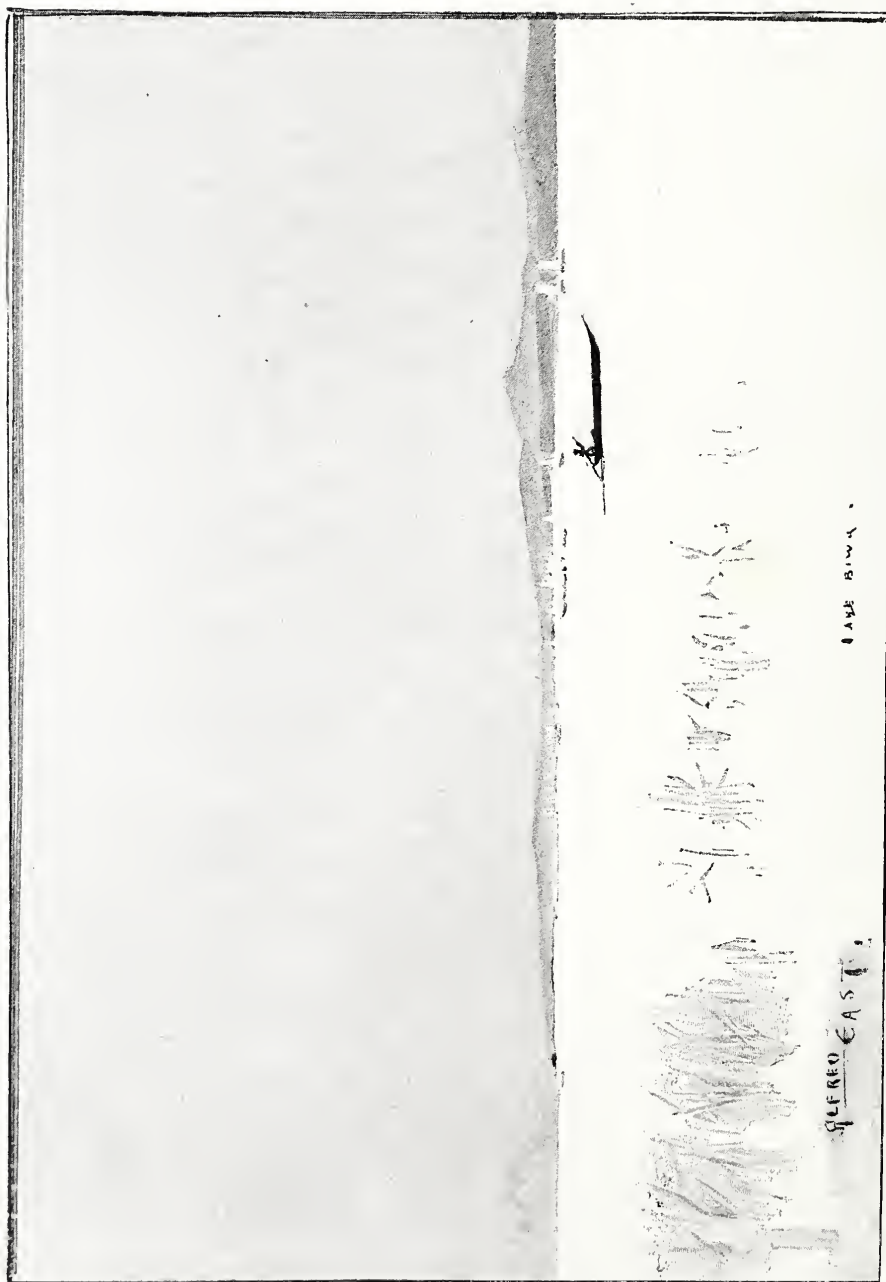
Beside Mr. Ellis's two crisp and breezy seascapes, with their vigorous handling and broad effect, and Peter Graham's 'Scaring the Gulls—on the West Coast of Scotland,' Mr. M'Whirter's Scotch landscapes are somewhat tame and flattened down. Not only are they without decisive touch or good colour, but they suggest nothing of the rugged strength, the mystery, the change and subtle variety of that wonderful and cloud-capt land. It is only in Mr. M'Whirter's smaller canvas of 'A Summer's Evening: Pitlochry' that a hint of poetic quality recalls his old successes. For the rest, there is delicate painting and artistic quality in Horlamoff's 'Strolling Player,' and humour as well as human nature in the cleverly-painted little canvases by C. and B. Hartman.

MARY REED.

NOTE ON FRITZ VON UHDE.

FRITZ VON UHDE, whose realistic studies from Biblical narrative are at present the most noticeable pictures of the Spring Exhibitions, is a native of Wolkenburg, in Saxony. Born on May 22, 1848, and son of the president of the local ecclesiastical body known as the 'Lutheran Evangelical Landesconsistorium,' he entered seriously upon the career of a painter as recently as 1877, having served in the army throughout the Franco-Prussian War. Although but ten years since his 'La Chanteuse' was exhibited at the

Paris Salon, yet in so short a time he has made a place for himself. To call him the 'Robert Elsmere' or the 'Ibsen' of painting would be tempting. In spite of the reputation he has gained for daring originality of treatment, in setting the incidents of holy writ in modern costume, he has but done for to-day what Albrecht Dürer and Rembrandt van Rhyn did long ago, and what Mr. William Strang and Mr. A. Roche are doing at present. His chief works in the manner he has made popular are 'Suffer Little Children,' 1885;



THE GREAT EAST

THE GREAT EAST

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'The Last Supper,' 1887; 'The Sermon on the Mount,' 'Grace,' and the triptych of 'The Nativity.' His studies of *genre* in the open air, 'The Seamstress,' 'The Organ Grinder,' and the frequent subjects from the nursery of his own children, show that so far he is not absolutely restricted to one theme. But that these would have won him the place he occupies is doubtful, for, excellent as they are, they lack any special feature to mark them above the school to which they belong.

He is avowedly an admirer of Impressionism; yet, catholic though that much-abused term has become, it is hard to accept Von Uhde as a typical Impressionist. His *technique* is at most sufficient, never absolutely masterful, but to study his works as 'mere paint' is to do him an injustice. Theology rather than tone, morality more than colour-schemes would seem to be his aim. That he has touched the hearts of a wide circle of thoughtful people is true enough, and if painting be a mission and a morality, it is good that a recruit so powerful as Von Uhde should have elected to become its apostle. It is hard, however, to recon-

cile the exceedingly conventional presentation of the Christ or the Madonna with the crude realism of the spectators in the scenes, and still harder to refrain from the feeling that affectation rather than conviction has inspired the artist to his enterprise. In Mrs. Lynn Linton's *Joshua Davidson*, the paraphrase was worked out to its logical conclusion. Whether it be possible or not to depict the Man of Sorrows in the unpicturesque garb of to-day, and to boldly translate the poetry of the Bible into modern idiom, may be doubtful. Yet Mr. Simmons' 'Son of the Carpenter,' in the Royal Academy 1889, was distinctly nearer the ideal that is presumably the one attempted by Fritz von Uhde. For good or evil, the popularity he has won seems destined to raise a crowd of followers who may possibly surpass Von Uhde in technical if not in literary achievement.

Herr Fritz von Uhde has most kindly enabled us to reproduce two of his most important pictures, 'The Sermon on the Mount' and 'Grace.' We have to express our acknowledgment to him for his kindness.

NOTE ON ALFRED EAST.

ALTHOUGH for the moment the name of Mr. Alfred East is associated with Japan, the fruits of his visit to the land of the chrysanthemum must not be taken as his final word in Art. The happy thought that sent Mr. East to Japan to bring home impressions of the country as it strikes an English student of nature fills but a page, albeit a most charmingly decorated one, in his life's work. Mr. Alfred East is neither of the party who cry 'Perish sentiment! give us paint!' nor of those who overlook all inadequate technique for the sake of the thought unskilfully expressed therein. In the hazardous but effectual attempt to please both these parties, the fulfilment of the large promise of his early career is evident in every fresh work that leaves his easel. Mr. East is a native of Kettering, and studied in Glasgow and Paris, and afterwards in Barbizon. Yet despite his avowed discipleship of Millet and the Barbizon School, he is not content with seeing nature through French spectacles—clear and far-searching though they be.

From 1883, when his first Academy picture, 'The Dewy Morn,' was shown, to the present, a strong and decided individuality of utterance has been part of his artistic equipment. He is a member of the Royal Society of British Artists, of the Royal Institute of Water Colours, and of the Royal Society of Painter Etchers. To him also was awarded a gold medal for *Aquarelles* in the Paris Exhibition of 1889. His 'Autumn,' at the New Gallery 1888, was purchased by the Corporation of Manchester for their own gallery.

In one of the Japanese pictures reproduced, Mr. East has selected a fine example of a Torri, at Ghion,

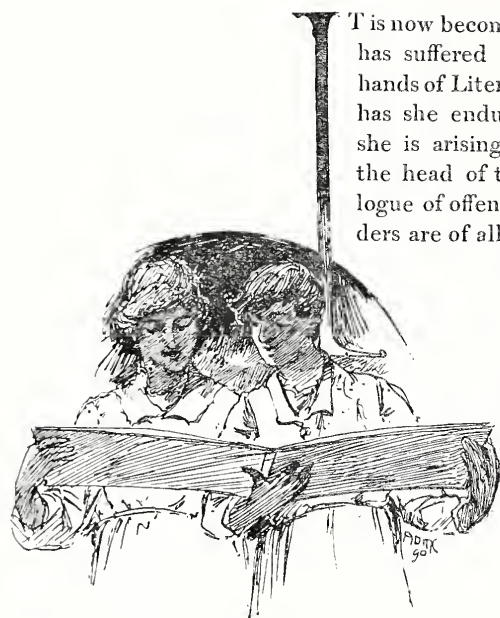
Kioto, one of the sacred arches that guard the precincts of a Shinto temple. The curious wood construction of these stone monuments is extremely characteristic of the country; to the left is seen a votive lantern, which exist in large numbers around all the temples of the established religion.

The snow-clad height of Fusi-yama, often as Hokusai and its native worshippers depicted its supreme dignity, has gained to Western eyes new mystery from the sentiment which the artist has embodied in his studies of the holy mountain. The blue mists or evening, or the opalescent haze of dawn, seem to keep hushed the wonderful legends that mark it as the shrine of thousands of earnest believers. We have had Japan treated decoratively, statistically, geographically, and chromolithographically, but to English eyes the 'level of every day's most quiet needs' has not been mirrored and brought back for true memorial hitherto until Mr. East forsook awhile his transcripts of nature under English skies and showed that in far Japan shadow and sunshine, upon animate and inanimate objects, can convey the message of truth and beauty to the loyal seeker after them.

Notwithstanding the great success of his Oriental visit, Mr. East has returned to his earlier love of English landscape, and has no intention of revisiting the wonderland of the East.

The pictures by Mr. Alfred East which we are permitted by the artist to reproduce are 'Kioto' and 'Fusi-yama.' Mr. East has also been kind enough to execute for us a sketch from his picture 'Lake Biwa.'

HEINE ON MUSIC.



IT is now becoming notorious that Music has suffered grievous wrongs at the hands of Literature. Generations long has she endured in silence; but now she is arising to visit his sins upon the head of the traducer. The catalogue of offences is long, and the offenders are of all ranks, even the highest.

With scarcely more than one distinguished exception—Robert Browning—whenever the literary artists of, say, the last hundred years, have ventured to try their wings in the æther of music, their flight has been a sorry one. The absurdity of musical criticism in all our jour-

nals and periodicals was till lately a byword, and in the provinces they still blossom forth into ineptitudes. But our musical periodicals have lately delighted themselves in culling specimens of these curious weeds, sometimes collecting quite little bouquets of them. And musicians are now taking the field themselves. Whether it were, in former days, that they were too slightly equipped for an encounter upon strange ground, or that they felt the futility of championing works of art whose innate strength made other aid superfluous, but few of them have hitherto appeared in the arena of letters. Recently, however, several of our composers have proved themselves well able to hold their own within these lists too. Still there remains force in the protest uttered by M. Saint-Saëns, in his *Harmonie et Mélodie*, against the unfair advantage brilliant essayists have over musicians in discussing music—the advantage of skill in style, which has not unfrequently enabled them to give currency to the most unfounded assertions in regard to an art which, he maintains, as a class they instinctively detest. In this respect the contributions of Heine to musical literature possess an exceptional interest; they present a test case. One of the most perfect masters of literary art, he has imparted to his papers on this subject the charm which pervades most of his work. He had, besides, the rare advantage of intimacy with many of the most brilliant musicians of his time. So that in these pages of his, if anywhere, we may find the most favourable example of what can be accomplished in musical criticism by an author who has not specially studied the art in its theory and practice. It may not, too, be amiss at present to call attention to them, as,

though full of his peculiar humour and fertile fancy they seem not to be very widely known; at least I have never seen any quotation from them, unless it be that happy characterisation of music as standing ‘between a thought and a thing.’ Is this his own, however? The same idea was expressed by Coleridge a year or two before, in his *Table Talk*, in regard to painting—which would suggest a common origin, perhaps in one of the German philosophers.

These musical notices were written from Paris, during various years from 1837 to 1847, and are all to be found in his collected works. What a brilliant world it was in the French capital during these ten years! Rossini, Meyerbeer, Berlioz, Mendelssohn, Donizetti, Wagner; Liszt, Chopin, Thalberg, Ernst, Sivioli, Bull; Grisi, Mario, Viardot, Garcia, Rubini; when such a constellation was in the heavens, the dullest chronicler could scarcely fail to reflect some of its splendour. And these are but the greater luminaries in a starry multitude. In looking back now at the view of this musical firmament given us by the great poet, one cannot help being struck with the fact that to our eyes, which are less liable to be dazzled by their immediate proximity, every particular star seems to preserve on the whole very much the station and importance he has assigned it. With a few touches, a happy comparison or a terse phrase, he makes each individuality stand at once before us in living clearness. We see Liszt as he sits at the pianoforte, dashes his hair back over his forehead, and storms over the ivory keys; the music seems now like ‘a wilderness of thoughts high as heaven, amid which here and there the sweetest flowers exhale their perfume’; or now like ‘variations on a theme from the Apocalypse.’ He rises, and is stormed with bouquets, from which he selects a red camellia and places it on his breast; and two countesses fight for the handkerchief he leaves behind. Or we see Berlioz, with huge antediluvian head of hair towering over his forehead like a forest above a precipice, beating the drum in a corner of the orchestra at a performance of his ‘Fantastic Symphony’; he gazes intently on his adored, Henrietta Smithson, who sits in the stage box: and when their eyes meet, he breaks out upon the drum as if possessed. Or again it is Pauline Viardot, ugly with a sort of ugliness that is noble, almost beautiful, like the awful loveliness of an exotic wilderness; she opens her mouth, with its dazzling white teeth, and one feels as if the gigantic vegetation and animals of Hindostan should at once appear on the scene with her. Or Rossini at the door of Broggi’s restaurant, gazing across at the opera-house, the scene of his former triumphs, and dropping a tear—over the loss of his digestive powers! Along with these portraits may be placed a vivid one, in the *Florentine Nights*, of Paganini as he appeared and

played in Hamburg. One cannot fail to be entertained, too, with the little anecdotes, often maliciously imaginary, as that of Spontini in the Louvre, apostrophising the mummy of the Pharaoh of the Exodus as the source of all his misfortunes! Curiously, Cherubini, the head then of the musical world, is not once mentioned.

Heine's judgment also of the merits of the numerous executants he heard was singularly just, especially considering his aversion to the pianoforte, then first so much in vogue. He was too fortunate in his close acquaintance with the best artistes of the time to go far wrong here. It is significant, however, that he not only places intellectual and emotional qualities above the merely technical, but even scoffs at virtuosity as on a level with jugglers' tricks. This distinction becomes more clearly marked and of greater moment when he deals with music itself. Here it is that literary genius and poetic feeling are so often at fault. When music is valued, not so much for its own inherent worth, as for its capacity of suggesting beautiful, poetic images or feelings, it at once argues a want of *musical* sensitiveness. In this matter Heine, the last, as he said, of the romantic poets, is naturally the apostle of the romanticists in music. He is unsurpassable in his power of expressing in words the ideas, for instance, of the music of Berlioz, the 'colossal nightingale of an antediluvian world,' which he compares to the strange paintings of John Martin, or to the gigantic architecture of Assyria, Babylon, and Egypt. The 'Swan of Pesaro,' perhaps his greatest favourite, he pictures appropriately 'upon a still lake, on whose bank gentle lilies shook their peaceful heads to him, and where he could sail calmly to and fro, beauty and loveliness in every motion.' Meyerbeer, with his diligent use of every means of effect, every element, even the most extraneous, which could contribute to success, caught also the poet in his far-reaching net. Though fully aware of his activity in manœuvring, and slyly extending the praise of the master's *instrumentation* to his power of making everything and everybody instrumental to his ends, Heine seems to have been quite dazzled by the theatrical glamour of his operas. *Robert le Diable* he calls 'a masterpiece of timidity,' in which the composer was feeling his way; but the *Huguenots* he compares to 'a gothic cathedral, whose heaven-aspiring columns and colossal dome seem reared by a giant, while the countless little ornamental festoons, rosettes, and arabesques, which cover them like a veil of stone lace, manifest the indefatigable patience of a dwarf.' Heine's criterion of music seems in short to have been its suggestiveness; he appears to have had comparatively little pleasure in the charms of musical sound itself. He seems to suggest this tendency of his own, when he says, 'There are men to whom tones are only invisible signs, in which they hear colours and forms.' Of course he has his fling at the pedantic technical criticisms of M. Fetis; and it is true, as he puts it, that the best description or criticism of music is by

means of quotation; though a snatch of melody from the *Huguenots* would be, according to his illustration, like a single stone offered as a specimen of cathedral architecture. The critic's pen can do but little, it must be acknowledged, in regard to this aspect of music; but it can do, and it has done, much to disparage it in comparison with its literary side. It is venturing within technical precincts, though, when Heine advances that the strong point of Rossini is melody, while in Meyerbeer it is subordinated to harmony! M. Saint-Säens' essay, already alluded to, would here be very much in point, though Heine is not among the *littérateurs* he attacks on this subject. Another unlucky hit is the estimation of Meyerbeer as 'the greatest living contrapuntist'; and even more hazardous is the dictum that 'since *Don Juan* there is certainly no greater phenomenon in the domain of the tone-art than that fourth act of the *Huguenots*.' One would like to have heard Schumann or Wagner upon such a slight to Weber and Beethoven. From the music of the latter Heine shrank, he confesses, with terror and repugnance, at which his friends might well shake their heads. The elevation of mere personal preference into the seat of judgment can, however, scarcely go further than it does in the notice headed, 'Rossini and Mendelssohn.' No better illustration could be given of the gravamen of charge against men of letters who have dealt with music. The works noticed are respectively the *Stabat Mater* and *St. Paul*, which were both given in Paris for the first time during the winter of 1841-42. No prettier, more engaging argument could be urged on behalf of the former than Heine's. He thinks, as he listens to its voluptuous strains, adapted to the saddest of hymns, of the procession he saw last summer at Cette, in which a group of children, in picturesque miniature costumes, enacted the Passion. Among the personages of the story there appeared also tiny Cupids with silk wings and golden quivers. And so, 'the greatest artists, as well in painting as in music, have made the exceeding awfulness of the Passion lovely with as many flowers as possible, and softened the bloody reality by a playful tenderness.' We touch here, of course, on the question whether the painful be a proper subject for Art. 'A quite false view,' he says, 'prevails with musicians, as with painters, as to the treatment of Christian material.' The thin, emaciated forms and colourlessness of Overbeck typify their ideal, to which he opposes the full outlines and rich colour of the Spanish school (Murillo?). But this is beside the mark here; the essential defect of the Rossini music is its undramatic inappropriateness. No arguments as to what is the 'really Christian' can reconcile one to the conjunction of frivolous melody with solemn words, as in the *Cujus Animam*. When one thinks of the majestic sorrow of Dvorák's *Stabat Mater*, or Brahms' *Requiem*, or Leonardo's study of the Christ-head in the Brera, the Rossini music and the Murillo Virgins and Cupids are too discrepant—their

prettiness jars. To Mendelssohn Heine would fain be lenient, but *St. Paul* is not to his taste. *Rossini*, he insinuates, does not need 'to construe with scientific accuracy the spirit of Christianity, much less slavishly to copy Handel or Sebastian Bach.' And Mendelssohn has, it seems, a total want of the naïve. He subsequently, however, noticing the 'Scotch' Symphony, compares him to Tieck, who knew 'how to manufacture the naïve.' But fancy *St. Paul* composed in the 'naïve' *Rossini* style—the Conversion scene, for instance! It could only be tolerable to the modern Italian unconscious irreverence, which complacently enjoys voluntaries à la polka, and operatic intermezzos during mass. The effect might be something like that of the verse of a Lombard popular song:—

'Io vorrei che in Paradiso
Ci s'andasse in birocchino,
Per veder Gesù bambino
E il buon uom di suo Papa.'

This would probably be quite to Heine's mind; he has written many such himself. That Mendelssohn was perhaps the most naïve of composers, in the proper place, is evinced in many of his songs, e.g.

'Morgengruss.' It is needless to urge the technical superiority of *St. Paul*. That its variety of resource far exceeds that of the *Stabat Mater* is obvious to any musician from a comparison of the final chorus of the latter with any of the more elaborate choral parts of the former work. And though Mendelssohn was not so fertile in melody as *Rossini*, this is amply compensated by the quality of what he did produce. I think most musicians would prefer the little *arioso* 'But the Lord is mindful of His own' to all the lusciousness and finery of the *Stabat Mater* solos. There is no harm, certainly, in liking to have one's ears tickled and pleasant fancies suggested by the latter. But when, by so winning an advocate, it is set above the lofty art of *St. Paul*, it is necessary to protest; more especially when Heine's English biographer, who seems to have even less sympathy than he with music, prophesies that this article of his 'will be treasured among the archives of humanity.' That may well be; but if the musician has any say in their arrangement, he will lay it, with numerous cognate papers, in a compartment of the treasure-house, with a large-letter title, 'Appealed against.'

COLIN J. STALKER.

PORTRAITS OF HENRIETTA, DUCHESS OF ORLEANS.



THE Art seasons of last year and this one have been remarkably rich in historical exhibitions. We have this winter a large number of historical portraits by Rembrandt and Velasquez at the Old Masters Exhibition, and the famous Holbeins at the Tudor Exhibition; and last year we had at the New Gallery a large number of portraits, including oil paintings, miniatures, and engravings of illustrious personages connected with the royal house of Stuart, as well as an unrivalled collection of

miniatures of the three last centuries in the rooms of the Burlington Fine Arts Club. The name of Henriette d'Angleterre, Duchess of Orleans, better known as Madame, appeared in the Catalogues of both of the two last-mentioned Exhibitions. The grand-daughter of Henri Quatre, and the daughter of Charles I., she belongs both to the Bourbons and the Stuarts, while her marriage with the brother of Louis XIV. made her a prominent figure in the opening years of the *grand siècle*. Born at Exeter in the midst of the civil wars, the infant princess

narrowly escaped falling into the hands of Parliament, and owed her safety to the heroic devotion of Lady Morton, who carried the child on her back to Dover, and whose courage has been commemorated by Waller in poetry and Bossuet in prose. Once restored to her mother's arms, this child of blessing, as the exiled queen called her younger daughter, was educated in the Roman Catholic faith, and rarely left the convent of Chaillot, until at seventeen years of age she married Philippe, Duke of Orleans, or Monsieur, by which name the only brother of Louis XIV. was commonly known. From that day Madame played a leading part in the festivities of Versailles and St. Germain, and was the most brilliant figure in the splendid entertainments which dazzled the eyes of that generation. All the Court adored her; the men thought only how they could pay her homage—the ladies how they might best please her. The King himself was the most devoted of her admirers, and made her his companion in all his pleasures. Since fate had not allowed her to reign, she determined, says a contemporary writer, to reign in all hearts. Her gracious manners and lively wit captivated all who knew her. She had a way of appropriating hearts to her own use, and making others feel when she fixed her eyes upon them that she cared for no one else. At the same time, her varied accomplishments and cultivated taste attracted scholars and poets to her side. Racine dedicated his *Andromaque* to her, and Corneille and Molière wrote plays at her command. The nine years during which she

shone as the brightest star in the Grand Monarque's immediate circle mark the most brilliant moment of his reign. With her the best days of Louis XIV. passed away, the pleasures of the Court lost their refinement and distinction, to sink into a joyless and vulgar dissipation.

The memoirs of those days abound in details of Madame's public and private life; they record her triumphs and friendships, the number of her adorers, and the unhappiness of her married life. A cruel destiny had given this brilliant lady the most worthless and contemptible of husbands. The petty vanity and jealousy of Monsieur, his depraved tastes and infatuation for her, made her life miserable. Her own letters tell us how much she suffered, while they reveal all the freshness and sweetness of a singularly charming nature. A princess who had so many lovers could not escape reproach, and slander was busy at one time with her name and that of the handsome and chivalrous Comte de Guiche; but after her death her enemies avowed that they had been unjust to her, and the worst that could be said was that she did not object to find herself beloved.

In the last year of her life circumstances led her to take an active part in political events: she was chosen by Louis XIV. to negotiate the Treaty of Dover with her brother Charles II., and showed by her tact and cleverness that she possessed not only the art of pleasing, but the capacity for great affairs. The tragic fate which overtook her in the height of her success, and in the flower of youth and beauty, is well known. In June 1670 she returned to France, having effected the object of her mission triumphantly, and just accomplished her twenty-sixth year. Ten days later she fell suddenly ill, and died after an agony of eight hours, not without strong suspicions that she had been poisoned by the minions of her miserable husband. The extraordinary courage and calmness with which she met her end increased the pity and admiration with which the Court saw her die, and all France wept over her. The thrill of horror which was felt at the time is reflected in the letters of Madame de Sevigné, and in the oration in which Bossuet has recorded in immortal words the virtues and charms of Madame and the awful suddenness of her end.

The Stuart Exhibition contained no less than seven portraits of Madame. In one instance only she figures in a royal group. This is in the large and very interesting picture of Charles II. at a ball in The Hague, lent by the Queen, and painted in the year of the Restoration. Here Charles appears in large black hat and Court suit, in the act of dancing with his sister the Princess of Orange, while Queen Henrietta Maria and other ladies look on. The young Princess of England, then only sixteen years old, is seen sitting between her mother and the Duke of York, on a red bench. She wears a yellow gown, has her hair frizzed, as Pepys said, after the French fashion, short up to her ears, but is in all other respects still the pale, demure child who

has been scarcely seen out of convent, and whose beauty and grace no one as yet suspects.

Of the four single portraits in oil we may dismiss that painted by Sir Peter Lely, and lent by Lord Crawford. This is plainly in Lely's later style, and whoever may be the lady represented, it is certainly not Henrietta, since the face bears no resemblance to that with which other artists have made us familiar. There remain three others—two by Mignard, the favourite portrait-painter of Louis XIV.'s Court, and one by another well-known French artist, Nicolas de Largillière. The Mignard, lent by the Duke of Grafton, agrees in many points with the portrait of Madame by this painter in the National Portrait Gallery. This one is life-size, and represents Madame as standing with her face turned to the left, and holding a coronet and embroidered drapery in her hands. She is robed in an amber-coloured gown, open in front, with a red scarf and pearl ornaments, and wears her hair in ringlets, like her mother. But although she wears her hair in the French style, and the whole pose and air of the figure is French, the face is more that of a Stuart than a Bourbon. The oval shape, the long straight nose, and the high-arched eyebrows, all bear a close resemblance to her father's features, and remind us of the race from which she sprang. We recognise the charm to which her contemporaries bear witness,—the dark sparkling eyes, 'black and very bright,' the skin of 'milk and roses,' the teeth like small pearls, beautiful neck and arms, on which Madame de Motteville and so many others dwell. And we see too the sprightly air and charming grace which won the hearts of grave and gay alike, and made such different men as Tréville and La Rochefoucauld, the Comte de Guiche, l'Abbé Cosnac, her servants for life and death. The eyes still seem to seek ours, as if they would ask our sympathy; the lips are about to break into that enchanting smile which made men call her the most amiable and touching of princesses. 'Not,' says the Bishop of Valence, 'that she had less majesty than other royal persons, but that she knew how to bear herself with a more easy and simple grace, so that with so many divine qualities she was the most human creature in the world.' And her successor, as Monsieur's wife, the frank and rude Princess Palatine, remarks: 'The charm of *feu* Madame, of which so much has been said, did not consist in any great regularity of feature, but in the exquisite grace which marked all her movements, and made everything about her appear beautiful.'

The second picture, by Largillière, bears a marked likeness to Mignard's portrait, but there is less character and expression in the face. Madame wears a blue embroidered robe and deep lace collar, and holds a mariner's compass in her hand. The third, on the contrary, offers several points of difference. It is a small life-size bust, 17 inches by 22, and belongs to Sir Charles Dilke. Here Madame is represented in a low yellow gown, which displays her neck and shoulders, and there are pearls on her neck and in

her hair. The eyes are dark grey, and the hair is fairer than usual; the features are the same, but the face is rounder and the cheeks appear less thin. There is no date to the picture, but it is said to be also the work of Mignard, and was probably painted at an earlier date than the other portrait. Something of the convent is there still in the modest, childlike look; and full of charm as the expression is, there is less anxiety to please, less of the melting grace, the seductive air, of the finished woman of the world. But what makes this attractive picture the more valuable is the close relation which it bears to the enamel miniature of Madame by Jean Petitot. This famous miniature, one of the finest specimens of its kind, was long in the possession of the painter Lincke, who kept it as a valuable example of Petitot's art, and finally sold it to Horace Walpole. At the sale of the Strawberry Hill Collection in 1842 it passed, according to Probert, into the hands of Lady Burdett-Coutts, and is engraved in *Les Émaux de Petitot*, a work published in 1862, and mentioned there as still in her possession. The face is exactly identical with that in the last-named portrait, and is the best proof we possess of the genuineness of Sir Charles Dilke's picture.

Another enamel miniature of Madame, also the work of Petitot, was exhibited this year at the Burlington Fine Arts Club. This very beautiful specimen of the celebrated master's art is one of those enamels well described by Redgrave as 'unsurpassed in beauty of drawing, in refinement of expression, in tender sweetness of colour, and in the complete mastery of materials.' It reproduces better perhaps than any larger portrait the grace and vivacity which was Madame's peculiar charm. In form and execution this miniature agrees exactly with the Walpole enamel, but is the property of the Duke of Devonshire. A third, which belongs to the Duke of Buccleuch, and may have been given by Madame herself to her nephew, the unfortunate Monmouth, who was one of her most ardent admirers, was in the Stuart Exhibition. This is the work, not of Petitot, but of a less great French artist, and represents Madame with flowers in her hair and ringlets falling on her neck. It is chiefly remarkable for the great beauty of the silver filigree frame set with precious stones in which it is mounted, and the chain and ring to which it is fastened seem to show that it was originally worn as a pendant.

Besides these pictures and miniatures recently exhibited, there are two important portraits of Madame in this country. One, to which allusion has already been made, is the picture belonging to the National Portrait Gallery, now at Bethnal Green Museum. This is a life-size three-quarter-length figure, in which Henrietta wears the same reddish-yellow gown as in the Duke of Grafton's picture. The style of hair-dressing and ornaments are the same, but in this one she holds her favourite spaniel in her arms—the little dog who was her constant companion, and who, she told Madame

de Seigné laughingly, would always run away when he saw a book in his mistress's hands. The same dog is in her arms in the two half-lengths of Madame at Versailles, and was also in a third by Rigaud which long adorned the walls of Henrietta's own palace of Saint-Cloud, but was unfortunately burnt at the time of the German invasion in 1870.

The other picture is one described in the Strawberry Hill Collection as 'a very beautiful portrait of Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans, by Mignard,' purchased at the sale of Lady Suffolk's effects at Marble Hill. There can be little doubt that this is the fine picture now in the Queen's private rooms in Buckingham Palace, and there attributed to Sir Peter Lely. Here Madame is painted in the garb of the Greek goddess, wearing helmet and spear, as she appeared in the famous Ballet des Arts, which was danced at Saint Germain, and again at Versailles, in the year 1663. In that ballet Louis XIV. himself figured as a shepherd, and the Queen also took a part. But the sensation of the evening was the appearance of Madame, divinely tall and most divinely fair, as Pallas Athene, attended by four Amazons, all of them noted beauties of the Court—Mademoiselle de la Vallière, Mademoiselle de Mortémart, better known to fame under her married name of Madame de Montespan, Mademoiselle de Saint-Simon, and Mademoiselle de Seigné, who soon afterwards became Marquise de Grignan. This was the ballet which her mother, writing twenty years after, recalls so fondly to mind—the ballet of ballets, which not all the splendours of later fêtes could ever eclipse in her eyes. No one, Madame de Seigné was quite sure, had ever looked as those shepherds and Amazons looked, or danced as they danced! 'But those days are gone, and Madame is in her grave, and all the ages will not give us another to equal her for beauty or for grace.'

This was not the only occasion on which Madame was painted in her fancy dress. There is an old print taken from a picture in the possession of Lord Poulett early in this century, in which she is represented wearing a jewelled crown surmounted by a cross on her head, and a flowing veil over her hair. The costume is evidently that of some allegorical character which she had assumed for the moment, but both features and expression bear a strong likeness to the portrait by Mignard lent by the Duke of Grafton to the Stuart Exhibition, and there can be no doubt as to the genuineness of the work, although we are ignorant whether the original still exists.

Besides the portraits of Madame herself which were exhibited at the New Gallery and in Savile Row, there were several interesting miniatures and prints of her immediate relatives. Monsieur was to be seen in various forms at different periods of his life, always clad in splendid attire, and combed and curled with the utmost care. His lace collar is of the broadest, his coat is adorned with seed-pearls and jewels and ribbons after his habit. We are reminded of Madame

d'Osnabrück, the Electress Sophia of Hanover, who relates how she found him, the morning before his daughter's wedding, still in *deshabille*, wearing a night-cap tied with flame-coloured ribbons, sorting the jewels which he meant to wear on that occasion. The blue eyes and regular features are singularly handsome, and it is hard to believe that this fair youth with the soft face and gentle air should have grown up so vicious and depraved a man. The features are not unlike those of Louis xiv., but there is nothing of the force of vigour, the real ascendancy of character, which, for all his faults, distinguished the Grand Monarque, and made his *siècle* what it was.

'I have just seen a great man,' wrote l'Abbé Cosnac, for many years almoner to Monsieur, on leaving the King's presence, 'and the sight has disgusted me more than ever with my *petit-maitre*.' The second Madame was there too, that masculine satirical lady, Charlotte Elizabeth—'Lise Lotte' as her friends called her,—who strode about the Palais-Royal in topboots and riding-habit, with her whip in her hand, and at the sight of whom Madame de Sevigné shed tears when she thought of that other Madame whom she remembered, and who had been so strangely different in all her ways. Yet this Princess Palatine, whose manners were so rough and wit so caustic, proved a good mother to poor Henrietta's orphaned children, and in spite of all her eccentricities earned the respect and confidence of those about her.

And there was a miniature of Madame's poor little daughter, Marie Louise—'la petite Mademoiselle'—as she was called, to distinguish her from her father's cousin, the 'grande Mademoiselle'—that charming young princess who wept so bitterly at leaving France to marry the King of Spain. The poor child inherited much of her mother's beauty and charm. She had the same '*jolis pieds qui la font si bien danser*,' the same love of pleasure and natural grace, and, like Madame, she knew how to win all hearts. Unfortunately for her future happiness her foolish father had

led her to expect she would marry her cousin the Dauphin, and thus become Queen of France. 'I make you Queen of Spain,' said Louis xiv. when his niece threw herself at his feet and begged with tears to be allowed to remain in her native land; 'what more could I do for my own daughter?' 'You could do more for your niece, Sire,' was the answer which he received. The marriage was celebrated at Versailles with great splendour, but the young queen was inconsolable at leaving France, and the whole Court wept at her departure.

Her fate was a sad one. The cruel etiquette of the Spanish Court deprived her life of all its joy and freedom; and her husband, the ugly baboon of Madame d'Osnabrück's diary, was little better than an idiot. She pined for the home she had loved so well, and drooped like a caged bird, until at the end of ten years a death as sudden and strange as her mother's set her free. In this portrait the likeness of the young queen to her grandfather Charles i. was even more marked than in that of Madame herself. Her sister, Mademoiselle de Valois, named Anne Marie after Mademoiselle de Montpensier, was only a year old at the time of her mother's death, but lived to grow up, and married Victor Amadeus, Duke of Savoy, afterwards King of Sardinia.

By virtue of this descent from Charles i., the members of the house of Savoy claimed the succession to the throne of England on the death of Queen Anne; but owing to their profession of the Roman Catholic religion their right was set aside in favour of the house of Hanover, and the son of the Electress Sophia. None the less this branch of the house of Stuart is not yet extinct, and a princess of this family, and direct descendant of our Madame, Marie Thérèse, daughter of the last Duke of Modena, and wife of Prince Ludwig of Bavaria, is at the present moment the actual representative of the line of Charles i.

JULIA CARTWRIGHT.

THOMAS ASHE.

ON the 18th of last December there passed away, in the person of Thomas Ashe, a minor poet, of whom it has happened, contrary to the fashion of these days, that he was under-estimated.

Minor poets are in the way of being overlooked, but not necessarily, therefore, of missing their deserts; and yet, of this one, I make bold to say that the recognition of him fell a good way short of his merits.

Once a little reputation came to him—it came before his best work was written; but it lapsed, and was never recovered.

He continued to publish his poems without any pecuniary profit, and with only the doubtful pleasure of faint praise from the literary world.

He became a failure in men's eyes; and understanding that it was so to be, accepted the decision sadly, but with no protest, so far as I know.

Very possibly—for he was perfectly humble in his judgment about himself—he saw that in truth his claim to a place in literature was no noticeable one, and that the uncritical neglect with which he was passed over was not in any way special to himself, nor the outcome of any literary malevolence. His repeatedly expressed indifference to 'this world's honours' was, in the way he meant it, quite sincere; but his life was a sad one. Want of kindly intercourse with his mental equals brought loneliness; and the continued publication of his poems, through a period

of decadence, was a pecuniary loss to him, bringing, as a result, depression to his spirits.

He did that thing most fatal to a writer with a name to make, he over-wrote himself—over-wrote himself at least in the sense that he published, with too little selection, poems which it had become a habit like second nature for him to throw off on things that had, or had not, interest.

Such chance as there remains for his work to win a more permanent place, and wider appreciation for its lyric qualities than heretofore, lies in the possibility (if indeed it be possible) of a choice selection being made and published, from the all too numerous poems he has written.

As far as is feasible in a limited space, the quotations which follow may be taken as suggestive of such a selection in miniature. They cannot fairly and fully represent the writer's range, but they give to the reader the standard of his power.

If I have seemed, in speaking generally of the poet's work, to be only once more rendering him a measure of the faint praise which was doled out to him during his lifetime, it is time that I spared further preliminaries, and let him speak at his best for himself, when my own words may very fitly become few. And it is indeed happily that one turns to think of his best, and to hear him sing, in his tender lyric way, the light idyllic themes into which he threw the half-diffident and wholly graceful movement of his thoughts. And though, as I say again, much must necessarily be here missed, I will yet hope to give the reader some adequate proof of the sterling beauty which, now and then, breathed through the songs of Thomas Ashe.

Nearly everything that I quote is to be found in one small volume, the *Songs Now and Then*, published by Messrs. Bell, York Street, Covent Garden; and all are contained in the collected edition of 1886 by the same publishers.

'Heart's Ease' is the name of this one—

'I lay in a green larch copse,
And chanted a sunny song;
How none intrudes, and the larch-cone drops
Like a thought, and the grass is long
In my little chaste retreat:
How the wind sighs in the cover,
But softly, like a lover,
To whom his fate is sweet;
I sang how grief would ruin it,
And how the wood-doves coo in it,
At matin-time and even,
And made it seem like heaven.'

It is slight, but it brings us pleasantly within the range of the singer's thought: he has many songs to sing, in this attitude of mild lying out-of-doors. It shows, too, a curious little peculiarity he had of making his last couplets weak: he seemed to have made a rule about it, and then to have thrown in an artistic number of exceptions. Here is another of the same sort as the last:—

'The wood-doves in the forest are!
I hear them! Here, alone,
I feed a wistful dream of her,—
Sigh, in an undertone,
"Come to me, sweet! sweet, come to me!"

I prithee, wood-dove, coo no more!
Or tell me when a happy fate
Will make the faded dreams of yore
Come back again, with all their state;
And so prove true:
Then, wood-dove, coo!
Then I could listen long to you!
The wood-doves in the forest are, etc.

I prithee, wood-dove, cease the sound
That makes my heart yearn like a sea!
Or let my moon of love be found,
To glimmer with fair beams on me,
Such darkness through:
Then, wood-dove, coo!
Then I could listen long to you!
The wood-doves in the forest are, etc.

I prithee, wood-dove, let me sit,
Unharried, on this forest gate!
Or bring the unknown love to it,
Or bring me—what thou hast—a mate!
This do! come, do!
Then, wood-dove, coo!
Then I could listen long to you!

So subtly is art concealed under the sweet simplicity of language, that its presence here might almost be questioned; but a musical ear will have caught with delight the effective rift in the rhythm, where the reiterated line breaks out like a soft sob:—

'Come to me, sweet! sweet, come to me!'

But it is time to show that Ashe could sing to more joyous effect than this, and, even of unpropitious love, without any sob in his voice. No lover could put off his woes, and frolic more blithely with the weather, than the one who sings thus:—

'Come, spring, and bring the flowers again,
And plant the primrose by the brook:
Let love not languish at a look;
For she may grow more gentle then,
When spring-time brings the flowers again.

Come, April, spreading kinder skies,
And make the leaves with sunshine laugh:
Perchance my love will learn to have
A softer tremor in her eyes
When April comes with kinder skies.

Come, June, bring splendour of the rose:
Come, bring delight of tint and scent:
My darling will perhaps relent
And love me then, as once—who knows?
When June brings splendour of the rose.'

But Ashe's song of songs, so I think, was fittingly addressed to his lifelong love, Aëde, the spirit of song. There is no verse, though the verses are unequal in merit, which has not some lines too sweet to be lost; so the song is given entire, in spite of its



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GLASGOW.

THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

By FRITZ VON UHDE.

length; for it shows, to my mind, the high-water mark of Ashe's genius:—

'My lady's eyes are strangely fair :
Whose keenest light is chiefly hid
'Neath softness of a drooped lid,
Which else were more than I could bear :
Her name sounds musically clear,—
Æde, praised the gods amid :
Once named of men the Castalid,
From fount she loved to linger near.
To hear her voice is more than all
Vain fleeting joys terrestrial.
The beauty of her look to see,
And serene presence, is to me
As great a joy as heaven could be.

The winds, that in the leaves make stir,
Chant to me in my lady's praise ;
The thrushes sing her gracious ways,
The reeds and grasses sigh of her :
The nightingales at eve prepare
A choral tribute with their lays ;
And summer days and winter days,
In mystic whispers, name her fair.
The lark, hid in the morning's sheen,
Gives joyful greeting to my queen.
The young cheep, in the nest awake ;
The little ripples on the lake
Curvet and dimple for her sake.

My lady in a sunbeam comes :
Ofttimes, in unfamiliar guise,
She plays around me spirit-wise,
Till days are blissful martyrdoms :
I follow where her footfall roams :
Now in a woodland flower she lies ;
Now like shy echo makes replies,
O'er meadows where the bold bee hums.
And oft she greets me from afar,
In sacred fashion of a star.
With winds, moonbeams, and leaves she blends :
By placid bays, and river bends,
Her face my solitude befriends.

The Cyprian's star, at set of day,
Lights mortal lovers to their bliss :
It shines a lesser light than this
Of my unstained Urania ;
Which beams with a diviner ray
Than hers, that gladdens erring eyes,
Where quiet sails, 'neath evening skies,
Droop, tranced, in some Eastern bay.
No earthly love could lure me so
That I should my divine forego.
No earthly beauty can devise
A snare of kisses or soft sighs,
To match the rapture of those eyes.

My lady comes in spring-time, when
The land is green through April showers :
Her foot's soft impress on the flowers
Charms winding lane, and wooded glen.
And oft as summer brings again
Their faint scent to the jasmine bowers,
I lie at her white feet for hours,
Sequestered from the haunts of men.
She finds me in deep solitudes
Of autumn's leaf-enchanted woods.
Comes winter—in she loves to glide,
And, hand in mine, will sit beside
The crackling wood-logs, like a bride.

When, in some bitter hour, I bow
My head, with anguish and despair ;
And fruit, whose blossom grew so fair,
Is dust between my lips, somehow ;
And life, once beautiful, is now
A waif upon a sea of care :
She, loved heart's-comforter, lays there
Her cool hands on my heated brow.
Æde, my desire, my all !
In reverence at her feet I fall :
And calm comes to me by degrees :
And all my tears and miseries
Her gentle accents lull to peace.

Sometimes a hidden nook I find,
In thicket under elm or oak ;
Where nothing, save the woodman's stroke,
Far off, brings sound of humankind :
Then in a dream she stoops to bind
My reason to her blissful yoke :
Not vainly will man's lips invoke
The mistress in his arms entwined.
I lie in a wild ecstasy,
And tremble as she clings to me.
Her breath is sweeter than the south :
I drink, to quench my spirit's drouth,
Red wine of kisses at her mouth.

Sometimes, when midnight swathes the earth,
And labour gains a lease of ease,
And dreams beguile to equal peace
Spent noise of weeping, and of mirth,
My life dies, in a nobler birth ;
My soul with clearer vision sees :
She quickens with her harmonies
Poor phantasies, else little worth.
Beneath her half-closed lashes gleams
Glance fairer than divinest dreams.
Then I know, in a mystery,
My lady's love is more to me
Than gauds of world-old vanity.

Abysses of oblivion
Take this world's honours I despise !
Soul, to her glory set thine eyes,
And put a stately ardour on ;
And sandals of truth paragon,
And raiment, woven of beauty's dyes ;
Heart-set to earn a nobler prize
Than earthly guerdons, which are none.
Such vestal purity improve
Thee, soul, to fashion of her love ;
That haply the hid eyes you praise
Shall graciously dropped lids upraise,
And days be heaven, and nights days.'

In Æde, as nowhere else, he surprises us with the sustained vigour and melody of his verse ; and in certain parts, above the radiant word-painting, there comes a touch of style, or some other indefinable thing, which gives a sense of reserved force and mastery of restraint not to be found in his other work. Surely, at least this once, his Lady of Beauty did 'graciously dropped lids upraise,' and give him her full regard while he made her his song. It is a poem to be read many times over ; familiarity, in this case, will but breed love.

This divine love of his Ashe treated with nothing but reverence ; there is an audacity in some of his

sayings to loves of a more earthly type, which convinces us that dreamland by no means entirely absorbed all his affections. The whole of the song that follows is warm and human; the very metre goes laughing and dancing:—

'Green as a leaf her kirtle,
Her bodice red as a rose :
Her white bare feet went softly and sweet
By roots where the violet grows ;
Where speedwells azure as heaven
Their sleepy eyes half close.

O'er arms as fair as lilies
No sleeves my love drew on :
She found a bower of the wild rose flower,
And for her breast culled one :
And I laugh and know her breasts will grow
Or ever a year be gone.

O sweet dream, wrought of a dear forethought
Of a golden time to fall !
She seemed to sing, in her wandering,
Till doves in the elm-tops tall
Grew mute to hear, as her song rang clear,
How love is the lord of all.'

I quote the following from a legend of a hermit's temptation, called 'The Bell,' for the sake of the exquisite contrast, so tellingly set forth in the last line:—

'He gently raised the sweet-shaped head,
And drew her on his knees, and laid
Her breast against his rougher breast;
And placed the soft round arms, to rest
One on each shoulder; then, I wis,
The white and lissom neck to kiss
Was as an utter gain to him.
With tears his eyes began to swim.
"Stay, love!" he cried, "stay here awhile!"
She, answering with a subtle smile,
And skill in heathen artifice,
Raised to the crucifix her eyes :
"Nay, love," she said, "nay, love," she said,
"With that wild sorrow overhead?"'

Nothing could be more excellently chosen than those few words,—than that epithet of 'wild sorrow' from the lips of the smooth temptress, applied to the Representative of suffering:—'the image of the oft-slain one,' as the poet well has it, a few lines further on.

Certainly Thomas Ashe knew how to sing an old legend or romance well. Here are three verses, from a poem which completes itself in eight, than which one could not wish for anything more tender in treatment:—

'Here, with sombre boughs drooped round,
In a hollow of the ground,
Rests the pool,—so still and mute,
Wakeful lizards dip below,
As the grass moves with the slow
And soft impress of your foot.

Words some whisper, which the ear
Closes to shut out, for fear
Of a drowned maid years ago :
Few folk care long here to dream :
Melbah's lilies, all folk deem,
Are not well to look upon.

She was young and pure, they say ;
This fell on her wedding-day ;
What more? None remembereth.
Ever since grow side by side
Yellow lilies, for a bride,—
This they know,—and white, for death.'

As an example in blank verse, I must quote the noble ending of 'Psamathe,' a poem full of power throughout: but there is almost fire in a few of these lines I give:—

'So she, deceived, and undeceived, grown wise,
On instant fixed her sometime wavering will,
And crossed the fear-thrilled halls. Nor dared the three
Obstruct the resolute exit, nor desired.
But following, thief-like, craftily, afar,
They watched her gain the quiet cove, wherein
The king first drew salt drift-weed from her eyes,
And halting, pensive, where smooth ripples curled,
Unclasp her girdle; round her glittering feet
The fair queen's vesture heedlessly let fall,
About her much-wronged beauty, with a smile,
Unloop the wild profusion of her hair,
And slip beneath green waves, and glide away.
They, wondering, trembled; and still wondering, gazed :
Till they could see no more the snowy arm
And pearl-white shoulder glancing 'mid the foam.'

The scene is both dramatic and picturesque, and comes to an admirable close in the mysterious passing away of the much-wronged wife of Æacus, as she leaves her persecutors to gaze on one another in wild surmise, and returns to her old sea-haunts.

And here is one more poem, before I have done; full of a beautiful irregularity which cannot fail to strike the reader as rendering a double charm to lines which express the restless, incomplete desire of the singer's heart:—

'I said, "I will sit in my garden,
Here in the shade of my trees :
With the wild-bee's hum no sorrow will come !"
I exulted, "I am at ease."

But a whisper came over the wall :
A sob on the wind, and a sound,
As of strife, in the poplars heavy and tall,
As of bitter weeping, out of the ground.

These are the tragical omens again,
Out of the yearning and heart of the years,
Back to the battle and hubbub of men
Bidding me, begging with prayers, and with tears.

"I cannot sit still in my garden," I sigh ;
"I must away :
Letting the leisure alone, till I lie
Under the mould, in the clay."

Perhaps had he been stronger to follow the lure his life might have been happier; he might have sung to more effect. The 'tragical omens' were ever about his path, threatening each little respite of happiness he gave himself; and, for the most part, his answer was to sigh. There is not, I think, through all the range of his poetry, one instance of a man's will 'to catch on life, and dare.' We must, therefore, turn to what there is, in instances multiplied,—to his melody, real

and individual, to *Acède*, his wholly gracious lady of song :—

‘ Ah ! speech like *Memnon*’s harping !
 Ah ! motion, that surpasses
 The moon’s feet on the mountain !
 Ah ! face like moon of summer !
 That peacefully uprises,
 O’er grain ripe for the reapers ! ’

A pastoral voice, an idyllic voice ; a voice neither of tongues, nor prophecy, nor even of passion. A voice which must pass, perhaps, but which yet should not be allowed to pass into abrupt forgetfulness, under the hubbub of other voices ; but should rather melt out its echoes through the enclosing charm and pity of a quiet twilight.

Now that I have said what I felt should be said, my praise seems to have been all too poor. I think that he sang some things so beautifully, yet so simply withal, that one fears to use high-sounding words, even of what was very good, and best about him.

Some faltering voices are yet so sweet ; his seems to be just one of those. Often his sorrows sound trivial, and his self-pity querulous ; but at other times, almost without art, he touched, for himself and for others, notes full of comfort.

‘ I hear the angels chant :—
 “ If he keep pure in will,
 Crown him a victor still ;
 Although in life he wrought
 A work which came to nought.” ’

LAURENCE HOUSMAN.

MARY OF ROMSEY: A DIPTYCH. BY COMPTON READE.

PART II.

THE ARGUMENT.—In Part I. Mary, a nun in the Abbey of Romsey, is wooed by Sir Mathieu d’Alsace. In spite of a papal ban they were married, and Mary presented her lord with two daughters. In process of time, however, it dawned upon her that her husband’s long absences from home must be referred to the existence of a counter-attraction, and soon after rumour revealed the actual truth. Mathieu had formed an attachment for Alianor of Vermandois long before he came courting to Romsey. He had married his wife’s money, having no heart to give in return. Fired by jealousy, Mary followed her lord to the siege of Driancourt, to discover him, after a fierce *mêlée*, wounded, and tended by Alianor in the guise of a serving-man. Detecting her rival’s sex, she challenged the wounded man to choose between them. He was faint from loss of blood, but a gesture revealed his preference for the woman he loved. That sufficed. Mary turned on her heel, and quitted his presence for ever ; nay more, in penitence for her broken vow she abandoned his children to their father’s care, and returned a changed woman to Romsey Abbey, of which she became eventually Abbess. A marble effigy, with a single curl straying from beneath the folds of her coif, tells in mute symbolism her sad tale.

PANEL II.—A HOMELESS HOME.

WITH his scythe’s broad sweep pallid Death cut down
 The warrior wearer of England’s crown
 And his heir, Bononia’s lord,
 While the barons content
 Yielded loyal assent
 To Henry, the son of Maud.
 Thus in one short hour,
 As her proper dower,
 There came for inheritance
 In her sanctuary
 To Princess Mary
 The wealthiest fief of France ;
 Yet the recreant nun
 Had been wooed and won,
 Ere she wist of her golden chance.
 Then the shadow of sorrow passed away
 In the glorious sheen of a new sun-ray ;
 Ne’er danced a merrier bride,
 Ne’er one so prinkt with pride,
 For her life was enlarged in a second’s span,
 And firm in her trust of a lordly man,
 She scorned Holy Church’s solemn ban,
 And weighed in the scales a puissant Pope
 With the joy of to-day and to-morrow’s hope.
 Sir Mathieu alone she worshipped as king,
 Lord paramount by right of ring,
 And to honour his reign
 She bare him twain
 Sweet pledges of love at the price of pain ;

For to souls so enraptured heaven is earth,
 And love a new and angelic birth,
 And all things magical seem ;
 The summer shines ever,
 The winter comes never,
 In that wonderful waking dream.
 Alas ! ’tis an old and a sorrowful tale,
 That the hour shall chime when a little scale
 First falls from a charmed eye ;
 Then for sting of pain
 The poor eye would fain
 Replace the scale on its orb again,
 And hug to its breast a lie.
 Now Sir Mathieu had rated a priceless pearl
 The spouse to invest him Bononia’s earl,
 And across the seas had run,
 To win for his house such a weight of weal,
 And by sacrilegious device to steal
 From Holy Church a nun.
 Yet the man was true knight,
 With a blazon bright,
 And he wot that the hand he pressed,
 The heart that he held by the wrong of right,
 Was of all the purest and best.
 To his eye she was sweet
 From crown to feet,
 And he knew such a beautiful being was meet
 To wed with an honest soul ;
 For, alas ! his heart
 Had been pledged—in part,
 And in love the part is the whole.

Those mysterious orbs of deep December,
 With the fire alurk in a smouldering ember,
 Had burnt with a passion before,
 As the heat intense of a tropical sun,
 For the very reverse of a chastened nun,
 For the Lady Alianor.
 Her lips more ruby than Rhenish wine,
 Her arts and graces served to entwine
 A spell his being around ;
 Like the troubled ocean,
 Her mad devotion
 Disdained a controlling bound.
 For when tidings came, how Sir Mathieu had taken
 A wealthier spouse, herself forsaken,
 The thirst of hate
 Or soon, or late,
 To the lees she vowed should be slaken.
 She vowed—and the bond of malison kept,
 For the mistress watched while the mother slept !

Short years sped by,
 And none knew why
 Sir Mathieu abroad would range,
 So often roaming,
 So seldom homing,
 A witch must have wrought the change !
 Did he covet the rule,
 Of the false and the fool,
 Or gird at the tender sway
 Of the gentle wife
 Who had yielded her life
 As the flower to the fierce sun-ray ?
 Had he wearied so soon of his dainty toy ?
 Did sugar surfeit, or honey cloy—
 Say, who may divine the cause ?
 For certes one
 With the soul of a nun
 Ne'er dreamt that Sir Mathieu's ring alone
 Was all that his wife could boast her own—
 The rest was Alianor's.
 But anon a presentment 'gan to dawn
 On this simple soul, as a leaden morn
 Forebodes a tempestuous day ;
 And a thrill surpassing of apprehension,
 Like a bow full-strung by Titanic tension,
 Winged her beautiful trust away.
 For perchance she strayed
 With a serving-maid
 By the hollow resounding shore,
 And the billows as flails,
 And the flapping sails,
 Beat the thrum of a threshing floor.
 And the bell of a bnoy in fitful toll
 One note of reproach to her troubled soul
 With direful din rehearsed : ' Lo now
 Behold the end of a broken vow !'
 Then the storm's white horses careered apace,
 The lightnings glared in her blanchèd face,
 Till their luminance burnt her breath ;
 And the serving-maid sobbed : ' Sweet mistress Mary,
 ' I prithee go seek a sanctuary,
 ' Ere both of us die the death !'
 Yet the Princess answered to never a word,
 For her eye ranged afar, her ear but heard,
 As a presage of ill from a darkling sky,
 The curlew's quaver of agony.

Stark she stood, with attire all dripping and drenched,
 The spirit within her parched and quenched,
 Till, brave with despair, the maiden wrenched
 Her mistress distraught away,
 But, as trump to the foemen,
 So sounded this omen
 The death of her happy day ;
 Yea, her heart foreknew
 It would all come true,
 For the rose of fair fortune had turned to rue.
 Anon, unflinching 'mid thunder's rattle,
 Her ear was stunned by the whispered tattle,
 How her lord had fared with the King to battle,
 To the siege of Driancourt ;
 And the riddle they solved of his frequent tarry,
 In a gage his vizor was wont to carry,
 The glove of Alianor.

* * * * *

The armies were set in battle array,
 To the roll of the drum and trumpet's bray,
 And the pursuivants caracollying gay
 Made the game of death to resemble play.
 But the clarion sounded the charge, and then
 Rose the ravening roar of a lion's den—
 The galloping horses,
 As stars in their courses,
 The serried spears
 With their harvest of tears,
 The mammoths of might
 Caparisoned bright,
 The squadron's thunder,
 The rending asunder
 By long-drawn arrow
 Of joints and marrow,
 The teeming flood
 Of the bravest blood,
 With its gush as the sluice
 Of the red grape's juice,
 The craze for killing
 And lust of spilling,
 Hearts harder to feel
 Than their cruel steel,
 The crash, and the gash,
 And the madman's dash,
 The lance, and the prance,
 And the hell-ward dance,
 Sword clashing with sword,
 And man with man,
 Death stalking abroad
 In the rear and the van,
 The sough of the slain,
 The discord of pain,
 And, echoed above the Satanic din,
 The ghastly laugh of the strong who win,
 And, down in the deep on the gory grass,
 O'erweighted with mail, Sir Mathieu d'Alsace,
 A staggering giant in fetters bound
 By weapons massing above and around,
 And the foemen before and behind,
 Unhelmeted, disarmed, unhorsed,
 Storm battered, stricken, earthward forced,
 With blood his eyeballs blind.
 'Mid all that throng of the surging fight
 Will ne'er an arm for a wounded knight
 Strike but one blow to save ?

Yes, one as by magic spell arose
 To bear his burden, ward the blows,
 No knight—a slender knave,
 To drag him from the wild *mêlée*,
 To fan his brow with breath of day,
 And slake the fire of thirst,
 To stanch his wounds, to kiss his face,
 To wrap his form in mad embrace,
 His best, and yet his worst ;
 To croon, ‘ Dear heart, for evermore
 I am thine own, thy Alianor,
 A woman, though a knave ;
 I dogged thy danger, and in quest
 To foeman’s steel I bared my breast,
 To hold thee and to have !’

On her lips yet hot were the words of sin,
 When there trembled above the battle din
 The anguished cry of a proud ladye :
 ‘ Aside, sir knave, an knave thou be !
 Gramercy for thy courtesey,
 These wifely duties fall to me.’

‘ To thee ! Not so,’ shrilled Alianor,
 ‘ By no divine or human law
 Is here thy proper place.
 My right in him I yield to none.
 My title? All that love has done,
 My honour, not disgrace !’

Again outrang that wounded voice,
 All aquiver with pain,
 Yet in royal disdain,
 ‘ Sire, I adjure thee, take thy choice !’

‘ ’Twas taken,’ hissed the mistress knave,
 ‘ When this frail hand was strong to save
 The life of mutual love.
 No wife art thou to him, Nun Mary,
 In teeth of Holy Church I dare ye
 Thy wedding ring to prove !
 At best the partner of a part,
 The outer texture of a heart
 For thee that never beat ;
 That shattered shell alone be thine,
 The kernel of the man be mine
 For love a guerdon meet !’

Once for all, as a voice that must needs be heard
 Against the shriek of a mocking-bird,
 Her motherhood craved one little word
 To end this unseemly strife.
 But a tongue without tone,
 And an eye of stone,
 Told their tale to his weeping wife.
 As a phantom dazed,
 His visage he raised,
 From the one to the other garishly gazed,
 And anon with a sigh of surpassing pain,
 As a babe to its rest
 On his mistress’ breast,
 Let droop his dull head again.

Enough. The glamour dispelled at last,
 Her bridal ring at his false feet cast,
 The deserted spouse in her passion passed
 From his fateful presence for ever.

With their sire, of yore so basely kind,
 Her beauteous babes she left behind,
 Lest their innocent faces should serve to bind
 The link she had vowed to sever.
 No tear in her eye,
 In her bosom no sigh,
 But the print of despair,
 And the curse of care,
 Their lines deep graved on her features fair,
 A broken thing,
 With a lover’s ring
 No longer mocking her hand,
 She wandered home,
 By the way she had come,
 To the sorrowful English land.
 And Romsey beheld—to thrill for the sight—
 A pilgrim in sombre apparel dight,
 And lips all blanched by a bitter blight,
 Whence issued a wastrel cry :
 ‘ For the love of Our Ladye let me in,
 I come to confess and to purge my sin,
 Ere I lay me down and die !’

It was night when they passed her within their portal,
 A religious indeed and a loveless mortal,
 With never a heart to bring ;
 They charged a novice her watch to keep,
 As she sank to rest in a fitful sleep,
 And at compline, in tones that fain would weep,
 The nun o’erheard her sing :—

*‘ Ring, wedding bells, a muffled peal !
 Blow, roses, berries of green holly !
 Ye fonder hearts, forget to feel,
 For loving is a game of folly,*

*And wedlock but the pale twilight,
 Chance meeting of the sun and moon,
 He leaves her to the bitter night,
 She loves and loses—all too soon !*

*And what remains? A crown of stars,
 To mock her with their lesser ray ;
 Sirius, Orion, Vega, Mars,
 Ye shine not with the sheen of day.*

*Then chime, death-bells, in merry clang,
 The passing of a lovelorn soul,
 Ye joy-bells, for the sharper pang
 That follows disenchantment, toll !*

*Ploot, midsommer, eternal snow,
 And overgloom the gaudy sun,
 The desolated moon lies low,
 A nun, a bride, anon a nun !’*

So the life of the lover
 Was spent and over,
 And sear-grown Time
 Winged her flight along,
 With an endless chime,
 And a descant song,
 And the ritual’s antiphon ;
 While Princess Mary
 In her sanctuary
 Grew to feast on its monotone,
 For it lent to her soul, as a mellow wine,
 The dullard peace of an anodyne.

Anon when the gold of her tresses was grey,
 And the memory stilled of a happier day,
 And her soul 'gan wend its heavenward way,
 They chose her Abbess of their Abbaye.
 A delicate stone
 Records the tale
 Of a riven veil,
 And a broken vow,
 In a little curl,
 That has burst the furl
 Of the Abbess' coiffed brow.
 For in truth the King's ill-pleasure was done,
 And Mary of Romsey died a nun.



HERE there an advertising agency for making known the moral wants of nations, 'Wanted an Ideal' would perhaps be the advertisement most often inserted. England, France, and Germany might with equal insistence express the need of an ideal, but probably the most frequent demand for this commodity would come from Italy. What ideal can Italy have at the present hour? Centuries of tyranny, foreign and native, have produced their inevitable results; the sullen distrust of estab-

lished authority, the habit of useless prevarication, when it is not downright lying, which are the common indications of minds accustomed to servitude. The Risorgimento showed most gloriously that Italy could morally grasp and gallantly realise an ideal; but the Risorgimento was a time of abnormal excitement. It is over now, or is supposed to be over, and the evil crop produced by the ills that went before is rendered more luxuriant by the very reaction from its high-strung feelings, a reaction so great that many people begin to doubt whether the enthusiasm for the unification of Italy was not, after all, so much energy wasted. What ideal can Italy have in time of peace, when almost her only heroes are those who have been engaged in overthrowing governments, and when even these are barely acknowledged by half her sons? What ideal can she have when her Church is the incarnation of vindictiveness and anti-patriotic feeling? when religion is for the majority synonymous with ignorance and vice. What ideal can a country have in which past and present thus unite to produce a society physically and morally corrupt? Science she has, and here lies her hope of redemption; but science has been hitherto almost exclusively occupied with the intellectual attraction of investigation for its own sake,—investigation

NOTES.—Romsey Abbey—in perfect preservation—lies in the valley of the river Test, nine miles north of Southampton. On the rising ground to the south-west is Embly, the seat of Miss Florence Nightingale, who nursed the English soldiers during the Crimean War, and beyond Embly the New Forest, whereof Embly originally formed a part.

Alianor of Vermandois eventually espoused Mathieu of Alsace, whose marriage with Mary of Romsey was annulled by the Pope.

Matilda was actually the Abbess of Romsey when Mary eloped. The lands of the Abbey stretched as far as the confines of Embly, so it would not be irregular for the Abbess to walk as far, and Mary, because of her royal rank, may be supposed to have enjoyed exceptional privileges. The nuns, however, were strictly cloistered, and their garden was styled 'Paradise.'

ANTONIO FOGAZZARO.

cold and downright, such as the clean-cutting Italian mind best loves. Untempered by habits of reverence, this scientific investigation, especially the scientific investigation of the springs of thought and action, has hitherto been cynically brutal. Materialism, in its vulgar sense, has reigned supreme, the human will has been cancelled, 'irresistible force' has been openly acknowledged as a valid excuse for crime, with the result that this comfortable conscience-salve has produced a moral laziness quite incompatible with vigorous action of any kind. This state of things is faithfully represented in contemporary Italian fiction. As an example, it suffices to mention Gabriele d'Annunzio's latest work, *Il Piacere*, the description of a man endowed in a supreme degree with intellect, but essentially selfish, without conscience, without initiative. An ideal, dangerous as in certain cases it may become, is the crying want of Italy at the moment. There are signs, however, that the dawn of a better day is breaking. The younger scientists, often trained abroad, and for the most part in Germany, are beginning to display the humanistic sense which can replace religion; and some of the most admired recent novelists are also beginning to show that they have grasped the intimate sense of realism, and that they can combine delicate analysis and noble idealism with a heat of human passion hardly possible to the more sentimental English and Germans.

Foremost among these novelists, whose heroes and heroines have an aim higher than their mere pleasure, indeed their pioneer and leader, stands Antonio Fogazzaro. A Venetian like Pindemonte, Maffei, Aleardi, and ancient Catullus, Fogazzaro manifests the gentle melancholy, the idyllic sympathy with nature, which seems proper to the soft-speaking inhabitants of those lagunes that lie, in fitting and harmonious combination, among level stretches of low-lying pasture and seed-land. His first work, a poem, 'Miranda,' the life of a girl in her mother's farm-house, amid the solitude of the far-reaching plain, who is unable to shake off her love for the poet who has left her for the experiences of the town, is full of the poetry of the lowlands. We drive with mother and daughter along the

long white road fringed with vine-clad trees, and look towards the horizon, over the variegated plain intersected by gleaming irrigation canals; we hear the sighing of the pines in the ancient garden, and feel the heavy drops that fall through them from some sudden drifting cloud. All the colouring is subdued, informed by a fine, yet passionate, poetic instinct. It differs widely from the everlasting spring and gloomy forests which still too often do duty for nature, and from the mawkish sentimental vagueness with which some contemporary Italian poets seek, apparently, to ape the German *Welt-Schmerz*. 'Fogazzaro disdains,' says an Italian critic, 'the Arcadian charms of freshly-opened flowers, of soft green grass, and songs of birds. He loves the austere, serene landscape, the charm of twilight, or of clear lights on lofty peaks. He is a lover of Alpine solitudes, which represent to him proud moral altitudes, from which he demands with insistence, but hitherto in vain, the revelation of the great mystery of being.'

Indeed Fogazzaro's is an eminently religious mind, religious in the broadest sense of that often misused word. He calls himself a Catholic, but the character of his Catholicism is too Catholic for the present government of the Church. This vague religiousness is well represented in the character of Daniele Cortis, the hero of one of his ablest books. In his electoral addresses this character offends, on the one hand, the clergy by violent attacks on their wealth and their hostility to the government; on the other the Radicals, by assertions of his belief in the need of the most intimate unison between Church and State; while failing at the same time to please the Moderates on account of the thoroughness of his views in both directions. It is in Fogazzaro's second long poem, 'Valsolda,' that we find the love of Alpine scenery mentioned by the Italian critic. In this, too, he shows us a passionate desire to penetrate the secrets of Nature, a palpitating sense of her impenetrable mystery, far more akin to the Teutonic than to the Italian genius, and hardly surpassed in Shelley's 'Spirit of Solitude.'

United to this vaguely religious attitude there exists in Fogazzaro a firm belief, constantly reiterated, in the life beyond death. 'Do you think there is a second life?' asks the Baron di Santa Guilia of a poor priest in *Daniele Cortis*. 'No,' answers the priest quietly, 'no, I *know* there is.' And this knowledge of the existence of the next world is a distinguishing feature of all Fogazzaro's finer characters. In his earliest novel, *Malombra*, he treats the subject fantastically. Marina, the heroine, finds in an old chest a letter written by her grandmother, enjoining vengeance for her untimely death (she had been closely confined for supposed infidelity to her husband) on that person in whom her spirit should be re-incarnated. Marina feels her grandmother's spirit agitating her breast, she avenges what she considers her former death, and ends by killing herself and her lover.

Fantastic as is *Malombra*, the delicacy of its character touches, the balancing of its parts, make it a worthy forerunner of *Daniele Cortis*. Here delineation of character is the author's great object. He successfully subordinates all minor incidents to this aim, while he keeps them distinct and in their proper place of importance as influencing the lives of the hero and heroine. Daniele and Elena develop before our eyes by their own actions, without help from any of those interminable philosophical and psychological digressions which make many of the best English novelists, such as Thackeray and George Eliot, insupportable to an Italian. From the time when the two stand together under the fir-trees, hearing no sound but the far-off torrent, and the thirsty gravel sucking in the newly-fallen rain, and when Elena, married to a worthless husband, first sees her cousin's love for her, and perceives its danger; from that interview to the last rapid parting, when Daniele stops the carriage which is bearing her away from him for ever, their characters stand out in a series of incidents and situations which follow each other with lightning-like rapidity. Elena, sick with unselfish love, causes herself to be carried off by her husband to a lonely Sicilian country house, that she may not hamper her cousin's career. Daniele, irritated beyond description by the resuscitation of a vulgar scheming mother, whom he believed dead, and whom he now thinks it his duty to support, wearing himself out at election meetings and parliamentary sittings, is at last broken by the tremendous effort which he makes to save from ruin and suicide Elena's worthless husband (the seducer of his mother), and falls back in a fit as he rises to make his farewell speech in Parliament. Elena, herself convalescent, and just returned from Sicily to Rome, nurses her cousin through his dangerous illness. There is a period of idyllic quiet as the two read and stroll together in the grounds of Villa Carré (where live Elena's mother and uncle), in sight of the mountains and torrents. Then comes the letter which calls Elena to join her husband and accompany him to Yokohama. Broken by her long struggles, night watchings, and recent illness, her will fails her; she cannot leave her cousin, yet she will not be unfaithful to her husband. Daniele comes to her aid, strengthens and encourages her. He explains to her that the only union possible for them is the marriage of the souls; whoever should hinder the other in the performance of duty would be, *ipso facto*, unfaithful to the love between them. So they part, with scarcely a good-bye, Daniele stopping the carriage at a cross-road. Hardly a word is said, but Elena gives him a paper on which she has traced the words inscribed on a pedestal in his garden:—

'Hieme et Æstate,
Et prope et procul,
Usque dum vivam et ultra.'

'*Et ultra*,' this is the hope which Daniele carries in

his heart as he turns away from the cruel hardness of mountain and plain to fight for his ideal in the hurried strife of parliamentary life. Such are the chief characters who stand out in high relief, strenuous and replete with life. The minor personages are also distinct and true; the conversations (those, for instance, in the soirées at Villa Carré) full of *brio et entrain*; the descriptions of scenery both faithful and vivacious. The touch of a master hand is visible in the whole book, and especially where politics are used, without once becoming wearisome, as a relief to the love-story, and palpitating passion takes the place of what would, in most other writers, become mere mawkish sentiment, namely, in the treatment of Daniele's belief in the union of souls both here and elsewhere.

Fogazzaro's latest work, *The Poet's Mystery*, tells the story of an Italian poet who meets and loves Violet, a girl of English extraction living in Germany. The great charm of the book is again to be sought in the remarkable blending of glowing passion with the loftiest idealism of love. The author further shows that he can touch German scenery and character with the same felicity as Italian. The most pleasing scenes take place in the beech-woods round Nürnberg; the most distinct characters (after that of the hero) are those of two German brothers, the professor, who loved Violet, and to whom she had engaged herself declaring that her heart was dead after a first unfortunate passion, and the professor's active bustling brother. The description of the rebirth of love in Violet's heart; the final scene in the railway waiting-room—Violet dead a few hours after the wedding ceremony,—are both especially powerful. She had been struck by the fatal paralysis which had long threatened her delicate life, and which had finally stricken her on the re-appearance of the man who had once loved and abandoned her. The picture of the husband of an hour kneeling amid the throng of passengers with his neck still encircled by the convulsively clasped hands of his bride is harrowing enough; but we find ourselves drawn gently from this to the quiet room among the mountains, with Violet's dresses and hat hanging on the wall, her watch ticking in its stand, her favourite books on the table, this nook to which the poet continually retires from the whirl of city life to live with his dead love in the hope of a future re-union. In this, as in Fogazzaro's other works, passion, idealism, mysticism are strangely blended. It is certain that the mental atmosphere that pervades them is somehow not quite Italian, and to this must be attributed the fact that, though the best minds of Italy appreciate Fogazzaro, he is yet no popular writer. Indeed, he himself is much discouraged by his scanty success, and in reply to a request from a Roman journal to send a contribution, he recently penned a humorous reply entitled 'Liquidation,' in which wit and pathos are happily blended. He states that he is retiring for ever from literature, and puts up for sale his stock in trade, which, however, he expects will fetch nothing, as it is

out of date and fashion. Among these properties are spectacles, through which the world appeared to him different from that seen by his *confrères* Zola & Co.; his ideals, which are no longer held true, his antiquated faith, his feeling for nature.

Whether because he is thus discouraged, or for some other reason, certain it is that Fogazzaro's literary luggage is scant: a collection of short stories called *Fedele* closes the series.

Perhaps the Germanism, if one may so call it, of Fogazzaro's inspiration appears in this book even more markedly than in *Valsolda*. The whole work seems to move to music, of which the preface speaks in terms that few Italians would employ, and yet fewer would understand. For those who live in Italy know well the intonation with which even the educated mention German music, and the slight shrug with which they accompany the intonation. The Italian likes sharply defined airs, and fails to understand the vague emotion dear to the Teutonic mind. With Fogazzaro all is different.

'The best music generates in many men, and also in me, vain shadows, so to speak, of sentiment, joy, and grief without cause, desire, dismay, compassion without an object, proud daring falling with the last note, violent impulses to impossible actions. It suggests blurred images to the imagination; goes so far as to shadow forth confusedly some speech, dialogue, drama, incomprehensible because the language is unknown and far removed from every other, but bearing the impress, in sound, of human passion; developed even according to a certain order of premisses and consequences which without doubt resemble the best course of reasoning in this world.'

In *Fedele* Fogazzaro endeavours to express in some manner 'what that unknown language might perhaps signify, what there might be beyond the impenetrable threshold, the hidden causes of those sentiments whose shadow alone moved me so deeply.' After each story is placed a poetical *intermezzo*, in which he embodies emotions aroused in him by the music of Schumann, Beethoven, Boccherini, Clementi, or Chopin. These little poems are very gems, that on the 'Moonlight Sonata' especially being exquisite in its musical breadth.

The stories themselves seem moulded on music, without ever leaving the domain of prose. All are simple, touching, as incapable of analysis as the subtle shades and scents of the rose. We sympathise with the Signora Fedele, anathematised by her father for abandoning the opera for a husband; with the excellent but eccentric 'cello player, who swore by Bach instead of Bacchus; with the unhappy bibliophile, crushed by wife and creditors, who burns his precious Ariosto rather than give it into the hands of the profane; with the muddle-headed but conscientious parish priest, Don Rocco, who resigns the charge that is his only means of livelihood rather than believe ill of his servant, and loses his store of wine rather than reveal

what he imagines to have been said to him under the seal of a confession. It is, however, impossible to give any just idea of the book. To be appreciated, it must be read, and in the original.

Such is this Italian writer whom his countrymen would do well to read more assiduously, and to appreciate more highly. Happy will it be for Italy when

his influence shall have succeeded in modifying the noisy 'naturalists' now in vogue, and, with or without the belief in the future reunion, shall have raised love from mere brutality (for which it is there but too often the symbol) to the passionate purity which makes it the highest and most refining spring of human action.

HELEN ZIMMERN.

THOREAU'S POETRY.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU, the Concord philosopher and naturalist, is chiefly famous as an enthusiastic lover of wild Nature and a determined satirist of the follies of conventional society. While the literary excellence of his prose writings, such as *Walden*, and the *Excursions*, and the *Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers*, is now generally admitted by those critics (still all too few) who are thoroughly acquainted with his works, his poetry is far less known, some of it being still unprinted, and some remaining uncollected in the four volumes of the *Dial*, or scattered in disjointed form through the pages of the *Week*. It is true that Emerson republished a few of the poems as an appendix to the volume of *Letters* which he edited in 1865; but even these were printed, in some instances, in an abbreviated and imperfect form. It is to be hoped that a fuller collection of Thoreau's poetry may some day find its place among his published works, not so much on account of its intrinsic value as because everything that concerns a great writer has its special interest, and in Thoreau's case these poetical pieces have much biographical significance. 'His biography is in his verses,' says Emerson, in his memoir of Thoreau's life.

We may perhaps venture to pass lightly over the somewhat technical question whether Thoreau and the other members of the Boston School can be regarded in strict justice as 'poets' at all. A writer in *Lippincott's Magazine*¹ claims confidently a place for Thoreau among the poetic brotherhood, on the ground that the qualities in which he was deficient were the mere superfluous sentimentalities of art. On the other hand, a well-known critic has pointed out that metre is an indispensable condition of poetry, and that Thoreau was quite unpractised in the delicacies of metrical effect. 'The examples of Thoreau's so-called poetry,' he says,² 'are more unmitigated doggerel than even Carlyle's or Emerson's. With regard to men of such splendid gifts as Carlyle, Emerson, and Thoreau, the remarkable thing is, not that they should

have no sense of metre, but that having none they should try to write in metre.' We are here reminded of the criticism which Emerson passed on his own poetical talent—a criticism applicable to Thoreau no less than to himself. 'I am born a poet, of a low class without a doubt, yet a poet. My singing, be sure, is very husky, and is for the most part in prose. Still I am a poet in the sense of a perceiver and dear lover of the harmonies that are in the soul and in matter, and specially of the correspondences between these and those.' It is certain that in this sense Thoreau was always regarded as a poet by those with whom he came in contact. Emerson wrote of him to Carlyle in 1841 as 'a poet whom you may one day be proud of.' Hawthorne remarked that 'his thoughts seem to measure and attune themselves into spontaneous verse, as they rightfully may, since there is real poetry in them.' 'Poet-naturalist' was the title applied to him by Ellery Channing, his friend and biographer.

Thoreau's own view of the poetic character is clearly stated in the *Week*. 'A true poem,' he thinks, 'is distinguished not so much by a felicitous expression, or any thought it suggests, as by the atmosphere which surrounds it. There are two classes of men called poets. The one cultivates life, the other art: one seeks food for nutriment, the other for flavour; one satisfies hunger, the other gratifies the palate.' As far as conscious endeavour was concerned, he was himself far less an artist than a moralist, his poetry being essentially of the 'gnomic' order, characterised by a quiet, thrifty, sententious ripeness of thought and terse, epigrammatic brevity of utterance. His models in style were certain poets of the minor Elizabethan school—Cowley, Herbert, Donne, Quarles, and other kindred writers, many of whom he had studied with such sympathetic industry and devotion that he sometimes caught and reproduced their peculiarities of tone and feeling with startling fidelity. What he says of Quarles in one of his letters might indeed be said of himself. 'It is rare to find one who was so much of a poet and so little of an artist. Hopelessly quaint, he never doubts his genius; it is only he and his God in all the world. He uses language sometimes as greatly as Shakespeare; and though there is not much straight grain in him, there is plenty of rough, crooked timber.'

¹ 'The Poetry of Thoreau,' 1886.

² *Athenæum*, Oct. 28, 1882. The examples alluded to are those given in Sanborn's *Life of Thoreau*. They are quoted merely for their biographical interest, not as being among the best of Thoreau's poems.

George Herbert was another of Thoreau's special favourites, and it has been truly remarked that the stanzas entitled 'Sic Vita' might almost have a niche in Herbert's *Temple*.

'I am a parcel of vain strivings tied
By a chance bond together,
Dangling this way and that ; their links
Were made so loose and wide,
Methinks,
For milder weather.

A bunch of violets without their roots,
And sorrel intermixed,
Encircled by a wisp of straw
Once coiled about their shoots,
The law
By which I 'm fixed.

And here I bloom for a short hour unseen,
Drinking my juices up,
With no root in the land
To keep my branches green,
But stand
In a bare cup.' . . .

It was Thoreau's habit to copy out his poems, or such fragments of poems as he composed from time to time, in the daily journal which he always kept with characteristic diligence and regularity ; and from the journal he afterwards transcribed and completed the verses as occasion demanded. Many of these poems are interesting as throwing light on certain passages of their author's life, which are otherwise unexplained in his writings. The elegiac stanzas headed 'Sympathy,' for instance, contain in a slightly disguised form the story of Thoreau's youthful love and the sacrifice which he imposed on himself in order to avoid rivalry with his brother. 'Inspiration,' again, one of the finest of his poems, is the record of his spiritual birth and first awakening to the new life of Transcendentalism. It is much to be regretted that Emerson published no more than seven stanzas of the nineteen which Thoreau wrote. Of those which are here subjoined, the first only appears in the poem as printed in the volume of *Letters* :—

'I hearing get who had but ears,
And sight who had but eyes before,
I moments live who lived but years,
And truth discern who knew but learning's lore.

I hear beyond the range of sound,
I see beyond the range of sight,
New earths, and skies, and seas around,
And in my day the sun doth pale his light.

A clear and ancient harmony
Pierces my soul through all its din,
As through its utmost melody—
Farther behind than they, farther within.

More swift its bolt than lightning is,
Its voice than thunder is more loud,
It does expand my privacies
To all, and leave me single in the crowd.

It speaks with such authority,
With so serene and lofty tone,
That idle Time runs gadding by
And leaves me with Eternity alone.'

Most, if not all, of Thoreau's poems were composed between 1837 and 1847, in the years of his early manhood. 'Just now,' he wrote in the autumn of 1841, 'I am in the mid-sea of verses, and they actually rustle round me, as the leaves would round the head of Autumnus himself, should he thrust it up through some vales which I know ; but alas ! many of them are but crisped and yellow leaves like his, I fear, and will deserve no better fate than to make mould for new harvests.' Many of these early poems found publication in the *Dial*, the quarterly organ of transcendental opinion, which was started in 1840 by Emerson, Ripley, and Margaret Fuller ; and there was nothing, even in that much-ridiculed periodical, which excited more contemptuous merriment in critical circles. 'An unquenchable laughter,' says one of Thoreau's contemporaries,¹ 'like that of the gods at Vulcan's limping, went up over his rugged and halting lines.' Nevertheless there were some good as well as bad verses among these contributions to the *Dial*. The short poem on 'Smoke' was declared by Emerson to be superior to any lyric of Simonides, and there is some fine blank verse incorporated in the essay on the 'Natural History of Massachusetts.' The following stanzas, which have never before appeared in print, were intended by Thoreau to form a portion of 'A Winter Walk,' an article which was published in the *Dial* in 1843 ; but they were omitted, presumably at Emerson's suggestion. They quaintly describe a mild spring-like day in the New England winter, amid the scenery with which Thoreau was so familiar.

'The rabbit leaps,
The mouse out-creeps,
The flag out-peeps
Beside the brook ;
The ferret weeps,
The marmot sleeps,
The owl keeps
In his snug nook.

The apples thaw,
The ravens caw,
The squirrels gnaw
The frozen fruit ;
To their retreat
I track the feet
Of mice that eat
The apple's root.

The snow-dust falls,
The otter crawls,
The partridge calls
Far in the wood ;
The traveller dreams,
The tree-ice gleams,
The blue-jay screams
In angry mood.

¹ John Weiss, in the *Christian Examiner*, 1865.

The willows droop,
 The alders stoop,
 The pheasants group
 Beneath the snow ;
 The catkins green
 Cast o'er the scene
 A summer's sheen,
 A genial glow.'

After the cessation of the *Dial* in 1844, Thoreau rarely if ever cared to publish his verses as separate poems, but preferred to interpolate them in his prose essays, where they did duty, as Mr. Sanborn has expressed it,¹ 'as choruses, or hymns, or word-pictures, to illustrate the movement of his thought.' The *Week* especially contains a large number of poems thus quoted, many of them being reprints from the *Dial*; a few others are found in *Walden*, the didactic character of which book made it less adapted for this kind of poetical illustration. After his thirtieth year Thoreau seldom wrote poetry, being deterred perhaps to some extent by the faint praise of his friend Emerson, which caused him to destroy a considerable number of his manuscript poems, an act afterwards regretted by him. Yet Emerson's final estimate of his poetical powers was far from being an unappreciative one. 'His poetry,' he remarks in his biographical sketch, 'might be bad or good; he no doubt wanted a lyric facility and technical skill, but he had the source of poetry in his spiritual perception. He was a good reader and critic, and his judgment on poetry was to the ground of it. He could not be deceived as to the presence or absence of the poetic element in any composition, and his thirst for this made him negligent, and perhaps scornful, of superficial graces. His own verses are often rude and defective. The gold does not yet run pure—is drossy and crude. The thyme and marjoram are not yet honey. But if he want lyric fineness and technical merits, if he have not the poetic temperament, he never lacks the causal thought, showing that his genius was better than his talent.'

An instance of Thoreau's best vein of poetry may be seen in the following stanzas, entitled, 'Annus Mirabilis,' which were printed in the *Boston Commonwealth* the year after his death, but are now almost unknown to the readers of his works. Their quiet pathos and gravity entitle them to a high place among such autumnal studies.

'Thank God who seasons thus the year,
 And sometimes kindly slants his rays;
 For in his winter he's most near,
 And plainest seen upon the shortest days.

Who gently tempers now his heats,
 And then his harsher cold, lest we
 Should surfeit on the summer's sweets,
 Or pine upon the winter's crudity.

A sober mind will walk alone,
 Apart from Nature, if need be,
 And only its own seasons own;
 For Nature leaving its humanity.

Sometimes a late autumnal thought
 Has crossed my mind in green July,
 And to its early freshness brought
 Late-ripened fruits and an autumnal sky.

The evening of the year draws on,
 The fields a later aspect wear;
 Since summer's garishness is gone,
 Some grains of night tincture the noontide air.

Behold! the shadows of the trees
 Now circle wider 'bout their stem,
 Like sentries that by slow degrees
 Perform their rounds, gently protecting them.

Far in the woods, these golden days,
 Some leaf obeys its Maker's call;
 And through their hollow aisles it plays
 With delicate touch the prelude of the Fall.

Gently withdrawing from its stem,
 It lightly lays itself along
 Where the same hand has pillowed them,
 Resigned to sleep upon the old year's throng.

The loveliest birch is brown and sere,
 The farthest pool is strewn with leaves
 Which float upon their watery bier,
 Where is no eye that sees, no heart that grieves.'

Whatever be the precise definition of poetry, and whatever the criterion by which a true poem is distinguished, it cannot be denied that such stanzas as these are both memorable and suggestive. There is, as has been well said, a 'frank and unpretending nobleness' in Thoreau's verse at its highest, which should rescue it from being so generally overlooked or under-valued. For the rest, it must be admitted that his prose works are on the whole more poetical than his verse, and that it was a wise instinct which led him in his maturer life to discontinue the latter study. It was his vocation to be one of the most brilliant prose authors whom America has yet produced, and he had an adequate sense of the dignity of this calling. 'Great prose,' he tells us, 'of equal elevation, commands our respect more than great verse, since it implies a more permanent and level height, a life more pervaded with the grandeur of the thought. The poet often only makes an irruption, like a Parthian, and is off again, shooting while he retreats; but the prose writer has conquered, like a Roman, and settled colonies.'

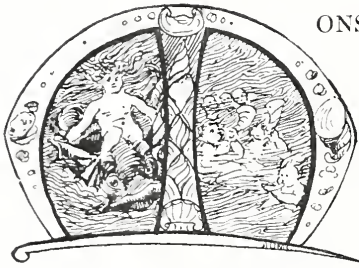
If, therefore, we cannot unreservedly apply to Thoreau the title of poet, when metrical skill is held to be an indispensable element of poetry, we must recognise that he was essentially a poet in the larger sense in which his acquaintances so regarded him,—he felt, thought, acted, and lived as a poet, though he did not always write as one. In his own words—

'My life has been the poem I would have writ,
 But I could not both live and utter it.'

H. S. SALT.

¹ Article on 'Thoreau's Unpublished Poetry,' *The Critic*, March 26, 1881.

THE TEACHING OF DRAWING IN PARISIAN MUNICIPAL SCHOOLS.¹



ONSIEUR COUGNY'S is a most useful book, in that it embraces the whole subject of art teaching in the Paris municipal schools, giving details of management, professors' salaries, and arrangement of class-rooms. Starting with the assertion that there is not

a single walk in life or calling in which a knowledge of drawing will not be useful, the author naturally concludes that all classes of children ought to be taught to draw, not professionally, but simply as they are taught to read and write. Drawing is the only study which teaches observation; '*Avant d'apprendre à l'enfant à lire, il faut lui apprendre à voir*,' said Rousseau. But, as Charles Blanc remarked, many persons go through life 'looking without seeing'; or, as another Frenchman, M. Poubelle, pithily expressed the idea: '*Le monde se déroule devant les yeux du plus grand nombre comme une espèce de fantasmagorie où les formes changent, sans que rien vienne imprimer un souvenir précis dans leur esprit*.' Quite apart from any particular calling where drawing is required, a knowledge of it will undoubtedly make people work with greater intelligence. A man will make a better agricultural labourer if he has some idea of straight lines and curves; and a woman will certainly lay the cloth, or cut out a garment, better if she has studied form. Therefore, concludes M. Cougny, drawing, like other studies, ought to be compulsory and free. The present revival in the art-teaching in France arose from the discovery that French workmen were being ousted in many trades by foreigners, a fact which the author of this book attributes to the ruin of the system of apprenticeship and the division of labour. As he justly says to those who defend the modern system on the score of certain advantages accruing to the particular industry, 'Ought man to be sacrificed to the product, or the product to man?' Division of labour makes a workman a mere machine.

Drawing is now taught in all the municipal schools, from the *écoles maternelles* (children of two to seven years of age) to the *écoles professionnelles* (technical schools). In the primary schools, model and geometrical drawing are taught side by side, the time varying according to age—children from seven to thirteen, from thirty-five minutes, twice a week, to two hours. In the younger classes the children are instructed by their ordinary teachers; in the higher, by drawing-masters. Attached to the primary schools are work-

shops, where boys are taught the use of tools, turning, and other branches of manual labour, not with a view to learning a particular craft, but for the purpose of giving them manual skilfulness. The girls, too, are exercised in cutting out garments, cooking, and other useful handiwork. In the primary schools drawing from casts and perspective are added to the programme; while at what are called the *écoles primaires supérieures* (the Collège Chaptal is one), the elements of painting, anatomy, and architecture, mechanical drawing, geometry, composition, and art history, in its relation to industry, are added. At the Ecole Colbert, besides other workshops, there is a smithy.

The adult schools are for persons over fourteen, and are held in the evenings, in the same buildings as the day-schools. These three classes of schools represent our Board and Public schools.

In 1882 a scheme was set on foot for *écoles de dessin pratique*, where drawing should be taught in connection with various art industries, and to these also workshops were attached. In these classes modelling in clay and wax, designing for stuffs and furniture, the history of the different styles, and drawing and modelling from nature are added to the former course. The budget for one of these schools for the year 1888 was 41,875 francs.

Much of the teaching in all these schools is oral, the professor drawing examples on the blackboard. Decorative painting and sculpture and ceramics are also taught in special ateliers.

Somewhat similar to these are the *écoles professionnelles*, which are intended to train boys and girls for various trades, and to give those who remain three years an apprentice's certificate. The course of study includes smithcraft, metal-work, machinery, modelling, wood-work, and turning in the technical ateliers; and, in the ordinary school, French, mathematics, chemistry, physics, mechanics, history, geography, technology, drawing, and account-keeping. The idea is to educate the rising generation into becoming workmen. M. Cougny is eloquent upon the loss to France of many art industries. Watchmaking, for instance, he says, has gone out of France to America and England, and he dreams that technical schools may revive the beautiful art as practised in France in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. French workmen may succeed in bringing the art back to France, as far as watches and clocks *de luxe* are concerned; but the author need not fear rivalry in anything but cheap ugliness either here or in America. The skilled craftsman in France is, even at his worst, far more artistic than his British brother.

The love of cheap finery is fatal to many artistic crafts, and perhaps has as much to answer for as the

¹ *L'Enseignement Professionnel des Beaux-Arts dans les Écoles de la ville de Paris.* Par Gaston Cougny. Quantin: Paris.

loss of artistic feeling in the workmen. No artificial flowers, even now, are equal to the French; but nothing will ever restore the industry to that country exclusively except a revolution in the taste of the multitude. Obviously those who pay 5½d. for a smart flower for their hats cannot pay 2s.; and we are probably a long way from a general dislike of common finery,—only observe the headgear of London flower-girls! The same remarks apply to the jeweller's trade. *À propos* of flower-making, M. Cougny tells us that division of labour does not exist in these schools. In the trade, each part of a flower is made by different 'hands,' and the mounting is a separate work; but in the *écoles professionnelles* all the girls learn each department of the work. Probably few persons have any idea what this division of labour means, and that in such a small thing as a fan as many as fifteen or twenty persons are employed; yet such is the fact.

At present there are five of these schools in Paris; but it is hoped before long to increase the number, and add instruction in many other crafts—masonry, printing, gold-smithing, jewellery, and the like; and also to attach museums to the schools for the study of examples of old work.

And the cost? 917,600 francs per annum. In looking over the budget, one wonders why in Paris six inspectors and two *inspectrices* should be able to do the work for £1780, while at South Kensington four inspectors are paid £2231—nearly double. Again, directors at the Paris schools receive £120,

and professors £80; in London, £600 and £300. It cannot be said that French professors of drawing are inferior to English ones, and on both sides of the Channel fees are added. The fact is, that in the country there is enormous waste of money in all State departments; instead of spending it on the persons to be benefited by the teaching, it is spent upon the officials. Fees and awards in the French schools amount to £500, including some travelling scholarships. The 917,600 francs (£36,304) includes the teaching of drawing in all the municipal schools for infants, boys, and girls, in some fifty evening schools for adults, and in about a dozen technical schools. Moreover, as all the teaching is compulsory and free, the numbers must be great; but the whole expense is borne by the city. At South Kensington the expenditure of the Science and Art Department in 1888 was £379,011; and if £100,000 be deducted as appertaining to non-educational departments, it leaves a large excess over the expenditure in Paris for the same class of work. There is immense rivalry now amongst the nations in all artistic industries; will British workmanship prove itself worthy of the enormous amount spent upon it? and will the results prove the education in England to be worth so much more than the more economical teaching in France? Time alone will show. In conclusion, we would recommend all persons interested in the teaching of drawing to read M. Cougny's excellent book; not only is it full of information,—it is written by an enthusiast.

NOTES AND REVIEWS.

MR. WILLIAM SHARP'S BOOK ON BROWNING.—Mr. Sharp's *Life of Robert Browning*, in virtue, partly of its own merits, and partly too by reason of the bigness of its theme, gives subject-matter for a very long review; but space and time compel me to comparative brevity. I can only touch in detail upon a few points, and express a general appreciation.

Mr. Sharp's qualifications for the task which he has executed with a promptitude I endure, but do not commend—for imperfections are the result of it—were important and numerous. Like most of the men of letters of his own generation, Mr. Sharp had come pretty frequently into contact with the departed seer during the latter years of Browning's life. But, unlike many practitioners of writing, he has been able once and again to prove his sympathy with very various schools of literature. His cult of Rossetti, who himself appreciated Browning deeply, was happily not narrow enough to disqualify him for the understanding of a much more universal poet. His more recent appreciation of Balzac could not but assist him in the valuing of the only genius in this century with which Balzac's genius could be in any degree compared. While remembering then that in some previous writings of Mr. Sharp's I had been disturbed not by an indifference to Style, but by an intermittent attainment of it, I turned for my own part with confident hope to his volume on Browning. There are many people who in the continent of a vast genius's work find some little village or obscure province that they are able to like—to annex, so to say, and to mentally occupy. One little person finds himself (in Browning's case) at home in the mild hamlet of *Ferishtah's Fancies*: another little person, who fancies that he is big and robust, relishes, in Balzac's case, the malarious marsh-

land of the *Fille aux Yeux d'Or*: the sunlit plateaux do not exist for him—for the atmosphere of the Balzacian mountain-ranges he has absolutely no taste. But Mr. Sharp is not amongst these little people with their inevitable but pitiable limits—with their facile orthodoxy, or their cheaper revolt. He is amongst those who, by the constitution of their minds and temperaments, are permitted the possibility of understanding the great.

The biographical portion of Mr. Sharp's volume is done with a discretion which the writer would in no case have lacked, but in which, as a matter of fact, circumstances have assisted him. Though we may hope, in another year or so, perhaps, to have from Mrs. Sutherland Orr, whose friendship with Mr. Browning was intimate and prolonged, a full account of the poet, it was not conceivable that, as it were upon the very morrow of his death, the ultimate, or even the penultimate, word could be said. And as regards the biographical portion, Mr. Sharp very modestly speaks of his work as a '*mémoire pour servir.*' And it does 'serve.' It takes occasion to set right several statements which had been made in error. In regard, for instance, to Mr. Browning's ancestry, it avails itself of almost, if not quite, the latest of Dr. Furnivall's researches. Nor has the assistance of Mr. Browning's family been withheld from the writer. But this biographical portion need no longer, just here, detain us. And as I have implied already that Mr. Sharp is not disqualified by an appreciation of literary expression only, or by an unintelligent orthodoxy, or by an enthusiasm of negation—the flippant self-satisfaction of theological denial—to understand the poet who best of all combined style with teaching, tolerance of all with faith in much, I may go on to single out one or two special features of the volume with which I am

personally most in sympathy. There is, for instance, the treatment of the poem of *Pauline*. Mr. Sharp's estimate of it is essentially just. There is no doubt that Browning himself, when he at last consented to reprint it at the head of a collected edition of his writings, disparaged it quite needlessly—he did so, I suppose, with the mature artist's not always justified indifference for work executed when 'right handling' was, by the nature of the case, beyond his power. But much is granted to youth; and, though the youth of Mr. Browning was in one sense prolonged—though he retained, that is to say, as genius does, into the latest autumn much of the freshness of the spring—there is yet about *Pauline*, as one of its characteristics, happy youth in a peculiar measure; and there is about it too a marvellous degree of actual achievement, a singular revelation of that order of genius which the later work was to shower upon us so abundantly during so many years. *Pauline* shows many things. It shows us a poet profoundly introspective, yet widely observant of the external world—intensely spiritual, and yet devoted to outward Nature; subtly intellectual, and yet likewise with subtle appreciation of the things of sense and of sex. That gift of receptiveness which made Mr. Browning perceive a whole world of womanhood in the being he calls 'Pauline,' permitted him, later on, the lyric ecstasy of *A Face*, and is the explanation of that refined enjoyment of young girlhood which did not pass from him in old age—'My beloved Alma'—the pretty letter to that young lady, which has lately been published, is a proof of it.

And Mr. Sharp having, as I think, been among the first to do justice to *Pauline*, later on in his volume he is among the first to do justice to *The Inn-Album*. The number of people who, when in the later period of Browning's career *The Inn-Album* was sent forth, omitted to discriminate between the horror of the story and the intricate spiritual force of its comprehension and presentation was, indeed, entirely remarkable. Why, I remember that in an important literary organ—the *Academy* must suffer me to name it, in its dispraise—a writer of reputation and admitted gifts understood the book so little that he saw nothing in it but that which was sensational, and compared it with the Newgate Calendar, or the Romance of St. Giles's. *The Inn-Album* is, in many ways, unpleasant (and so, I fancy, is *Hamlet*, and so is *Othello*). It is, to boot, extremely difficult. It is, as a whole, unattractive—perhaps even impossible—to the babe and suckling, the as yet unweaned child, to whom only the lightest milk of Mr. Browning's art may fitly be offered. But it is a story unfolded with tragic beauty, wrought with a mental penetration which only *The Ring and the Book* can equal, and reminding us, by the audacity of its grasp and the tenacity of its grip, of whatever is most serious, most sombre, and most masculine in the work of the author of *La Comédie Humaine*. It has pages which, for naked power, are comparable almost with the last pages of *Le Père Goriot* itself. And as for the manner in which there flashes into the sudden ending of the story that fresh and very English brunette whose name, if I remember rightly, we never know—but whom we recognise by 'eyes and cheeks, diamond and damask,'—well, that is worthy too of the greatest creator of the virginal soul—if pedantic little people would but understand—whom we have seen in this century. It is worthy of the writer who gave us the Pauline of the *Peau de Chagrin*.

In that summary of his opinions on Robert Browning which forms a part of Mr. Sharp's final chapter, he deals interestingly with the vexed question of Browning's musical power. He says some very suggestive things, and, having let us benefit by them, comes, I think, himself to a not quite satisfactory conclusion on the matter. He says that Browning was too frequently without 'the melodious feeling for poetry.' Perhaps to be ever without it—to be without it even once—is to be too frequently without it; and no doubt there are occasions on which it was lacking to the writer of the immense monologues of the couple of advocates in *The Ring and the Book*. But when Mr. Sharp says, 'The poet who does not love words for themselves . . . has not entered into the full inheritance of the sons of Apollo,' he says, it may be, too much if he means his implied reproach to refer to Mr. Browning. Brown-

ing was as well aware, though he was not as nervously and abnormally aware, as was Keats or Gustave Flaubert, that, as somebody has said, 'language should not be used merely for the transportation of intelligence as a wheel-barrow carries bricks.' With Browning, it might be argued, verse is 'as the mood it paints'; and Mr. Sharp, who avoids certainly the falsehood of extremes, does admit the 'harmony,' if not the 'melody,' that is to be discerned in Browning's art. The charge of 'musical incapacity,' as a whole, is one which Mr. Sharp would eagerly join us in protesting against. The final answer to any such charge is, indeed, in the question, 'Incapacity for what?' For the music of Verdi—in his earlier years—the Verdi of the *Trovatore*, and not of *Aida*—or for the music of Bach and of Schumann? The suggestion of any such comparison demolishes the opponent. Browning's music was not the jingle of an air. Yet am I quite ready to admit, that while Form in itself fascinates me, I am, in such a case as Browning's, not unlikely to become unheedful of it. Nor would Mr. Sharp deny that there is much excuse for those of us who, in our rejoicing over the pregnancy and the immensity of Mr. Browning's message, are unwary, are even comparatively indifferent, as to the particular form of the envelope in which that message is conveyed.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

FRENCH GALLERY.—The interest of the Thirty-seventh Exhibition at the French Gallery is centred mainly in the work of two men, Fritz von Uhde and Max Liebermann. The sensational pictures by Von Uhde have been familiar enough in England in their black and white versions since the 'Suffer Little Children' provoked so much comment at the Salon of 1885. They are combative and argumentative tableaux, breaking the *dolce far niente* of an ordinary gallery, by awakening and searching questions, not unlike those of Ibsen in dramatic art. 'The Last Supper' is an effort to combine the conventional portraiture of the Christ with the realism of modern French art. With these huge canvases dominating the gallery, and Liebermann's gigantic pictures of 'Women Mending Nets' and 'Flax Spinners,' the lesser paintings are apt to be overlooked. Adrien Demont's 'Poppy Field,' a charming study in colour, a very smooth and sentimental 'Departure of Tobias' by Bramtot, Pesenti's 'Interior of a Florentine Church,' Munkacsy's 'Two Families,' are popular Salon types certain to win approval. Professor Liebermann's 'Drying Linen' is an entirely delightful work in the low key he has chosen, full of accomplishment, and not displeasing in its strong mannerism. The 'Garden of the Maison des Invalides, Antwerp,' by the same artist, is also a marvellously dexterous canvas that deserves much study. Von Uhde's 'My Children's Nursery' is marked by the defects of the school it follows. The religious pictures will no doubt provoke much extraneous criticism, and be judged chiefly on non-artistic grounds. As works of art they are too didactic to be of the highest order, nor is the colour and technique of the dignity that should accompany such ambitious work; the half-suspicion that one has strayed into an annexe of the Doré Gallery may be taken as the worst to be said against them, yet remembering the refinement and charm of the 'Holy Night,' and the vigour of the 'Study from Nature,' it is unjust to allow one's passing impression to colour one's opinions.

John Marr and Other Sailors, with some Sea-Pieces. The De Vinne Press, New York.

THIS little volume, of which only twenty-five copies have been printed, and which bears no author's name on its title-page (a significant comment on the indifference of a public which has allowed *Typee* and *Mardi* to fall into oblivion), is the latest work of Herman Melville, one of the few real giants of American literature. *John Marr* is the story of a retired sailor, whose fate it is to dwell on a 'frontier-prairie,'—among an inland folk who know nothing of the sea and that sea-life to which all his thoughts revert, so that he is fain to console himself with reminiscences of his former shipmates and with that surface resemblance which he

finds in the undulating grassy plain to a great ocean expanse. The description of the prairie is in Melville's best style. 'In some more enriched depressions between the long, green, graduated swells, smooth as those of ocean becalmed, receiving and subduing to its own tranquillity the voluminous surge raised by some far-off hurricane of days previous, here one would catch the first indication of advancing strangers in the distance, as a far sail at sea, by the glistening white canvas of the wagon, the wagon itself wading through the rank vegetation and hidden by it.' The 'Other Sailors' and the 'Sea Pieces' are in verse, and Melville in verse is as a swan out of water, having neither the lyric faculty nor the metrical skill without which there can be no creation of true poetry. There are, however, some magnificent scattered images and lines, as in the following 'Pebbles':—

'Implacable I, the old implacable Sea:
Implacable most when most I smile serene—
Pleased, not appeased by myriad wrecks in me . . .
Elemental mad ramping of ravening waters.'

In some stanzas addressed 'To Ned' there is apparently a reference to the Toby of *Typee*, the companion of Melville's enforced residence among the savages of the Marquesas. Though *John Marr and Other Sailors* cannot claim the literary value of its author's earlier works, there is a special interest and pathos attaching to what will possibly be the last production of an author once famous, and destined, in spite of present obscurity, to be famous again. The solitude of John Marr among his unresponsive neighbours may be surmised to be in some degree a record of Melville's own experiences.

Mr. Elkin Matthews will shortly publish *Chambers Twain*, a book of verses by Mr. Ernest Radford. The book will be embellished with a frontispiece by Mr. Walter Crane. We understand that a considerable portion of the edition has been already subscribed for.

THE *Art Weekly*, a newspaper for artists, improves every week. It is now an excellent paper, and ought to be in the hands of every artist.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

NEW PLAYS AND OLD.—To fight your way out of the Strand into the front row of the pit in a theatre there on a Saturday night,—it is no small glory. And if, between the acts, you discourse naively on play and players with your neighbours, you will find it an excellent preparation for writing dramatic criticism on a Sunday morning,—a religious exercise, as we know, much in vogue among the ingenious and highly moral gentlemen of the pen. In the pit, on a Saturday night, when the weeks' labours are over, and the night is pure holiday (with a Sunday up the Thames, perhaps, to follow), the hearts of the Cockney Strephon and his *inamorata* expand, and their wits grow alert. With a little humouring between the acts, you may get them then to tell you strange lore as to the art of the drama—from the pit's point of view.

From the pit's point of view, the dramatic formula, it must be confessed, is very apt to narrow itself to a word, and that word—*Melodrama*! Not the obvious melodrama of Sims and Pettitt only, but the somewhat doctored and disguised article, so admirably provided by Mr. Grundy, for instance, in a *Village Priest*, or by Mr. Jones in the *Middleman*. What Strephon in the pit wants is not amusement alone,—that is quite a mistake; he wants much more,—he wants as well, in fact, a criticism of life, in emotional terms that he can readily understand. He wants to know what the stage Strephon does when the villain of the play has told lies about him, and made love to his girl behind his back; for in such a situation he finds a light upon his own conduct of life to-morrow and the day after. Or he wants to see how Lord Epsom behaves at the breakfast-table, or how Lady

Bloomsbury dispenses afternoon tea, and says, 'Sir, I command you to leave the house!' when Lord Epsom makes love to her and she hears her husband returning; for here again there is light on the delicate matter of etiquette, which concerns Strephon as well as my Lord. But these educative touches must be well and artfully cast in the popular emotional mould of the stage. A good melodrama, full of action and plot, full of sensational and novel happenings, full of blood and thunder and small beer, or a good farce with no undue subtlety, makes a capital mould for the other. But melodrama, or farce alone, without any contemporary illumination, have not the same chance. Plays of mere excitement, plays that tell a good story, plays of picturesque spectacle, or plays of sheer fun, always find an audience. But what specially appeals to the pit in the British theatre to-day is contemporary melodrama or farce,—*Harbour Lights*, or *Our Flat*, or something of the kind, sometimes more artistic, sometimes less; but in the main keeping to the general lines indicated, which are not artistic at all.

Mr. Willard in *Dick Venables*, Mr. Neville in *Master and Man*, Mr. Terriss in *Harbour Lights*, are cases in point, affording good opportunities to study the working of the melodramatic stage-effect in its most approved form. When we come to *A Village Priest*, and *The Dead Heart*, we find no longer the undiluted article. Both Mr. Irving and Mr. Tree have too much of the artist in them to accept the grosser conventional tricks of Cockney melodrama; and even when they play a pure melodrama, they so psychologise the action, and so ingeniously turn the inconsequent sensations, the mere accidents of the plot, into a semblance of coherent and essential dramatic motive, that we are often led into believing in the thing. But they cannot escape altogether the current stage tricks. So even in *Macbeth* we found Mr. Irving relying often on the cheapest histrionic dodges, because he knew very well that the pit likes them and rises to them; so in the *Dead Heart* we find him posing at sensational opportunities, bathed in lime-light and melodramatic emotion; as at other times he gives us some bit of imaginative by-play, some vivid touch of dramatic revelation, some illumination of the player's right *métier*, which makes us say, 'This really is the art of acting!' And it is much the same with Mr. Tree, who promises indeed to step into the 'Lyceum actor's' shoes whenever the time may come, if his liking for playing French parts does not tend to estrange him at last from the average playgoer. Melodrama apart, there is very-much in both the pieces running at the Lyceum and the Haymarket that suggests if it does not satisfy. One finds in their stage presentment, at least, the elements of better things,—though it should be said in passing that the dialogue in the *Dead Heart* is positively silly in its *banale* commonplace, which goes to prove that the play owes much more to its present director than to its original author.

Of the other plays now running in London, Mr. Benson's Shakespeare revivals at the Globe are interesting because he seems to have an artistic conscience, and to wish to rely on artistic methods. Beyond this one cannot say much for any promise of his future greatness as an actor. He has not the plasticity, the natural faculty, the instinctive perception, the voice, the stage presence, of the true actor. The company that surrounds him are, similarly, intelligent, but not professionally convincing.

There is nothing new, of course, to be said about Mr. Wyndham's *David Garrick*; and notice of the comedies and farces that are now being played must be left over till next month, when the promised revivals of *She Stoops to Conquer* at the Criterion and the Vaudeville will afford, let us hope, a right artistic standard whereby to measure such plays as *A Pair of Spectacles* and *Dr. Bill*, which are nightly drawing audiences that laugh consumedly. For Goldsmith's comedy is, when well played, as artistic as anything the stage, modern and ancient, has ever seen, as it is one of the most artistic examples of the most artistic period of our English drama.

JACK STRAW.

AT THE MONTAGNES RUSSES.

PINK skirts and yellow wig denote
The woman, and yon prance and twirl
A high revolving petticoat
As knowingly as any girl,

Boy that you are, whose raucous voice,
With treble shriek and guttural bass,
Might well outdo the rattling noise,
Now silent, of the switchback's race.

There where the women stand and lean
Their feather-fans across the rail—
To see you? rather to be seen,
Haply, of some unmated male.

Yet watching, idly, how you pose,
And listening, idly, to your song,
While still the racked piano goes
Its penitential course along.

You finish. Hola! So you bow,
And vanish. Now the stream once more
Undulatingly begins to flow,
This way and that, along the floor.

The switchback starts again: now shrieks—
Half fear, half fun—ring gaily out.
A merry voice behind me speaks—
Herself now! As I turn about

I see the gleam of teeth, the glow
Of bright, black, wicked, laughing eyes,
And, heavens! a monsieur held in tow,
Who takes the chair from which I rise.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

THE WRESTLING OF CHARON.

THREE days he lay in the fever, in the burning harvest-tide,
Spiro, the son of Demos, and his mother watched by his side.

On the black third night, at midnight, when all the winds were mute,
His mother sat at the bed-head, and Rhodope at the foot,—

Rhodope, whom he should wed, when the days of the vintage were done—
White as the snowdrift, sweetest of maidens under the sun.

Weak he lay, and worn, and still as an image carved of stone ;
And his mother was sore foredone, and slept, and Rhodope watched alone.

And lo ! in the moonless midnight, a change to the sleeper came,—
And he lifted his head and started, as though one named his name.

He shook the curls from his forehead—he sprang and stood on his feet—
Spiro, the cunning wrestler—comely and strong and fleet.

By the bed-foot knelt Rhodope, trembling in every limb—
Forth of the house went Spiro, and Rhodope followed him.

Through the shadowy blackness under the olives hoar,
Down the rocky hillside, he passed to the threshing-floor.

Maiden Rhodope followed, though her knees were loosed with dread
And there she saw old Charon, that comes to seek the Dead.

Oh ! he shook his hoary beard, and loudly laughèd he—
' And who is he, this comely lad, will journey hence with me ? '

' I am Spiro, son of Demos, that dwells at Levidi,—
And I love my life in the sunlight, and I will not go with thee !

' Dear are sisters and mother, and the true friend sworn to me,
And dearer yet sweet Rhodope, and I will not go with thee ! '

' Now since thou art so valiant, come hither and try a fall :—
Maidens are sweet, and love is strong—but I am stronger than all ! '

Then white limbs gleamed in the darkness, close-locked in the wrestle of death,—
And there was stamping and trampling, and gasps of labouring breath.

Her very heart turned faint in her—she sank, and knew no more,—
While he wrestled there with Charon upon the threshing-floor.

Up sprang the sunrise eastward, with wings of rosy flame—
Maid Rhodope came to the threshold, and trembled as she came.

She came and stood in the doorway,—the ruddy morning light
Fell on his face where he lay, as she saw him lie last night.

The mother slept on by the bedside—no watching was needed more
For him who wrestled with Charon upon the threshing-floor.

A. WERNER.

'LOVE AND DEATH.'

(By G. F. Watts, R.A.)

LONE on his threshold Love so impotent
 Beats back his foe with arms outstretched in vain,
 For Death has come, and coming will remain,
 Although Love plead till all his heart be spent.
 Glad Yesterday has passed with its content,
 While dull To-morrow looms with boding pain
 To shade all future days, since now again
 Death veils the light that Life to Love had lent.

Yet Death the kindly, Death the mother, knows
 What time the tired body needeth rest,
 And comes to fold Love's playmate to her breast.
 Thorns wound his fingers, but the falling rose
 Wafts down her petals and her treasure throws
 Before the feet of Death, the last, the best.

GLEESON WHITE.

M. ALFRED ROLL AND HIS WORKS.

M. ROLL, who is now forty-three years of age, belongs to a small phalanx of hard-working, ever-improving artists, who during the last ten years have been gradually working their way to the front rank. The 'Inondation' at the Salon of 1876 was his first exhibit of real importance. It is a large canvas representing one of the many dramatic episodes of the inundations which took place at Toulouse in 1875; in many respects the work was open to criticism, yet a certain vigour is shown in the treatment of the moving mass of water rushing on its course, sweeping away every obstacle in its way, regardless of feeble human efforts to stem the progress of the devastating current. Then followed, in annual succession (excepting the 'Silenus' at the Salon of 1878), a series of scenes illustrative of various aspects of everyday life; large canvasses in proportion with the subjects, which were painted with manly dash and vigour. In the 'Grève des Mineurs' we have a faithful illustration of the scene at the mouth of a coal-pit in the north of France where a strike has broken out, and the military have just arrived to keep order. The picture tells its own story—the old story of want and discontent among the men, suffering and resignation among the women and children. 'Le Chantier de Suresnes' shows us the busy aspect of the works carried out for deepening the Seine, and constructing stone-built locks a little way out of Paris; its under-title is 'Le Travail.' After work comes pleasure, so the following year M. Roll sent to the Salon 'La Fête du 14 Juillet,' illustrative of the latest form of popular rejoicings. 'La Guerre, marche en avant,' now at the Luxembourg Gallery, faithfully depicts the appearance of a regi-

ment of French infantry on the march to the front. In these pictures M. Roll has tried to portray the real, not the conventional, aspect of men and things. Miners, hewers of stones, masons, soldiers, enthusiastic Parisian 'prolétaires,' one and all are familiar faces, the episodes are the common events of everyday life; the bent of the artist's talent is typical of the realistic and democratic spirit of the day.

These were not the kind of pictures likely to please the elegant and fastidious visitors of the 'select Fridays,' who pronounced them too large, too vulgar, utterly uninteresting. Artists complained with more reason that M. Roll's drawing was sometimes defective, that the general tone of his colouring was too grey and misty, and that there was more mud than was absolutely necessary on his canvas, but it was acknowledged that his pictures were full of life and movement.

Within the last five years a gradual change has come over M. Roll's *manière*; without discarding his belief in the superiority of realism over idealism, he began to see things under a pleasanter aspect; he stepped out of the grey atmosphere he had lived in so long into the bright sunshine. 'Au Trot' and 'La Fermière,' exhibited at the Salon of 1888, showed to what extent he had modified, not only his style, but his way of looking at things and their surroundings. The subjects of the two pictures were simple compared to the complex nature of his large canvasses. The first represented a strong, rosy-cheeked country lad on horseback trotting over a field; the second, a farmer's wife, who, after milking a splendid Alderney in background, is carrying a pail full of milk back to the



Roll

dairy. 'L'Enfant au Taureau' and, more particularly, 'En Été' (Salon of 1889) settled the question of the nature of the evolution which had taken place in M. Roll's style. Both pictures proved that the artist had overcome the difficulties he had struggled against for so long. 'En Été' simply represents a meadow overgrown with rank grass and wild-flowers, in which figure a lady and a pretty girl, in elegant summer *toilettes*; a little boy and a dog are running before them; the scene is set in the bright radiance of summer sunshine. In this picture M. Roll proved himself beyond contest a master painter, and, to use an expression of M. Paul

Mantz, the eminent art critic of the *Temps*, 'un clair obscuriste subtil.'

M. Roll is at present engaged in the preliminary sketching of a picture illustrative of 'M. Carnot at the Fête du Centenaire at Versailles.' He is one of the committee of the New Salon presided over by M. Meissonier, to which he sends two portraits, one of Mme. Jane Hading, the other that of M. Coquelin Cadet.

C. NICHOLSON.

[The above portrait of M. Roll is from a photograph by Pirou, photographer to the Académie Française, 23 Rue Royale, Paris.]





PARIS CAUSERIE.

THE Annual Exhibition of the Society of French Artists, or the *Salon*—for whatever surprises and good things may be in store for us at the rival Exhibition of the National Society of Fine Arts, which opens on the 15th, the gallery in the Champs-Élysées will always be *the Salon* for the general public—is now open, and if opinions differ as to the quality of the exhibits, in quantity they leave nothing to be desired. The catalogue contains a grand total of 2480 pictures and 1258 pieces of sculpture. If a certain number of well-known names are absent, on the other hand, Bouguereau, Bonnat, Benjamin Constant, Henner Lefèvre, Munkacsy, Dubois, Falguière, and Barrias are among the exhibitors, nor must we omit Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, who has sent a pretty bust of a child entitled 'Bellona'!

We will not venture to encroach on the privileged ground of the 'influential critics' whose business it is to extol, or abuse, or damn with faint praise, but will be content to *flâner* through the rooms, noting as we pass what is really good, giving a hearty welcome to newcomers, and stopping here and there before a picture, not so much for its excellence as a work of art as for some deeper purpose we perceive, or fancy we perceive, in it,—for the art of painting consists not merely in mixing colours with brains, but, often, with a little of the artist's own heart's blood: some pictures have a history far sadder than the one depicted on canvas. But let us walk into the Salon Carré, where our attention is at once attracted by M. Lefèvre's 'Lady Godiva,' a fine piece of work, vastly superior to the overrated production of the Belgian, Joseph van Lérius, which figures in the Musée Moderne at Antwerp. The life-size nude figure of Lady Godiva is chaste and charming. Seated on a mauve-coloured mantle, which is thrown over the saddle of her white palfrey, with down-cast eyes, her arms crossed with a pretty gesture on her snow-white bosom, she is led down the deserted High Street of Coventry by an elderly female attendant. There are a few faults of detail, and the architecture of the background of houses is perhaps more Continental than English, but the principal figure is charming. In the same room is hung M. Munkacsy's ceiling for the Museum of the History of Art in Vienna,—'allegorical of the Italian Renaissance,' adds the catalogue. It is of course very difficult to judge of the merit of a decorative work intended to be placed overhead when you see it on a flat and vertical surface, but as far as one can judge the effect of the ceiling will be very striking; the nude allegorical figures are boldly modelled, the groups of savants and artists, among which latter Mr. Munkacsy himself figures, are well drawn. The bituminous backgrounds common to the Hungarian master's work are here absent: the scene is set in a

glowing, luminous atmosphere, with the bright blue sky overhead.

The *clou* of the Salon is the work of a foreigner, 'The Roman Chariot Race,' by M. Ulpiano Checa, 'pupil of the Academy of Madrid,' says the catalogue. The Circus Maximus is crowded; the race is almost finished; in a cloud of dust the chariots come rushing along; the leader is about to turn the corner of the *spina*, when the central shaft of the chariot strikes the wall—there's a crash! and chariot, charioteer, and horses become a chaotic struggling mass. The horses, maddened with fear and pain, kick and plunge, while the unfortunate charioteer tries in vain to free himself from amidst the tangled reins and harness. Two other chariots are almost on him, though the charioteers are straining nerve and muscle to steer clear of the wreck; the spectators have started from their seats, and are looking on in every attitude of surprise, horror, and excitement, while in the background the sun throws a golden hue over the cloud of dust which covers the arena. It is a fine picture, full of *furia*, life, and energy. M. Checa made a very modest *début* at the Spanish gallery of the Universal Exhibition last year, a small picture representing the interior of a church; his 'Chariot Race' now places him in the foremost rank of those who are running the race of success. M. Detaille's 'En Batterie' is another spirited picture, quite different from the cabinet pictures he has hitherto produced; besides, he has emerged into the broad, open air. The central figure, a colonel of artillery of the Garde Impériale, mounted on a fiery black charger, is leading his battery to the front. Rising in his stirrups, brandishing his sword, you almost fancy you can hear him shouting *En avant!* to the men and guns galloping after him. This picture marks a great stride made by M. Detaille towards a broader way of treating military subjects. A military picture which also attracts public attention is M. Bloch's 'Moustache.' 'At the battle of Austerlitz the last remnant of a grenadier regiment was surrounded by Austrians; a deadly struggle took place for the possession of the regimental flag, which was on the point of being taken, when "Moustache," the dog of the regiment, tore the tattered remnant of the flag from an Austrian soldier and carried it off to the French lines. As a reward for this glorious action, "Moustache" was decorated by Marshal Lannes.' ('Les chiens militaires dans l'Armée Française,' par le Lieutenant Jupin.) M. Bloch represents the brave 'Moustache' rushing across the bloodstained snow with the *débris* of his regiment's flag in his mouth.

Another picture will probably have the privilege of attracting the attention of the Sunday unsophisticated visitors. In the stable-yard of a provincial *gendarmérie* stands a fresh-groomed white horse, looking

expectantly at a little girl who is carried by her father, a good-natured gendarme. The child holds out a piece of sugar to the horse, who is stretching his neck in order to reach the coveted *douceur*. Such is the subject of M. Paris' 'Le Sucre à Coco,' a simple, unpretending picture, well painted, with no exaggerated realism about it, yet far more pleasing to the vulgar eye than more ambitious subjects. Indeed, there are many clever and interesting works among the *genre* paintings; for instance, M. Humbert's charming version of the first meeting of Louis XIII. and Mdle. de Montfort, M. Chigot's 'Prière'—three fishermen at sea who stop work to pray on hearing the sound of the distant church bells; M. Vibert's amusing scene from the 'Malade Imaginaire,' in which the artist himself is portrayed as M. Purgon, his charming wife (Mme. Lloyd, of the Comédie-Française) as Beline, and her comrade, M. Garraud of the Comédie-Française, as the Malade Imaginaire. M. F. Flameng's 'Halte,' and others we must leave unnoticed.

M. Benjamin Constant's exhibits are always interesting, from the artistic as well as from the dilettante point of view. This year they differ strangely, both in subject and style. 'Victrix' is a decidedly attractive-looking young lady, nude, lying on her back on a marble pavement; beside her are a scimitar, a helmet, and coat of mail. The old story of Samson and Delilah, I suppose; but the vanquished hero is absent, so we may consider 'Victrix' as another *étude* of the nude with Oriental surroundings, such as M. Benjamin Constant exhibits at each successive Salon. 'Beethoven—the Moonlight Sonata' is the title of the second exhibit. In a dark room the master is seated at the harpsichord; a few chosen friends are listening intently to the divine melody; through the open window the moon throws a dim light on the keyboard and the faces of the listeners, while the leonine head of Beethoven remains enveloped in a veil of luminous gloom. A fine picture, of almost puritanical severity; yet I do not think it will win the long-coveted *Médaille d'Honneur*, which will more probably be awarded this year to M. Harpignies, whose splendid landscape, 'Twilight,' appears to be the crowning point of a great and noble artistic career. M. Petitjean's 'Joinville,' M. Sain's 'En Normandie,' M. Français' exquisite 'Misty Morning,' and others, maintain the reputation of the French *paysagiste* school. Among the foreign exhibits, M. Week's beautiful Indian scene, 'The Golden Temple of Amritsar,' Miss Leigh's 'Woodland in November,' and Mr. J. Swan's 'Dead Lion,' deserve more than passing notice. As for Mr. Whistler's 'Nocturne in Blue and Gold,' and the 'Nocturne in Black and Gold,' and Mr. Stott's 'Endymion,' I believe your readers are already familiar with these works of talent.

The show of portraits is not quite up to the average of preceding Salons, owing to the fact that the best portrait-painters have joined the opposition Society. Yet there are a sufficient number of likenesses of lowly *décolleté* ladies of high degree to please the

special public whose delight it is to congregate on fashionable Friday afternoons in front of the portrait of a 'fashionable beauty,' or a professional old guy, such as Mme. —, or of some celebrity of the day, and talk Art nonsense like so many well-dressed jackdaws. M. Bonnat's portrait of M. Carnot is disappointing, for he shows us a President of the Republic stiffer in appearance than he is even in the flesh; I hear that M. Bonnat is not at all satisfied with his work, but had to send it *volens nolens*. It is quite refreshing, with all due respect to honest M. Carnot, to move on and gaze at 'Miss Gérôme on Horseback,' as painted by M. Aimé Morot, or at M. Lévy's likeness of his own charming daughter. Mr. Alma Tadema has sent a highly-finished and excellent portrait of M. Jules de Soria, and Miss Fletcher an interesting likeness of Mme. Darmesteter.

Colour-blind, and half-choked with dust, it is a pleasant relief to get downstairs amid the sculpture and verdure. The statuary exhibits are very fine this year. Limited space will only allow me to allude to the leading works, such as M. Falguière's beautifully modelled nude figure, 'Femme au Paon,' which, but for the artist's modesty, might be more properly named 'Juno.' 'La Penitence' of Mercié is also very fine, and so is Delaplanche's 'Monument to the Memory of Mgr. Donnet, Archbishop of Bordeaux.' M. Frémiet sends an amusing reminiscence of last year's Grand Exhibition, 'A Cairo Donkey-Boy,' and a fine equestrian statue of Velasquez. A beautiful marble 'Danseuse,' and the 'Monument of Gustave Flaubert,' are the work of M. Chapu. M. Barrias contributes a most poetical 'Jeune Fille de Bon-Saada' in wax: this figure is to be cast in bronze, to be placed on the funeral monument erected to the memory of Guillaumet, the celebrated painter of Algerian scenes, whose fine artistic career came to such a tragic end three years ago. The figure is that of an Arab girl, squatted, according to Eastern fashion, on the tombstone, and dropping flowers one by one on the grave, an essentially graceful and melancholy figure. [M. Gérôme, besides two exhibits in the picture-gallery, which are scarcely worthy of his great reputation, has contributed to the sculpture department a nude figure of a woman seated, holding in her uplifted left hand a figurine of a Tanagra dancing-girl. This pretty *fantaisie* is in tinted marble, and entitled 'Tanagra.' An American sculptor, Mr. Tilden, exhibits a bronze statue, 'Baseball,' and a life-size plaster cast, 'The Tired Boxer,' which display a truly artistic temperament. Among the busts is a remarkable likeness of the late and deeply regretted military painter, Alphonse de Neuville, due to the chisel of M. de St. Vidal, who also contributes a handsome bust of poor, beautiful Mme. de Neuville, the widow of the artist, who, still young and handsome, is a bedridden invalid. M. de St. Vidal is the author of the grand fountain which stood under the Eiffel Tower, and of the fine bronze monument erected in Paris to the memory of Alphonse de Neuville by his friends and admirers.

C. NICHOLSON.

NOTABLE HOUSES OF ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.—I.

HOPETOUN HOUSE.—I.



HOPETOUN HOUSE, the seat of the Earl of Hopetoun, whose art treasures we have now to examine, is situated in the county of Linlithgow, about twelve miles north-west of Edinburgh. It stands some three miles from South Queensferry, a pleasant, picturesque little watering-place, whose historical associations with Queen Margaret, and whose fragments of a Carmelite priory, erected in 1332, have a certain interest for the antiquary, while the lover of literature will not fail to visit its 'Hawes Inn,' which has been immortalised by two eminent Scottish novelists,—the hostelry where, at the opening of *The Antiquary*, Lovel dined with Oldbuck; where, in *Kidnapped*, David Balfour and his uncle had their interview with Captain Hoseason of *The Covenant*. But a greater attractiveness has recently been given to South Queensferry by its proximity to the Forth Bridge, whose enormous girders here span the water; and its streets are now daily invaded by shoals of idle tourists and earnest scientists.

There is a certain relief in turning one's back upon this marvellous and unsightly development of our mighty mechanical century—one of the very few works of human hands that actually dwarf their landscape surroundings and make Nature herself seem a pigmy,—and following the way, partly through fields, mainly a tree-shaded path skirting the coast, which leads, in about a couple of miles, to the new entrance to the Hopetoun policies (Illustration No. iv.). This is a severe and well-designed structure of Doric and Ionic columns supporting a colonnade whose sky-line is broken by a series of classical urns,—an entrance in excellent harmony with the mansion to which it leads, its white shape relieved—as I saw it last—against the yellow and ruddy gold of October chestnuts and sycamores and beeches. Next follows another half-mile of shadowed avenue, pierced at intervals with glades that disclose exquisite glimpses of the gleaming Forth and of the soft blue hills beyond, and then we catch sight of the mansion itself, standing, in lordly isolation, on the further side of a noble expanse of level grass (Illustration No. i.).

Few of the great houses of Scotland can compare with this one in dignity and stately grandeur: Dr.

Waagen has pointed out its resemblance to the Palace of Versailles. The central block, comprising the mansion itself, a structure exquisite in the satisfying disposition of its masses and in the restrained severity of its lines and curves, was commenced in 1696, by Charles Hope, who, seven years later, was created first Earl of Hopetoun. Its architect was Sir William Bruce, 'His Majesty's Surveyor and Master of the King's Works,' to whom is also due the more modern portion of Holyrood Palace. The wings, surmounted by lantern cupolas, and connected by pillared colonnades, were added by William Adam, the elder, the architect of that noble Scottish building the old Edinburgh Infirmary, now unfortunately demolished, and father of the still more celebrated Adam brothers, of the Adelphi, London, and the Edinburgh Register House. The wing to our right contains the spacious stables of the mansion; that to our left, formerly used as a riding-school, has been converted into a ball-room, and hung with some choice examples of old tapestry.

In that very scarce and interesting folio, the *Vitruvius Scoticus*, a series of plans and elevations drawn by William Adam, chiefly from his own designs, and engraved on copper for the most part by Richard Cooper, the Edinburgh master of Sir Robert Strange, we find several drawings of 'Hopetoun House.' Among them is an elevation of this eastern front, from which we learn that the addition of a porch was contemplated,—one very similar to those which appear in various of William Adam's buildings, at Kirkliston House, for instance—supported on four pillars rising from the foot of the first-floor windows and extending to the top of those of the third-floor; its pediment, enriched with carvings and the armorial bearings of the family, reaching to the balustrade which surmounts the building, and decorated with three full-length statues, while access to the mansion was to be obtained by curved stairs ascending from either side. A comparison of the edifice as it presently stands with the design for these proposed additions leaves much room for congratulation that the changes were never carried out, and that there is still nothing to attract attention from the noble severity of the subtle, exquisitely proportioned lines and curves of the front, and from the stately sequence of fluted Corinthian pilasters which form almost its sole adornment.

To the left lie the gardens of Hopetoun House, sloping down sweetly towards the southern sun, and near them is the excellently appointed engine-room, containing the electrical appliances by means of which



I.—HOPETOUN HOUSE FROM THE EAST.

the entire mansion is lighted. The grounds immediately behind are laid out in the French fashion,—those of Versailles are said to have been their original. To our left is the noble Lime-tree Avenue; in the centre is a circular ornamental pond, set in the midst of a space of freshest grass, and circled by the ordered forest, which is pierced with green converging glades; while to the right the raised and winding yew-bordered Bastion Walk affords, northwards, exquisite views of the Forth and of the shifting lights upon the Ochils, and looking to the west, over the promontory that bears the grey walls of Blackness Castle—once a State prison and a dungeon of the Covenanters—the eye follows the lazy windings of the river that end, far off, in the blue shapes of ‘the Hieland Hills.’

Ascending a flight of stairs, we enter the Marble Hall of Hopetoun House, a pleasant wainscoted apartment, deriving its name from the fine antique statues and busts which, with old regimental colours, Eastern weapons, and portraits inlet in the walls, form its decoration.

Here, to our right, hangs a gallery full-length, by an unknown painter, of Charles, first Earl of Hopetoun, during whose long minority—he was born only the year before his father, John Hope of Hopetoun, lost his life in the wreck of the *Gloucester*—much of the wealth of the family was accumulated. He was the builder of the present mansion, and in this character the picture emphatically presents him. He is portrayed seated, clad in peer’s robes, worn over a brown dress; the badge of the Order of the Thistle, with which he was invested in 1738, is worn round the neck; and his head is surmounted by a black curled wig. His right hand rests on a plan of the house, laid on a table before him, on which also are ranged volumes titled ‘*Palladius*’ and ‘*Vitruvius*,’ while at his feet is a portfolio filled with architectural designs. Behind are the voluminous folds of a blue curtain, and

between open pillars is visible a view of the north wing of the house itself, with the columns of the connecting arcading, and the corner of the central block curving inwards towards the unseen front.

Opposite this portrait hangs a full-length of John, the second Earl, showing him standing, draped in his robes, his left hand extended, addressing an audience. His coronet rests on a table to the left, and above appears the segment of a circular window piercing the grey background of pilastered wall. This picture is a copy by Raeburn, from an original, by Allan Ramsay, in the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary, an institution to which, during a quarter of a century, this generous nobleman contributed £400 yearly. It is hardly possible to imagine painters more diverse in their styles than Ramsay and Raeburn,—the one constantly aiming at delicacy and transparency, the other attaining inevitably the most direct and trenchant handling; and this portrait is curious, technically, as showing how distinctly the more powerful method of the later artist has impressed itself upon his version of his predecessor’s work.

Before leaving the hall, we may notice two curious cabinet-sized equestrian subjects, executed by John Wootton, the animal painter, in 1754. One shows the Duke of Cumberland at Culloden, the other George II. and his staff at Dettingen.

The door in the centre of the hall, facing the entrance, leads to the staircase of the house, which winds upwards in a sweeping curve, its sides lined with richly carved wainscoting, in which a series of classical figure-pictures have been inlet, and surmounted by a dome-shaped roof.

Turning from the hall to the right, we enter the suite of apartments which includes the saloon, the drawing-room, and the dining-room. The saloon (Illustration No. II.) is hung with richly-flowered yellow silk, and surmounted by a finely-modelled ceiling, its cornice

carried boldly forward, and its *volto* springing from behind in a well-proportioned curve. Here, over the mantelpiece of white marble, richly covered with grapes and vine-leaves, hangs the chief artistic treasure of Hopetoun House, a superb example of Van Dyck's portraiture. It shows a full-length of a man in the prime of life, standing in a momentary attitude, which has been admirably caught by the painter, a pose presenting marvellous spirit and play of varied line in its complex curves,—the head raised, the body swung round towards our left, and balanced on the right foot, the left being bent a little at the knee; the right hand thrown behind the side, and the other, gauntleted in mail, resting on the sword-hilt. The costume is a breast-plate and arm-pieces of richly damascened steel, worn over a gold-embroidered buff-coat, with dark, full trunk-hose, and long brown riding-boots. A morion helmet, with jointed neck-piece, lies at the knight's feet: and his figure is relieved against a background of embrowned wall, with, to our left, a space of soberly ruddy curtain; while in an open vista to the right the head of a white steed is visible against the sky. The execution of the picture is firm and masterly, its modelling very thorough, and its colour-scheme—in which the half-tones of the steel armour, between its white high lights and the blackness of its shadows, tell as a definite blue—is most powerful and effective. Seldom, indeed, has its great painter produced a more dignified or individual example of portraiture.

When the picture was lent to the Royal Academy Exhibition of Old Masters in 1872, it figured in the catalogue as a 'Portrait of the Marquis Spinola': but in the Hopetoun House catalogue it appears simply as a 'Portrait of a Gentleman of the Spinola Family.' Dr. Waagen, in the third volume of his *Treasures of Art in Great Britain* (1854), has pointed out the difference between the face in this picture and that which appears in the accepted portraits of the great military leader Ambrogio Spinola; and his remark is confirmed by comparison with the Van Dyck portrait engraved by Vosterman in the *Centum Icones*, with the elaborate engraving by Müller after Miereveldt's three-quarter length, with the portrait by Sustermans, from the Gentili collection, in the National Gallery of Scotland, and with the figure of the general as it appears in 'The Surrender of Breda,' by Velasquez. In all of these works the face is longer and narrower than in the present picture, and the forehead higher in proportion to the other features. The likeness by Velasquez is one whose accuracy may be relied upon—indeed it bears the stamp of absolute fidelity in its every touch—for the painter was a personal friend of Spinola, and travelled in his train to Italy in 1629, after which date he is believed to have executed his great subject commemorative of the general's triumph of 1625. Velasquez represents Spinola as a grey-haired and aged man—he was born in 1569—worn with the fatigues of many campaigns and by the successive attacks of fever from

which he suffered in Madrid: and the Hopetoun picture, representing a man in the most vigorous prime of life, must have been painted at only a very slightly, if indeed at all, earlier date, for its style proves that it was not produced before Van Dyck's visit to Italy in 1621-6. The engraving by Müller after Miereveldt, also, which bears the date of 1615, shows Spinola as a considerably older man than he appears in the present picture; while in the Sustermans portrait, representing him at a still later period of life, the beard and moustache are yellowish, not black—as here. Possibly this noble full-length may represent General Philip Spinola, son of Ambrogio, and brother of Augustine Spinola, Archbishop of Granada, who also was painted by Van Dyck.

The compiler of the catalogue of the Grosvenor Gallery Exhibition of the Works of Van Dyck, 1887, assumed that the bust-portrait of Ambrogio Spinola, then exhibited by the Rev. W. H. Wayne, is that which was sold in 1807 by Andrew Wilson to Lord Radstock for £315. This assumption, however, appeared—on the face of it—to be a doubtful one; for the amount named seems an excessive price to be given at that time for a bust-sized portrait by Van Dyck. But in his review of the Royal Academy Old Masters Exhibition in the *Athenæum* of 18th January 1890, the same writer has given his later, and altered, conclusion on the subject. He now believes that the portrait titled Ambrogio Spinola, which passed through the hands of Wilson and Lord Radstock, is the same which was purchased at the sale of the last named, in 1826, for £375 by Mr. A. Baring, afterwards Lord Ashburton, and was lent by the present nobleman of that name to the Old Masters Exhibition of 1890. While in the possession of the Baring family it was proved, by a comparison with the etching by Paul Pontius, that the person actually portrayed in the picture was not Spinola, but John, Count of Nasseau Dillenbourg. As illustrating the scale of prices current in those days, we may notice that the admirable and important 'Adoration of the Magi,' by Bassano (then ascribed to Titian), now in the National Gallery of Scotland, fetched only £220, 10s. at Mr. Wilson's sale.

Certainly, however, from Mr. Wilson's collection is the next work to which we have to refer: an 'Ecce Homo' by Van Dyck, from the Balbi Palace, which is No. 32 in his catalogue, and marked as sold for £162, 17s. We see the divine suffering figure undraped to the loins, the hands bound together in front, the refined face cast downwards and full of dignity, though bearing witness to intense anguish. The pallid flesh-tints are very nobly relieved against the black and white drapery which appears at the waist, a faint radiance illuminates the thorn-crowned head, and the form is set against a background of murky blackness, from which there looms out, faintly and weirdly, a single mocking, demonish face, the face of a negro tormentor. The picture is evidently a production of the artist's Italian period, though it displays some

trace of his Flemish style in the cool, delicate tones of the flesh. It is an excellent example of the grace and dignity which Van Dyck substituted for the vigour and superabundant animal life with which his master, Rubens, flooded his canvases.

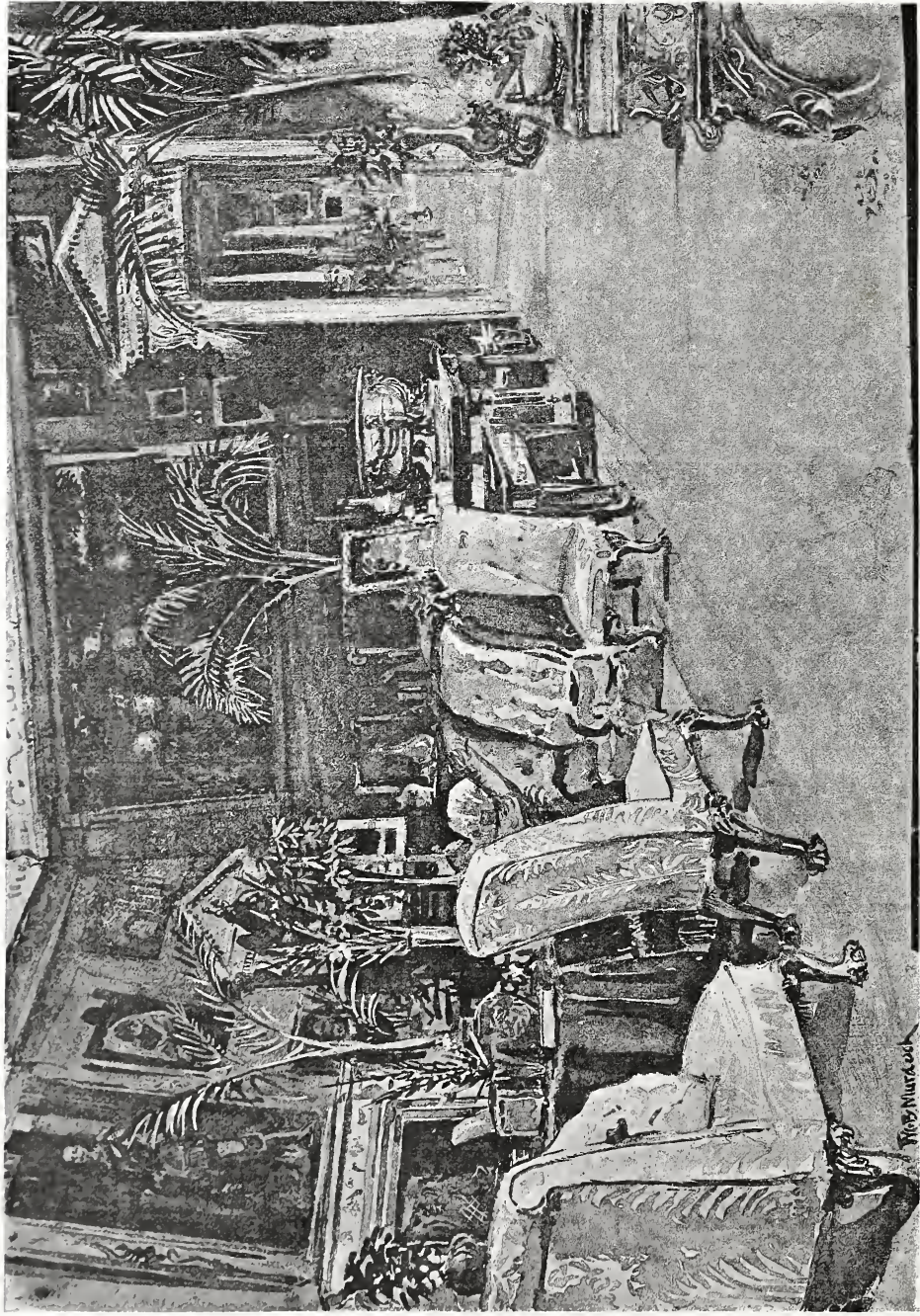
Of the work of the elder painter we have an unusually important example in the spacious subject, 'The Adoration of the Shepherds' (Illustration, No. m.), which occupies almost an entire side of this apartment—a picture exhibiting all the great Flemish painter's delight in flowing lines and vivid brilliant colours, all his love for the well-developed forms of rustic youth, and for the picturesqueness of grey hairs and of the wrinkled skin of age. The crib with the Babe is set in full light to the left of the picture, and the Virgin is seated behind, her right hand supporting the pillow of the child, her left removing the white coverings and disclosing the swaddled form to the reverent gaze of an aged peasant woman with a worn embrowned face, who kneels in front with the homely gifts she has brought—a large basket of eggs, with a pair of fowls, still alive, tied to its handle. Further to the right stands a tall, vigorous, young country-girl, bearing aloft on her head a brass milk jar, and beside her is a red-robed peasant, the colours of whose draperies repeat those of the Madonna's. Cattle appear to our left amid the straw. The vigorous realism of Rubens, his splendid power of swift effective handling, is seen at its strongest in the face of St. Joseph, in the figure of the peasant who fronts him, and in the very telling white-haired head seen fore-shortened beside this last; while the cherub heads that are introduced in the upper left-hand corner are most characteristic of the artist in his tenderer moods, with their pale flaxen hair and delicate complexions of rose and lily, with the light shed from their angelic forms upon the mortal scene beneath, and on the Incarnate Deity who is its centre. This picture is stated by Dr. Waagen to have been purchased by Lord Hopetoun in Genoa for £1000. It answers to the description given in Smith's *Catalogue Raisonné* of the picture which was executed by Rubens for the Dominican Church in Antwerp, but which has long since been removed from its original resting-place.

An interesting episode relating to the picture now before us is referred to by Sir George Harvey in his *Notes on the Early History of the Royal Scottish Academy*. In 1829, while the third exhibition of that body was in progress, an offer to lend this work was made by the Lord Hopetoun of the time, and accepted on account of the interest and importance of the picture, though contrary to the rules, as not being a modern production. But when the canvas reached the galleries in 24 Waterloo Place, where the annual display was then held, it was discovered that, like Dr. Primrose's famous family group, it was too large to pass through stair and doorway. The services of Thomas Hamilton, the architect, were then called in:—'There was nothing for it but to remove the cupola, rig out a powerful block and tackle,

hoist the picture by this means from the street, and so swing it down through the roof,—all of which was safely accomplished; but on the part of the writer this matter is never thought of without a return of the creeping dread which he then experienced, lest, while Rubens's great painting was swinging in the air, some adverse blast might have wandered past and carried it bodily away.'

Fronting this picture, upon the opposite wall, is another highly important old master—a large hunting scene, attributed to Titian. The curious composition of this work—its arrangement of the figures, nearly on one plane, across the immediate foreground, their forms extending almost from top to bottom of the canvas—gives it, at first sight, a strangely stiff and archaic appearance, as of a piece of tapestry designed to cover, decoratively, the end of some mediæval hall. Decorative the work indeed is, in the truest sense; full of the utmost richness and beauty of colour. The figures, too, both of men and animals, possess excellent truth and individuality, qualities that are the result of the closest study of nature. In the centre stands a great lord clad in red, and with a white plume in his bonnet, a hawk perched on his left fist, and his right hand extended as he issues his orders to an attendant, who, bowing and doffing his cap, leads in a dark-brown horse from the right. To the left a page, clad in purple slashed with white, holds a hound by the collar; and five other dogs, their forms showing, amid not a little stiffness, very considerable feeling for canine nature, appear in the foreground. Behind is a superb stretch of landscape distance, full, in its dark and subdued but rich colouring, of the very spirit of poetry. First comes a line of tree-trunks, with dark-green leafage running across the picture; then a grassy expanse of middle-distance, with a rustic grange or villa; and beyond this rise green slopes leading to the hills, the undulating line of whose summits bounds the horizon and cuts sharply against a space of clear yellow sunset sky. The picture is titled upon its frame as representing the hunting of 'Charles v.'; but the alert black-bearded face of its principal figure shows no trace of resemblance to the well-known countenance of the Emperor, with its unmistakable heavy Austrian lip. In the catalogue of the Hopetoun House collection the work is entered simply as 'A Noble of the State of Venice, with Attendants, going to the Chase.'

To our left of this work hangs an interesting version of that portrait of an old woman, by Rembrandt, in the National Gallery, which was formerly in the Erard, Wells, and Eastlake collections. The work is commonly known as 'The Mother of Rembrandt,' and the present version is so titled, though in the London catalogue the designation has been rightly abandoned. The head bears little resemblance to that which appears in the numerous etchings of the old lady executed by her son—none finer than that marvelously spirited little bust-portrait, etched in 1628, when he was hardly twenty-two; and the inscription on the



II.—THE SALOON, HOPETOUN HOUSE.



III.—THE ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS, BY RUBENS.

London picture—'Æ. SIE. 83,' with the date '1634'—does not agree with her age at the time; for, according to the Rev. Mr. Middleton, there is good reason for believing that she was born in 1568 or 1570.

The present picture is an excellently painted version, one that might well content us had we seen no other; but a careful examination of the picture in London, made very shortly before our first visit to Hopetoun, and a later comparison of a photograph of it side by side with the work now under consideration, discloses the fact of the distinct difference in execution between the two works, and the manifest inferiority of the latter. The Hopetoun picture is painted with much greater smoothness than the London version, where the face is treated in vigorous impasto, the colour standing out in the whites that express the high-lights; the handling is distinguished by the most masterly vivacity and spirit, and the reflected light thrown from the collar on the left side of the cheek is unsurpassably delicate and transparent, while full effect and emphasis is given to the face itself by the thin slight treatment of the cap and other parts of the costume. In all these particulars the present version, excellent as it is, shows marked inferiority; and, in spite of the signature which appears on the background, we are inclined to attribute it, not to the master himself, but to a pupil, to one of those scholars whom Rembrandt trained to reproduce his manner so dexterously that only recent criticism has assigned—and, as we believe, correctly assigned—to

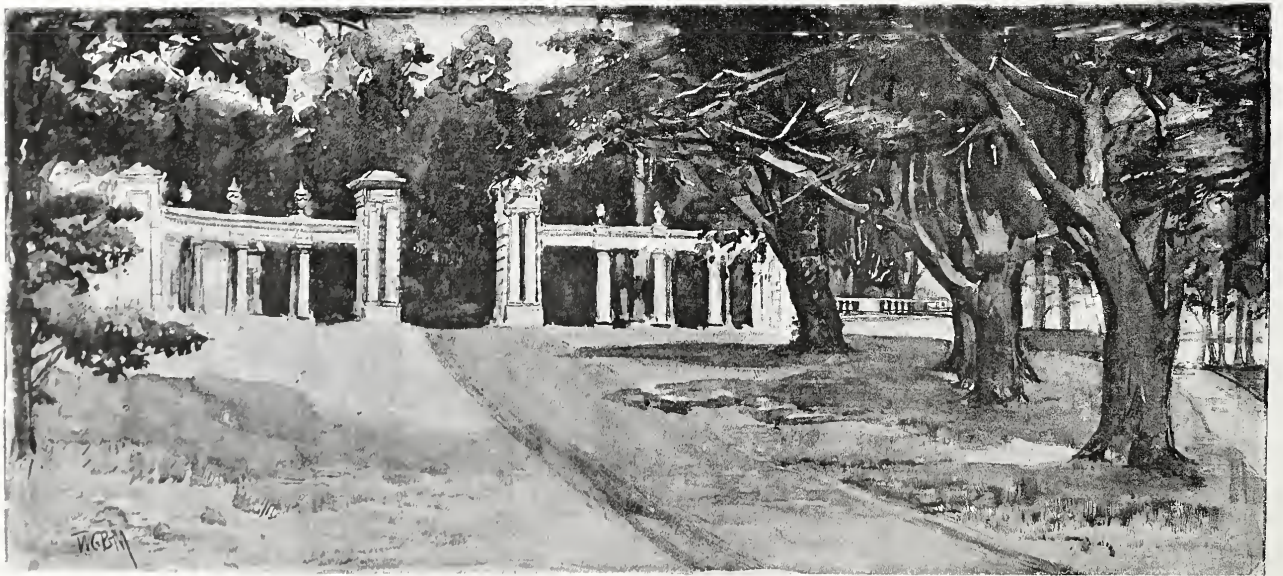
them some of the most important of the etchings which have hitherto been regarded as from the hand of the master himself. It may be noted that the inscription here differs from that borne by the London picture. The statement of the subject's age, and the 'Ft.,' which there follows the artist's name, are here omitted; the signature itself is slightly different in character; and the date on the Hopetoun picture is read, apparently correctly, by Dr. Waagen, as '1636,' instead of '1634,' as in the London picture.

Among the other contents of the room, deserving of mention, is a charming little example of Canaletto—a view of the Ducal Palace and St. Mark's, Venice—touched with excellent precision; a 'Temptation of St. Anthony,' by Teniers, which is characterised by spirited handling and telling colour; and a pleasant interior by Thomas Wyck, with women busied in household occupations.

Among the decorative objects in the apartment are a beautiful old ebony cabinet adorned with rich brass mountings, and with mosaics; a particularly large and noble Majolica bowl, painted on the interior with a naval battle; and a most elaborate and ornate vase of Dresden ware, presented by the King of Saxony on the occasion of his visit to Hopetoun, and bearing on a medallion the royal portrait accompanied by the royal arms.

J. M. GRAY.

(To be continued.)



IV.—EAST ENTRANCE, HOPETOUN HOUSE.

NOTES ON THE SUMMER GALLERIES.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE most abused, the most respected, of all institutions that deal with pictures and picture-showing is the Royal Academy; whether this is the fault of the artists outside or inside that society it is hard to say. The public love it and stand by it, the artists hate it in their adversity, and in their prosperity are, alas! only too ready to forget their old grievances, to cast longing eyes on the object of their former venom, and to become one of its number with as much grace and delight as if that thing from their youth upward had been their sole ambition.

How many antagonistic societies have been started whose members have afterwards sought that popular certificate of capability, an associateship of the R.A., to be followed in due time by full membership. Mr. Holman Hunt, I think, is the sole exception among the many who have been chosen who has refused to forget the slights of former days.

Mr. Sargent, the foremost of the Impressionists, is by the Academicians honoured by a place on their line; by their own free will they have purchased his masterpiece, under the Chantrey bequest.

Mr. Burne Jones is now an Associate; indeed, from every school the Academicians have a right to say that they have selected, and intend to select, the most prominent man; they do so sometimes a little late, though, in time to save their honour, not always late enough to save that of their new associate. The error made by the Academicians is this, that, while their body is representative of the best art, present and past, their exhibition never is; an original painter has to win his first laurels in other fields, and while they accept for exhibition, and treat with respect work that is but the prototype of things long gone by, the man who has something to say for himself to which their understanding is unaccustomed has to put up with continual rejection, or an almost worse fate, a place on their walls which means partial oblivion.

Hence the Academy is the strangest collection of pictures to which the student desirous of information can possibly direct his steps. The exhibition this year is like all its predecessors, it reminds one of a very old coat in which there are many new and very inharmonious patches.

Of the older men exhibiting, the President, Mr. Hook, Mr. Pettie, and Mr. Orchardson, are the most virile, the most distinguished, and in their various ways the most successful. Sir Frederick Leighton's 'Psyche' is as graceful in outline and as decorative in its scheme of colour as anything he has done. Mr. Hook still maintains his position as the foremost English painter of marines: in no way has he deteriorated; there is the same knowledge of the sea, the clever and accom-

plished drawing of waves, the same keen sympathy and skill in the rendering of atmospheric effects, and that suitable and artistic introduction of figures into whatever portion of his picture they are most needed. Mr. Pettie has a portrait of Sir Edmund Hay-Currie, that for spontaneity and dexterous handling, and for its human interest, is in advance of any other such work. Mr. Orchardson's portrait-group is refined and vivacious, and (338) 'On the North Foreland' is an example of his peculiarly suggestive colour, and exquisite perception of form and design.

Mr. G. F. Watts's representation of an old white horse is such an indifferent one that the title he affixes to the picture, 'A Patient Life of Unrewarded Toil,' fails to awaken the least sympathy with the animal.

Mr. Alma Tadema has produced a striking likeness of Mr. Waterlow, the new associate. Mr. Frank Dicksee's scene from Tannhäuser is described at length in the catalogue, which is in itself a proof of the utter want of imagination on the part of the painter, and of his inability to gauge the limits of pictorial art. With dramatic power, and considerable skill in the delineation of character, Messrs. Gow and Crofts have painted respectively 'The Flight from Waterloo,' and 'The Execution of Charles I.'

Sir John Millais' landscape is the best of his contributions, which is all one can say of it.

Mr. John Collier has painted an immense picture, 'The Death of Cleopatra,' which seems somehow to run upwards into space, a mystery which the interest, or lack of it, of the picture leaves one with no desire to fathom. Mr. Solomon has also done a mythological subject, which in its present position may not be seen to best advantage; it is clever. Mr. Solomon's Paris education was a very complete one; it saves him entirely from the responsibility of thinking on his own behalf. With some sense of fitness the hanging committee have placed Mr. Hacker's 'Væ Victis' in the same room.

If anything, more space on the line than usual is devoted to portraits, and of these few rise above the ordinary pot-boilers. Mr. Herkomer, who set the fashion of painting ladies in evening dress, has had many followers who have done their work so conscientiously that the appearance of these gaily-clad women under the raking Academy top-lights is well-nigh depressing.

Mr. John M. Swan has followed up his success of last year with a small work, 'The Piping Fisher-Boy,' a study of a nude boy lying on a rock playing to a cloud of little leaping fishes. The figure is an exquisite piece of modelling; the scheme of colour is such as only Mr. Swan could invent; it is rich, harmonious, and still wonderfully reserved. His 'Lioness defending her Cubs' is a little black, but the beasts are better

in drawing, and have more character than anything Landseer ever did.

Mr. Buxton Knight's 'Hemp Agrimony' is one of the best landscapes in the Academy; it is vigorous, and absolutely true in tone. Another good picture is Mr. Hitchcock's 'Tulip Culture,' a realistic rendering of sunlight in a Dutch garden. The square masses of colour made the undertaking a bold one; notwithstanding this, the painter has produced a picture of great decorative value and natural charm. Mr. Roche's 'Shepherdess' is a welcome oasis in the glaring waste around it of pictures devoid of quality and artistic feeling. Mr. Sargent's portraits are marvels of dexterity, but have scarcely that distinction usually apparent in his work.

Mr. E. Stott's 'Bathers' is hung where it should not be—above the line. Mr. Stanhope Forbes's 'By Order of the Court' is uninteresting as a work of art, but it will surely attract attention by reason of its subject, and the same may be said of Mr. Logsdail's 'Lord Mayor's Show.'

In the sculpture room there is some excellent work by Messrs. Onslow Ford and Harry Bates.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

AT the Grosvenor Gallery is to be found certainly the most artistic collection of pictures now on view in London—a fact for which the managers are partially indebted to the contributions of the Glasgow artists, whose works cover much of the line and many of the more prominent positions in the four rooms.

The Scots, notwithstanding their very obvious obligation to foreign teaching and methods, have taken with them into the field more discretion and artistic taste, and an individuality that asserts itself in their touch, their sober and rich schemes of colour, and the original, and sometimes classic, composition of their pictures. With some of them these characteristics may develop into mannerisms most likely; but, at present, all Londoners interested in art will welcome an innovation in their galleries that brings with it so much that is promising in British painting, so much that is honest and free of affectation, and, at the same time, interesting both in its technique and intention. If Sir Coutts Lindsay adheres to his new policy, undoubtedly the Grosvenor Gallery should prove a success, for he is now rectifying a deficiency in the larger picture-shows that has been long felt—a gallery where a comprehensive collection of modern work may be seen under advantageous circumstances.

Mr. Orchardson is always an artist; whatever *motif* he selects is treated with a sense of fitness and refinement that oftentimes produces a masterpiece; his portrait of himself, exhibited here, with its hot shadows and unnatural colouring, is yet so instinct with vitality and artistic expression that the position given to it as the most successful portrait in the Grosvenor will scarcely be questioned. In the middle of the side wall in the same room hangs Mr. Swan's

large picture of a lioness and her cubs, 'Maternity.' As a marvel of dexterous handling this picture has no equal here; seldom, too, has been seen more knowledge of construction and character of animals, certainly these facts have never been placed on canvas before with such dignity and artistic feeling.

The good qualities possessed by the 'Girl at the Gate' are not of the most pleasing kind; in spite of all its careful painting Mr. Clausen's canvas creates no distinct impression, either of outdoor effect, harmonious colouring, or of any human interest.

Mr. E. A. Walton and Mr. Guthrie have each a small landscape, that for delicate and beautiful qualities of tone and workmanship surpass the other efforts of their countrymen, excellent though many of them are in these respects. Of the two works the composition of 'A Pastoral' (Mr. Guthrie's) is perhaps the most attractive. The method of these two Scotch painters seems to combine all that is best in the Dutch School, and, in addition, a fine sense of the poetry of colour which places them both almost beyond the rank of first-class landscape painters. By contrast with these works Mr. Muhrmann's pictures suffer; with all their artistic manipulation and dignity of tone, one feels that the latter quality has been obtained at the expense of colour. His 'Harvesters,' though, is an impressive picture.

Painters who select historical incidents for pictorial representation do not often show such intimacy with natural effects or treat their motives so vigorously as Mr. Lavery in (No. 4) 'Mary Queen of Scots in the Woods of Roseneath.'

Mr. Murray expresses himself in his two smaller pictures, 'A Doubtful Crop,' and 'Sundown,' with considerable directness; and Mr. John R. Reid has found a method of representing nature which is fresh and artistic in its aim.

Mr. Arthur Melville's 'Audrey and her Goats' would make a good piece of decoration, but there is a similar *motif* by Mr. Guthrie in the east gallery (125), 'The Orchard,' painted with subtlety and infinitely more success. Mr. Melville's technique seems unnecessarily aggressive, and his colour, compared with that of the picture above mentioned, is too far removed from nature's to have that convincing quality which is always an estimable element in any great work of art.

In his studies of the sea Mr. Adrian Stokes shows the result of very keen observation; in 'Breakers—Evening,' considerable boldness and success in his combination of values.

Mr. Kennedy's picture, 'In the Cooking Trenches,' is a noteworthy example of apt and artistic selection of essential facts, by which he has invested a scene, apparently unpromising, with true pictorial value. In the west gallery there are other pictures of merit; for instance, Mrs. Stanhope Forbes's 'Laurel in Bloom,' a delicate and most satisfactory study of a girl's head against some laurel bushes. There are studies of



flowers by Messrs. Fantin Latour, and T. Millie Dow; a picture full of outdoor effect most brilliantly rendered, by Mr. Mark Fisher, another by Mr. Estall, and a great deal else that a careful visitor to these galleries should find for himself.

The east gallery, with the exception of Mr. Guthrie's picture and a few others, scarcely reaches the same standard of excellence as the first room; it is marred by Sir Arthur Clay's immense canvas of 'The Court of Criminal Appeal' (150), which might have been more properly housed in the Royal Academy; it suffers, too, by several pictures that hang underneath 150. The Scotchmen redeem it from actual mediocrity. Mr. James Paterson's 'The Moon is up' is a noble scheme of colour; it is luminous, impressionistic, and most admirably arranged; so is Mr. Hornel's 'Among the Wild Hyacinths' (163); perhaps the most striking work of this new artist is that in which he has collaborated with Mr. Henry—'The Druids bringing in the Mistletoe,' a decorative picture, handled with great dexterity, and most imaginatively composed. In 'Diana, Twilight, and Dawn' Mr. Stott of Oldham has proved himself to be an artist with a comprehension of what might be expected of him, but, to quote from an outsider's criticism, the figures might look better if they were differently arranged; certainly the same quality of work evinced in the figures has not been extended to the heads of the three goddesses. There are, also, in the exhibition a portrait of a child, by Mr. Shannon, with some clever brush-work; some rather prosaically-rendered studies by Mr. Gotch and Mr. Vos, and other work of interest by Mr. G. D. Giles, Mr. Laidlay, and Mr. J. Buxton Knight.

THE NEW GALLERY.

IT cannot be said that the third Exhibition of the New Gallery is characterised by the high quality of work which distinguished its two predecessors. Fine paintings certainly there are, and many excellent studies; but the number of mediocre and uninteresting canvases is greater than heretofore. As usual, the hanging and the general arrangements are thoroughly good.

The two most remarkable pictures are Mr. H. H. La Thangue's 'Leaving Home,' a powerful piece of impressionism, representing a girl starting from home to her first experiences in service; the drawing of the white horse, that is driving straight towards the spectator, is specially dexterous, and the atmospheric effects of the level grey sky are very truthful. And 'Ightham Moat,' by Mr. John Sargent, is exceedingly clever, though unpleasant. He has successfully rendered the flattening, shadowless quality of a dank, sunless spring day, such as is often experienced in England, where colour, life, and atmosphere appear as though blotted out of the landscape. This is further emphasised by the suggestive wraps worn by the members of a tennis party grouped on the front lawn. Each of these artists also exhibits a portrait: Mr. La Thangue a

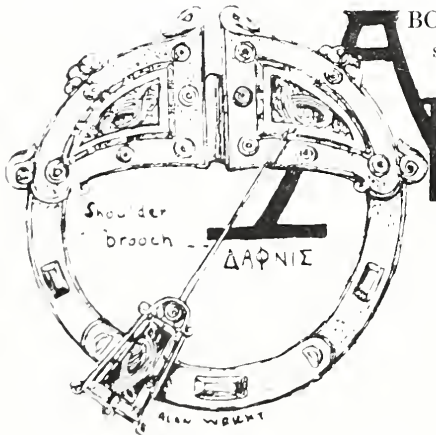
striking one of himself at work before his easel, and looking defiance at any chance intruder, and Mr. Sargent a weird, distinctly weird, study of the head of Mrs. Comyns Carr, painted rapidly but with great verve. Indeed, the strongest work at the New Gallery, considered collectively, is in the portraiture. The presentment of Mr. John Burns by Mr. John Collier is very superior in sympathetic treatment to that artist's 'Study' in the North Room; Prof. Herkomer's portraits of Thomas Hawkesley, Esq., and of Sir John Pender, are as strong as Mr. H. G. Herkomer's 'Mrs. H. Buxton Buckley'—painted in pseudo-Gainsborough style—is insipid. Mr. Richmond's 'Louisa, Lady Ashburton,' is noteworthy for its verisimilitude, its solid painting, and absence of that mere prettiness which occasionally weakens his work. Little can be said in favour of Mr. Richmond's large subject-picture, motivated from Shelley's *Epipsychidion*; the composition is unconvincing, the colour relations are unfortunate, the result is a failure. Mr. J. J. Shannon has contributed two portraits of men, and two of women, all of which are artistically arranged, broadly and strongly painted. The merely academic cleverness of Mr. C. Val Prinsep's 'Study in Red' does not bear comparison with M. Dannat's masterly treatment of a similar theme in Burlington House.

Of the landscapes, the foremost in importance is Sir John Millais' daring essay to paint the wellnigh unpaintable. The 'Dew-drenched Furze' under dark fir-trees is veiled in a delicate morning mist, through which are seen distant birches on either side of the vista, drawn in masterly perspective, lit with rosy glow of the rising sun, while, beyond, the mist is irradiated with warm, golden light. In the foreground gossamer webs, solidified, perhaps too much so, with dew, stretch here and there from point to point of the grey-green furze; and in the immediate front, in a sheltered nook, stands a pheasant painted with all too faithful realism. The picture is full of admirable work; it is an interesting venture, but it cannot be considered a complete success. In the same room hang two pictures by Mr. Napier Hemy. 'A Poor Catch' is in his usual genre, with a fishing-boat that casts a deep translucent shadow beneath its bows. But in 'The Silent Adieu' Mr. Hemy has made a new departure, and painted a snug village by the sea, and adjoining the nearest red-roofed house is a picturesque old-fashioned flower-garden from which a girl looks her farewell to a swiftly departing ship. 'A Silvery Day West of the Needles,' by Mr. Henry Moore, has all the usual charm of this artist's work. Professor Costa has sent five of his poetic renderings of river and sea margins, and the sand wastes of the Maremma, all touched with that delicate melancholy which characterises his art. Mr. Mark Fisher's meadow pieces have gained in breadth of treatment and in clarity of atmospheric effects. Admirable in different degrees are the sun-smitten 'Broom in Blossom,' and 'A Bean Field,' a harmony of rose-reds and browns by Mr.

Alfred Parsons; the delicate 'Morning Mists,' a monotone in greys, by Mr. A. D. Peppercorn; the small portrait of Miss Rachel Alexander, clad in green against green, by Mr. Jacomb Hood; 'Loch Glen Dhu,' with its deep purple shadows and cold yellow morning twilight, by Mr. Colin Hunter; Mr. Padgett's 'Breaking Mists on Maiden Moor, Cumberland,' and his poetically treated 'As the Red Moon rose o'er a Sussex Down'; Mr. Robert W. Allen's powerful 'Homewards,' with its dark stubble-field and lurid sunset sky; Mr. David Murray's 'The Meadow Mirror,' a tree-encircled pool cradling yellow water-lilies on its grey surface; Mr. Arthur Lemon's solidly painted 'The Horse Pond,' and his spirited 'The Fugitives'; Mr. Arthur Tomson's carefully drawn black oxen in his sombrely-toned 'The Evening of an Autumn Day'; and Mr. Keeley Halswelle's 'Byford's Mill, Essex,' with its opalescent

reflections and its cloudy radiations. Mr. J. Van Haanen's 'La Sagra, Venetian Popular Feast,' is ably painted and vividly coloured, but rather confused in composition; Mr. Weguelin's 'Spring-time' is full of 'the joy of the year'; Mr. Kennedy's 'Perseus' is noticeable mainly for its size and its conventionality of conception; and Miss Clara Montalba does not show herself at her best in her 'Greek Canal, Venice.' 'Eloquent Silence,' by Mr. Alma Tadema, is a gem of exquisite colour, especially in the juxtaposition of rich blues and purples. It is to be regretted that Mr. G. F. Watts has not done justice to himself in his 'Little Red Riding-Hood' and his 'Ariadne'; both pictures lack strength and cohesion. Sir Edgar Boehm's bust of the late Lord Napier of Magdala, and Mr. Harry Bates's bas-relief, 'The Story of Psyche,' are the two distinctively fine pieces of Sculpture at the New Gallery.

A SICILIAN IDYLL.



ABOUT two hundred and seventy years before the birth of Christ, Theocritus, a bucolic poet, tuned the Greek language to those graceful idylls which, through all the years to this nineteenth century, remain the admiration of the world.

There has never lived in the days of history a choicer writer upon rural beauty. Never has a daintier or more

artful pen secured to us the scent of flowering meadow, or marked the magic of the sunshine more divinely well. This simple poet of the Sicilian hillsides let the most of his quiet life meander by murmuring streams, through wooded dales, and over the sunny slopes, where goats browsed, and the flat-nosed bees made music in the air, humming the love-song of flower to flower; and himself, as a bee heavy with the sweets of all, drifting from mountain sheepfold to humble homestead, sang, and his undying song has lilted on from century to century, proving to be of one eternal age the charm of rural beauty and rustic life, the wedding of simple heart to natural grace.

This singer of sunny Syracuse, like a spring unexpected, from a streamless hillside, delighted not only the poetic peasants, amongst whom he lived, and of whose lives he sang, but also the proud city of Alexandria, that cultured audience of whom Mr. Lang says: 'Their critical activity in every field of literature was immense, their original genius sterile.'

We inherit the idyllic verse of Theocritus, to love and to cherish, as the complete and finished work of the topmost genius of pastoral art.

To compete with Theocritus is to court the fate of Icarus. Nothing remains but to imitate respectfully and distantly.

Dr. John Todhunter, author of *Helena in Troas*, has written a 'Sicilian Idyll,' which was successfully produced as a pastoral play, under the competent management of Mr. A. L. Baldry, on several occasions in the early part of May, at the theatre at Bedford Park. The scene of this little play is laid in the classic Sicily of Theocritus, and the manner of the work is after the style of Theocritus.

The subject of the plot, or rather the argument, is simplicity itself.

Amaryllis—beautiful, sweet-voiced Amaryllis—rich amongst the shepherdesses of the valley; wooed by all, disdaining the loves of the neighbouring shepherds, is responsible for the bemoanings of Daphnis, whose unsuccessful suit causes his plaintive resolve:—

'No more I'll plead for love
With unpersuasive breath.'





'There is a marsh my browsing goats have round,
Where the gaunt hemlock's pipy stems grow rank
With lurid speckles, in whose clammy cells
Lurks death's oblivious wine. This will I drink,
And lay me down by Amaryllis' door,
With the scorned singer's life end all my songs.'

Thestylis, bright-witted and tender-hearted, the friend and companion of Amaryllis, in comforting the lovelorn Daphnis, loses to him her heart and gains the transfer of his affections. Meanwhile Alcander, a shepherd from the mountains—that Alcander who bore off so many prizes from the harvest games—stimulates by a more lusty wooing the proud Amaryllis to that indignant resistance, which, in her case as in many others, was the prelude to passionate adoration. Thestylis, meeting the rejected Alcander lamenting, succeeds, by a pretty policy of friendliness, in awakening sufficient jealousy to bring her own lover to her lips, and Amaryllis to such a state of anger against Alcander as leads her to take vengeance, and to reduce him to sad state by means of magic arts.

THE INCANTATION OF AMARYLLIS.

'Hear me, Selene, for to thee I sing!
Calling on thee by thy most dreadful name,
Hecate; thou who through the shuddering night
Pacest where black pools of fresh-offered blood
Gleam cold beside the barrows of the dead;
Dread goddess, draw him dying to my feet.

Hear me, Selene, for to thee I sing!
I cast this barley on the fire, and say:
"Even so I scatter strong Alcander's bones!
I fling these laurel leaves upon the fire,
And say, So let his flesh be shrivelled up!
Dread Mother, draw him dying to my feet,"

reminds one strongly of the incantation of Simaitha in Idyll ii. of Theocritus:—

'Shine brightly, O Moon! for to thee will I sing softly. Hail, frightful Hecate! and be thou with me to the end. . . . Delphis has grieved me: and I burn the laurel over Delphis: and as it cracks loudly, when it has caught fire and is suddenly in a blaze, and not even its ashes do we see, even so may Delphis too waste in flame as to his flesh, the while thou drawest that man to my house!'

But these magic spells, like true love, act and re-act: 'Upon myself my charms take hold,' cries Amaryllis, desisting from her spells; and as she sings again, 'Hear me, Selene, for to thee I sing! I love him, I love him, him who loves me not; and that is shame. . . .'

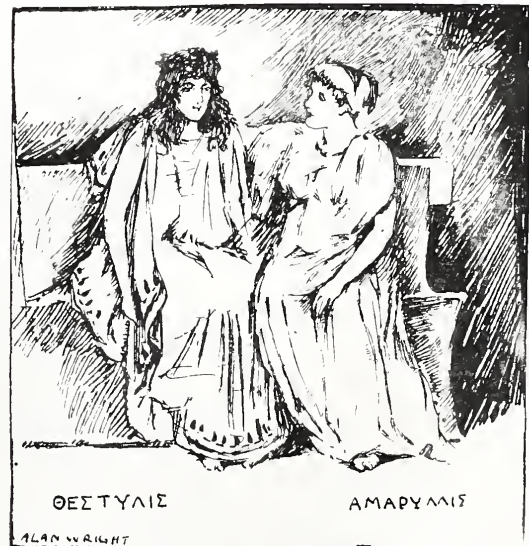
Alcander is borne in by two shepherds,

'Look on thy work, Enchantress,

In mercy take thy sorceries from my heart,'

But he and she were alike in the bonds of an unbreakable spell, under which proud Amaryllis and strong Alcander were as powerless as truant Thestylis and woful Daphnis.

By intrusting the performance of these scholarly verses to amateurs, Dr. Todhunter, perhaps, secured the absence of that elaboration which is stagey but not dramatic. As it was, the representation was pretty and simple; and although marked by the inevitable faultfulness of non-professional rendering, it gained distinctly in the taste and fitness of its





ΑΛΚΑΝΔΕΡ · ΑΜΑΡΥΜΙΣ



ΔΑΦΝΙΣ ΘΕΣΤΥΛΙΣ



Miss Edward Emory.

THE LEGEND OF ARZUMAND AND ROSHNAI.

THE complaint of Arzumand the singer, when he came to the great magician that dwelt beside the eastern sea.

Now the heart of the singer was sore within him, for his desire was unfulfilled, and he could not attain it. And Arzumand bowed himself before the magician, and he said: 'Most mighty, have pity on my distress, for my soul wasteth away and there is none that can comfort me.'

The magician, looking upon him gravely, asked him, 'What wouldst thou, my son?'

Then Arzumand arose, and laid bare his heart in this wise:—

'I am a singer, and my art is dearer to me than life; and behold, the fire is dead upon my lips. The music within me beats against my heart like a prisoned bird against the bars of its cage; yet have I no power of utterance. Give me the voice of the singer—give me the inspiration of song, that the earth and ocean may be loud with my thanksgiving!'

But the magician turned away from him and pondered deeply, then answered, sighing, 'My son, thou knowest not what thou hast asked. If in truth thou so willest it, I can give thee thy heart's desire; but to take back my gift again I have no power; not even Siva, the almighty, can undo the thing that has been. Yet if thou desirest it, enter into the house of thy soul's delight; but alas for thee, if it should not suffice thee! For when thy fair palace is become too narrow for thee, and thy heart desireth the free air and the broad blue heaven unconfined, then shall the door be shut. Then shall thine own prayer granted be thy curse; thine own desire fulfilled shall drag thee down.'

And Arzumand answered: 'Let my lord be merciful, and let me be a singer, or let me die.'

Then the magician took him by the hand and led him to a curtain, saying, 'Lift then the veil, and behold thine inspiration.'

And Arzumand laid his hand upon the curtain, trembling exceedingly. 'Come forth!' he cried, 'and let mine eyes behold thee, unknown desire of my heart!' And he drew the veil aside.

But a black mist rushed forth and covered him like a shroud, with an icy, fetid breath as from an open grave; and there fell upon his soul a horror of great darkness; yet in the blackness moved a deeper blackness, crawling, interlocked, and self-entwined; a shadow as of endless night.

And the blood froze in the singer's veins, the cold sweat stood on his brow, and his heart paused from beating, as the heart of a bird upon which the serpent gazeth; for from the deepest blackness glared on him two eyes of dreadful stone.

Then the magician put forth his hand and drew

the veil again. And Arzumand fell at his feet, as falleth a cedar tree struck by the ice-avalanche of the Himalayas.

And when the swoon had passed away, Arzumand sat him down upon the earth and hid his face in his robe and wept as men weep who are to die.

And the magician asked him, 'Wherefore weepst thou, O singer?'

And he said, 'For my lost hope.'

But the magician answered him gravely, 'Go home, my son, and sing while thou mayest; for behold, the night cometh, when no man may sing.'

So Arzumand went out from his presence with a heavy heart. 'I have suffered and struggled in vain,' he said, 'the great magician mocks me, and Siva will not hear my prayer. It is better for me to die than to live.' So when the night came, he lay down to sleep in grief and bitterness.

Now Arzumand lay stretched upon the earth and cast down in despair; therefore, when the great sun arose and looked with calm and pitying face on our unhappy world, the long, level rays shone upon his head and roused him, that he awoke and lifted up his eyes, and behold, a woman stood before him in the glory of the newly-risen sun. And the woman was fair to look upon above all the daughters of men.

Then, when Arzumand saw how fair she was, he fell down and worshipped her, as men worship a star. But the woman said to him, 'Arzumand, I bear the message of Siva, arise therefore and listen.'

And Arzumand arose and stood before her, and the woman spoke—

'Arzumand, I was the most unhappy of all things that live; on all the wide earth there was no soul that loved me; my touch was death and my name a curse. And behold, this night, as I hid myself in a gloomy cavern, Siva, the almighty, the all-glorious, smote me with a kiss of fire, that I arose and was a woman. And Siva commanded me, saying: 'Go forth and seek Arzumand the singer, for he weepeth and is dumb. Be to him as a light in the darkness, give to him the fire that I have laid upon thy lips.' Therefore, O singer, rejoice and let thy heart be glad, for from darkness and corruption hath Siva raised unto thee a deliverer.'

Thus it was that Arzumand took the woman for his wife, who had come to him with the sunbeams, and he called her, 'Roshnai,' splendour of light; for out of darkness was the light revealed to him. And with Roshnai's first kiss the fire came upon his lips, that he sang, and the hearts of men stood still to hear the voice of his thanksgiving.

Now in those days it came to pass that a savage

tribe which dwelt in the mountains rebelled against our lord the Maharajah Adhirajah. And the Maharajah was very wroth against them, and he went forth to battle with his soldiers and his captains and his mighty men of war, and he smote the people of the mountains and wasted them with fire and with sword. Then he returned in triumph to the city, bringing with him gold and treasures, and captives for slaves.

And the Maharajah commanded that a great festival should be held in the city, to give thanks to the gods. So the city was purified and garlanded with flowers, and Arzumand the singer came forth to sing before the princes and the people. And of the song of Arzumand that he sang that day, but broken fragments have come down to our generation, and they in a strange tongue. But one thing that he sang was somewhat in this wise:—

‘I arise and pass out of the crowded city to a fair green meadow in the early sunshine, and all the air around me dances for joy. Without thee all was darkness, but thou hast arisen on my heart, O splendour of light. All my soul is full of thee; my heart danceth with the sunbeams when I look into thine eyes. Very precious is thy love to me, yea, in thy love is my life; my little life that passeth away like the shadows when the sunlight comes,—the life of Isvara, which is love that endureth for ever!’

And Arzumand went on singing till the hearts of men were melted within them. His spirit was lifted up on the strong wings of sound, till he saw the heavens open above him, and heard the stars singing with him in their spheres; and his face was glorified, so that when the people looked upon him they trembled, and were amazed.

He sang of the golden sunlight, and the splendid, stormy sea; of the stars in heaven, and the eyes of Roshnai; and the people bowed their heads, and murmured: ‘Behold, this is no mortal man; this is Indra, the angel of song!’

Now Arzumand stood upon a platform above the people’s heads; and when he paused from singing the high priest arose and came to him, and crowned his head with flowers, and blessed him, saying: ‘Blessed be thou, O god of music, bringer of peace!’

Then the Maharajah took off his royal mantle, gold-inwoven, and clothed Arzumand with it, and bowed before him, saying—

‘Blessed be thou, O heavenly spirit, singer of victory!’

And the people fell on their faces, and worshipped him, and they cried:—

‘Blessed be thou, O son of consolation!’

But the singer, looking downwards, saw a woman in the crowd wringing her hands and weeping bitterly. And the people asked her:—

‘Why weepest thou, O foolish woman, when the sweetest voice on earth is singing?’

But she answered—

‘What is a sweet voice to me? My husband is sold for a slave, and my children die of hunger.’

And the people were wroth with the woman, and they cried—

‘What is that to us, that thou comest with thy sordid griefs and common cares to our great festival?’

And they pushed the woman away. But Arzumand shuddered, and cast down his eyes.

Now when the shrines of the gods were opened, the triumphal procession passed into the temple, and every man paused on his way before the platform where Arzumand stood, and lifted up his eyes and blessed him. First came the priests and Brahmans with the images of the gods, and then the Maharajah Adhirajah, mounted on the sacred white elephant and glittering as a star with gems, and after him the captains and the mighty men of war, and after them the captives, walking barefooted, clad in garments of shame, and laden with heavy chains; and the people spat upon them, and cursed them as they passed.

And it came to pass that one of the captives lifted up his eyes to where the singer stood, crowned with flowers, and robed in the gold-wrought mantle; and he raised his fettered hands, and cried with a strong and terrible voice—

‘Arzumand! Arzumand! The people say thou art a god; canst thou break our chains?’

Then the slave-drivers struck him with their whips, and drove him on. But Arzumand hid his face.

So when the evening was come Arzumand passed out of the city, for his heart was not in tune with the music and dancing, and the rejoicing of the people struck upon him as a jarring sound.

As he followed the road which led to his house (for he dwelt outside the city, among the meadows that slope down to the sacred river) he came to a spot where tall palm-trees bordered the road, grown over with festoons of trailing plants that hung down like a curtain by the wayside, and among the leaves he heard a low moaning, as of some dumb thing in pain.

‘It is some lamb,’ he thought, ‘that has lost its mother, or a timid creature that has been torn by the wild beasts of the jungle. I must seek it, if haply I may help.’ For Arzumand was always very tender to everything that grieved, were it the smallest forest beast or bird.

So he drew aside the trailing plants and looked. On the damp earth lay the corpse of a woman, haggard and ghastly and stained with blood, and with torn and streaming hair, and beside it an old man sat, crouching down with hidden face.

Then Arzumand came forward and spoke—

‘Who art thou that mournest here above thy dead?’

Slowly the crouching figure raised its head, and looked upon the singer, standing in the moonlight with the glittering mantle and flowery crown, and

then put out two shaking hands to keep him off, and cried, with a voice like the moan of a hurt beast—

‘Unclean ! Unclean !’

But Arzumand took the trembling hands in his, and answered, saying—

‘My father, what is it to me that thou art unclean ? Thou art a man ; thou mournest for a dead woman ; is not that enough ?’

And when he looked he saw that the man was clothed as a pariah, and the woman as a common harlot. Nevertheless he stooped down and lifted the tangled hair, that he might look upon her face ; and he said—

‘The woman has been fair.’

And he unclasped the royal mantle from his shoulder and covered her face.

But the pariah marvelled exceedingly, and asked him—

‘Who art thou, glorious one ?’

And he said—‘I am a man, even as thou art, and born of a woman ; nevertheless tell me thy grief and fear not ; for I am not as other men ; unto me hath Siva granted the gift of song, that the hearts of the sorrowful are lightened when they hear my voice. This is I, Arzumand the singer.’

Then the pariah started up and caught him by the hand.

‘Arzumand !’ he cried, ‘art thou that Arzumand whom men call the son of consolation—the god come down from heaven ? Listen then, O singer, and help me, if indeed thou art a god ! . . .’

‘Arzumand, I am a pariah, and I dwelt in the cruel fever-swamps, I and my four sons and this my daughter. And when the famine came and then the fever, and my sons sank down and died, then were we very wretched, for I was old and worn with labour and grief, and there was none to give us food. And my daughter was young and fair.

‘So when we had no rice to eat, she arose and clothed herself as a dancing-girl and went down into the city to sell herself for a harlot and to find us food. Then I followed her, and we dwelt in the city, hiding in the dark places, that men might not see us and drive us away. And often, Arzumand, I heard the people speak of thee and of thy two great gifts of Siva, of thy voice and of thy fair Roshnai. Nay, once I saw thee and heard thy voice.

‘For I passed at night with my daughter beside thy dwelling, and we were wearied and stopped to rest. And my daughter said, “Let us hide among the flowers here, if perchance we may see the blessed woman who is loved of the singer that Siva loves.” And we hid us in fear and trembling among the lotos-flowers by the river, for we dreaded lest thy servants might find us, and drive us thence with blows.

‘And behold, a little boat came drifting down the river, and thou wast in it with Roshnai, and in the moonshine we saw her pass, like a spirit of light upon the water. Thine arms were clasped around her, and thou sangest aloud in the fulness of thy joy, and all

the night rang with thy voice, that the stars in heaven stood still to hear.

‘The gift of Siva. Yea, verily ; unto one he giveth songs, and to another stripes ; to this one honour and to that one shame. . . .’

‘And so we dwelt in the city, and though our life was bitter, still we lived ; and in truth it seemed to me that through all hunger and shame and pain, yet was I willing to live if I might hear thy voice once more.

‘But when the city was purified for the festival, and the servants of the Maharajah, searching, found us, then were they very wroth against us, and said—

“What mean ye, children of dogs, to defile the city where Arzumand the blessed shall sing ?”

‘And they drove us out with stripes and stones and many wounds. And my daughter sank by the way-side here ; and I would have borne her into the forest, for I said in my heart, “The tiger of the jungle is more merciful than men.” But the blood flowed from my wounds, so that I fainted and could not lift her. So I hid her among the branches here ; and all this bitter festival day, and while thou sangest in the city, she lay, torn and wounded, and moaning on my breast ; and when evening came, she died.

‘Now therefore, O singer, beloved of Siva, tell me, what consolation hast thou to give ? If thou art indeed a god, canst thou give me back my fever-stricken sons, or the years that misery has wasted ? Canst thou raise up this my daughter that lies here torn and shamed, that mine eyes may see her again a maiden ? Canst thou take the curse from off my head, and make me no more a pariah ? And if thou canst not, what is thy sweet voice to me ?

‘Return thou to thy fair Roshnai, who hath not known hunger nor sorrow, neither sold her kisses for bread ; and touch not the body of a dead harlot that defileth thy hand. Go thy way, O consoler, to them that need no consolation ; and leave me with my dead.’

And he turned away, and cast himself down upon the earth, and covered his face.

And Arzumand arose, and went his way in silence.

So when he was come to his dwelling he turned aside and entered not, but passed on to the river-side, as one that walks in sleep. And he cast the flowers from his head, for they were withered. And it was to him as though the heavens were flecked with blood, and the hushed night rang with cries and groans.

And when he lifted up his eyes, behold he stood on that spot where the pariah and his daughter had crouched among the lotos-flowers. Then Arzumand cast himself face downwards on the earth and tore the flowers and grasses with his hands in his intolerable pain. And he cried aloud in exceeding bitterness of spirit, saying—

‘Behold, the people walk in darkness,—there is no profit in the sunlight ! What help is it that the golden

light is poured on hill and river?—in their hearts is the blackness of night. Verily, better is one dim lamp in the city than a flood of sunshine on the forest; better one poor singer to the captives than all the thunder of the sea.'

And Arzumand lifted up his heart to Siva and prayed:—

'Siva! Siva! Take back thy gift! Behold, the mark of thy sealing is poison on my lips, and the sweet wine of song is bitter in my mouth. Give me one little light to lighten this darkness, and let the sunshine go; teach me one word of comfort to them that are oppressed, and all thy winged spirits may be silent among their stars!'

And it came to pass that as he prayed a hand was laid upon his arm, so that he started up; and before him stood Roshnai, and gazed upon him silently with longing and despair. And when he looked upon her face it was no longer fair to him; for the faces of the slaves and harlots, of the pariahs and captives, arose between her face and his, and the splendour of light was dim before his eyes.

Then Roshnai stretched out her arms to him, and cried aloud with a very bitter cry—

'Arzumand! Arzumand! art thou weary of my love?' But he was silent.

Then, as he looked into her eyes, they deepened and dilated with a cold, white glare, as of stone . . . and, behold, they were as the eyes of a serpent.

And when he saw his doom had come, he would have cast her from him, and prayed—

'O Siva! Siva! save me or destroy me!'

But the eyes, relentless and unchanged, paralysed his brain, that he could neither move nor speak; and something cold and smooth crept round his limbs, and twined itself about him and coiled upon his heart; and yet he stood and stared into the stony eyes, as though he too were turning into stone.

And when the morning came and the people arose, Roshnai had disappeared, and no man saw her any more.

But in the meadow by the riverside Arzumand the singer lay dead among the lotos-flowers, with the mark of a serpent's fangs upon his throat.

And there was great mourning through all the land of Hindustan, with wailing and wringing of hands and many tears.

SCOTTISH SCENE-PAINTERS.

CONSIDERING how early the art of Scene-painting was introduced into Scotland, it is not surprising that down to the abandonment of the old stock system, Caledonia boasted a distinctive school of native scenic artists. There are cogent reasons for believing that painting in distemper in connection with quasi-theatrical performances was practised in the northern capital some years before the Whitehall masques familiarised the English nobility with the scenic achievements of Italy. It is matter of history that James VI. of Scotland believed in giving way to the seductions of the drama, and that some English players were brought by him to Holyrood in the February of 1593 (Old Style). At that time, or at least at a period prior to the monarch's accession to the English throne, stage scenery was certainly pressed into service in the performances at the Scottish Court. Tradition has it that Mytens, then basking in the sunshine of royalty as portrait-painter and copyist of the old masters, designed most of these embellishments, which were finally executed by foreign artists. There is considerable significance in the fact that two years had not passed over the head of King James, from the time when he succeeded to the English throne, before the first movable scenery was exhibited in England.

Scene-painting is unfortunately still placed by the majority in the category of discredited arts; yet granted a man of dormant artistic genius, a thorough course of distemper work will develop in him many traits, some of distinct advantage, others equally injurious.

In the first place, scene-painting impresses upon the artist the paramount necessity of picture-making—in a word, of *design*.

Again, the breadth of treatment rendered necessary by the conditions of stage illusion tends to make the artist's work, on forsaking the scene-loft for the studio, both hot and glaring. Strangely enough this defect in De Loutherbourg was the one feature in his landscapes that evoked the undisguised admiration of Turner.

Finally, working in distemper (where the effects have to be accomplished for the most part at the first intention) trains the artist to place little dependence in the resources provided by the mahl-stick and the palette-knife, and, granted the mastery of other media, endows him with marvellous rapidity and style. This latter quality has been remarked in Sam Bough, who was not, after all, a typical Scottish scenic artist, since he had graduated in Manchester long before he began to paint for the Edinburgh theatres.

A similar disqualification presents itself in the case of James Francis Williams, of whom, however, some mention should be made here. A native of Perthshire, Williams, while a mere lad, made his way to London, drifting on to the stage as a player. But artistic impulse soon induced him to change from the boards to the scene-loft. About the year 1805—when he certainly could not have been more than twenty—we find him painting scenery at the Royal Circus, afterwards the Surrey Theatre. He returned to Edinburgh some

six or seven years afterwards in the capacity of scenic artist, and ultimately settled there as landscapist and teacher. Apart from the salutary influence which the Scottish scenic artists exercised upon British scene-painting generally, their peculiar technical training in the scene-loft afforded a fine field for the development of innate capacity. In Scotland, as indeed throughout Europe, since the days of the Renaissance, the annals of scene-painting are indissolubly associated with the art of the Academies. Williams, for example, was one of the foundation members of the Royal Scottish Academy, and before his death, in 1846, had become its treasurer.

Among notable men who have figured conspicuously from time to time in the scene-loft, a prominent position is taken by Alexander Nasmyth. Born at Edinburgh in 1758, Nasmyth did not imbibe his artistic ideas from early initiation into the mysteries of size and whitewash. Indeed his connection with scene-painting is only another proof of the remarkable versatility of the man who designed the Dean Bridge and painted the well-known portrait of Robert Burns. A landscapist and portrait-painter, with an infinite capacity for taking pains, Nasmyth, strange to say, failed to show in his work that boldness and freedom which his individuality would have led one to expect. Possibly it was to the unpopularity born of a frank outspoken nature that we owe his presence in the theatre and his influence upon scene-painting. Previously to the year 1824 he had done much good distemper work for the Theatre Royal, Glasgow. Leitch, late in life, when he had visited all the principal theatres in Europe, gave it as his opinion that nothing finer in the way of scene-painting had ever come under his notice than an act-drop at this theatre by Nasmyth, representing a view of the Clyde and Dumbarton Castle from Dalnotter Hill, near Erskine Ferry. Leitch writes: 'The perfection of the execution was wonderful. You felt as if you could pull aside the branch of a tree and find another beneath it. I never saw painting so like nature, and this was its charm.' To the profound study, made in his tyro days, of Nasmyth's work, Leitch admits that he owed much of his early excellence as a scene-painter; and David Roberts confessed to basing his methods on those of Nasmyth.

The leading features of Roberts's career are widely known. Born of humble parents at Stockbridge, Edinburgh, on the 2d October 1796, David Roberts was apprenticed in his youth to a house-decorator, and about 1803 joined a troupe of strolling players at Carlisle in the then by no means uncommon dual capacity of histrion and scene-painter. The year 1820 found him employed at the Edinburgh and Glasgow theatres, where he made such rapid strides as a scenic artist that after two years his services were secured for Drury Lane as subordinate to Stanfield and Marinari. Here he saw the difficulties of gaining advancement; but having been accustomed in Edinburgh to paint all sorts

of scenery on the shortest possible notice, he settled himself down resolutely to win distinction by dint of making indifferent subjects effective. Industry, backed by adroitness, soon enabled him to distance the crudely artificial Marinari, and little time passed ere he found himself associated with Stanfield as co-worker in connection with all the important scenery executed for Drury Lane. It is said that Roberts's first scenes at the National Theatre represented 'Old St. Paul's,' and 'St. Paul's as it is.' It is a curious coincidence that the subject of the latter scene was identical with the one chosen for treatment in the picture upon which he was engaged when fatally stricken with apoplexy late in the November of 1864.

Shortly after furnishing some clever scenery for the pantomime of *Harlequin Jack of all Trades* (1825-26), Roberts was induced, by the offer of a salary of £10 per week and short working hours, to transfer his services from Drury Lane to Covent Garden. Even in those days there existed a growing tendency to pay scrupulous attention to *mise-en-scène*. For the first eighteen months following his secession, Roberts was completely absorbed in the production of the scenery for an opera called *The Seraglio*, brought out with great success in December 1827. It is singular that the whole seventeen scenes of this opera were entirely executed from first to last by one man.

Roberts began to figure in the art world as a painter of easel pictures long before his departure from the scene-loft. Exhibiting for the first time at Edinburgh in 1820, he sent pictures four years afterwards to the Society of British Artists. A sketching tour through France, snatched in 1824 from amid the anxieties of his scenic profession, resulted in his 'Rouen Cathedral,' hung at the Academy in 1826. Elected A.R.A. in 1839, Roberts became Academician in 1841. In 1858 he received the freedom of the city of Edinburgh. As characteristic of the marked influence of a lengthened course of distemper work on an artist's style, it may be remarked that Canaletti, who is frequently recalled by the architectural pictures of Roberts, was himself a scene-painter.

Viewed from a scenic standpoint, William Leighton Leitch forms the natural complement to Roberts. Down to a certain period a remarkable analogy existed between the careers of the two painters. Each had begun to earn his bread in the humble capacity of paper-hanger. Both had deserted this occupation for the boards and the scene-loft as stepping-stones to the doors of the Royal Academy. Leitch was only sixteen when the sight of some scenery by Roberts during an evening spent at Mason's Theatre, Glasgow, in 1820, determined him on becoming a scene-painter. Four years afterwards he was engaged by Byrne of the Theatre Royal, Glasgow, as painter, player, and chorus-singer, at the salary of £1 per week. While sojourning here, Leitch drank in inspiration from the work of Nasmyth and Roberts.

About the year 1830 Roberts was instrumental in

getting Leitch a metropolitan engagement at the Queen's Theatre (afterwards the Prince of Wales's), in Tottenham Street. In those days the plums of the scene-painting craft were in the possession of men of the stamp of Stanfield, Tomkins, Andrews, Pugh, Lupino, Gordon, and the brothers Grieve. Salaries in the main were ridiculously inadequate, and the only wonder was that tolerable artists could be secured at such remuneration. Leitch's biographer has drawn a kindly veil over the struggles which, as a married man, must have beset that artist in his early days. Amid all this drudgery he was extremely conscientious. Working almost unattended at the old Queen's, he painted the entire scenery for the spectacle of *Cherry and Fair Star*, and had the satisfaction of seeing his labours highly praised by the critics. Indeed, so strikingly eulogistic were many of these notices, that half the scene-painters of London rushed to see the new extravaganza. Gas in those days was a comparatively new feature, and few indeed were the scenic artists who knew how to counteract the vexatious tricks played upon the old style of distemper-colouring by this aggravating illuminant. To probe the secret of Clarkson Stanfield's success in that way, Leitch went on a voyage of exploration behind the scenes at Drury Lane. Whenever he came across a piece of scenery, he carefully noted how the gas effects were put in; and so well did he emulate Stanfield's style shortly afterwards, that the great Drury Lane painter (they were then entire strangers) paid three visits to the Queen's to see the work of his second self, and finally could not rest satisfied till he had brought his wife and children also to share in his enjoyment.

In 1832 Leitch went to the Pavilion at an increased, and, what was better, regularly paid salary. But within a twelvemonth he burnt his boats and left for the Continent. Returning to England in 1837, he could with ease have resumed his old position, but his early struggles had embittered him against scenic work, and pupil-teaching gained what theatrical art lost. Subsequently one of Leitch's sons took up his father's early profession, and during the years 1856-67 painted for the Portsmouth and Brighton theatres.

Scotland has contributed her quota to the list of families whose members have devoted themselves from generation to generation almost entirely to scene-painting.

Born in 1770, John Henderson Grieve, eldest of a scene-painting family, exercised during his seventy years a wholesome influence on the craft which he adorned. Among the first to popularise the panorama as a separate species of entertainment, Grieve fairly revolutionised the old system of distemper-painting in solid colours by his advocacy of a glaze as in water-colours. Rivals contemptuously alluded to the innovation as 'The Scotch Wash.' Grieve's revenge

took the shape of showing them with his own brush that under his system landscape painting could be brought to a pitch of excellence previously unattainable. The result was that before his death in 1845 he had the satisfaction of seeing his glaze almost universally accepted.

A little over half a century ago Grieve's place was next to Clarkson Stanfield. Some of his finest scenery was painted for Covent Garden in 1839, when Madame Vestris gave a noteworthy revival of *Love's Labour's Lost*. Grieve had two sons, William and Thomas, the former of whom, while still in the prime of life, predeceased his father by a year. William Grieve's scenery at the Italian Opera-House, some sixty years ago, gained him his reputation; so much so that in 1832, when *Robert le Diable* was produced, he received the unprecedented honour for a scene-painter of a call before the curtain. Thomas Grieve, who lived until the year 1882, worked harmoniously in association with his brother, and, together with him, painted several panoramas memorable even now for their picturesqueness. After death had carried off the other members of his family, Thomas earned considerable fame as a contriver of dioramas. He was the leading scenic artist at Drury Lane when the so-called National Theatre acknowledged the sway of Bunn, and during the years 1844-48 painted some highly characteristic scenery for *The Bohemian Girl*, *Maritana*, and *The Maid of Artois*. When Charles Kean entered upon his notable régime at the Princess's Theatre, he could not have done a better thing than the installation of Thomas Grieve as director-in-chief of the scenic department. When the winter evenings draw in, and old playgoers gather round the club-room fire, one is apt to hear of the glories of Grieve's scenery in *Sardanapalus* (1853), and in *The Winter's Tale* (1856).

Prominently associated with the metropolitan theatres about the year 1831, William Gordon was subsequently recognised as the leading scene-painter at the Theatre Royal, Liverpool. George Gordon had officiated at Brighton some few years before transferring his allegiance to the banners of Charles Kean. His finest achievement at the Princess's was undoubtedly the diorama of 'Nineveh and the River Tigris' in the gorgeous production of *Sardanapalus* already referred to. For twenty years after that important period, the younger Gordon kept at the head of that little band of scenic artists whose conscientious work contributed so largely towards gaining adequate recognition of the claims of *mise-en-scène*. It was he who painted the realistic scenery for the Bancroft revival of *The Merchant of Venice* at the Prince of Wales's Theatre in 1875.

With the decline and fall of the old stock system Scotland may be said to have lost her traditional school of flat-painting.

W. J. LAWRENCE.

'THE GRAY BOOK OF LANGLEY.'—II. (By COLIN PERCIVAL.)

EDITED BY ERNEST RHYS.

IV.—SHELLEY, HEINE : LITERARY PROJECTS.

WHEN in County town a few weeks ago I picked up a delightful copy of Shelley in two satisfying green volumes, which has been the chief event in my days of late. Of course I have dipped into him often enough, but have never really got hold of him, so to speak, till now. His life really affects me quite as much as his poetry, or rather perhaps it is his life read in the light of his poetry. And now I am ready for revolution, or anything more imaginative than coal-getting, as soon as may be. He inspires me with a great longing to escape. These days are so poor in opportunity. Imagine having the colour and variety of Shelley's days! All the mental stimulus has been sucked out of this existence here for me long ago, and I grow not a bit this year and more.

With an eye to some other way of life I have been trying my hand lately—thinking of the newspapers—on some short social essays, 'Notes of the Day,' inspired more by thought of Heine and his *Englische Fragmente*, etc., than of Shelley, however. Even the journalist's opportunity would be better than nothing.

In these Notes the idea is to treat of everyday life boldly, and as one exactly finds it, with such sharp touches of wit and pathos as can be gleaned from one's ironical regard and loving hope for this mad world.

It stirs one's heart, this sarcasm of Heine. I have been reading the chapter 'John Bull,' and *Dummheit und Stolz* are ringing in my ears. Heine found out the worst side of the English, and they have a worst side which it does not take a Heine to find out. It is a good thing, a safeguard, in this provincial life especially, with its always imminent commonplace, to keep in mind his bitter criticism. Out of Heine on the one side, and Shelley on the other, one might well gain the new mental attitude as poet and critic for to-day, as soldier in that war of liberation, which Matthew Arnold talks about in his Heine essay.

V.—A DREAM OF LUCASTA.

Last night brought me a pleasant country dream. I seemed to be in a quiet village of the pure English type, with thatched cottages surrounding a broad space of village green, whence a white dusty road led down to a ford over a small river. On one side of the road an old sign-post showed the village inn, and here I found myself standing, with that strange dreamer's sense of many half-remembered things, when an antique carriage drove up. In the carriage were two ladies! one very stately, gray-haired, and wearing a golden crown; the other young, with a fresh beauty that seemed to fill the air with fragrance, whereupon I discovered that her hair was wreathed with violets.

This I saw partly through the carriage-window, partly as they dismounted to enter the inn, when I saw, too, that their dresses were old and faded. In passing into the doorway of the inn, the lady of the violets turned her head, and, pausing a moment, looked at me with such singular intentness that I trembled violently, and with that awoke in some confusion. On first awakening I remembered nothing of the dream, but there was a feeling that I had just left some quiet country place; then a burst of fragrance, as of fresh violets, seemed to fill the room; and a verse, which I have since remembered to be from Lovelace's 'Lines to Lucasta,' rang in my ears to some old tune, since forgotten:—

'Yet this inconstancy is such
As you, too, shall adore;
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more.'

VI.—REJECTED MSS.

Mr. Editor has proved a dullard. Yesterday he sent back my precious verses, confound him! To be fair, however, they do not read as well as they did. Shelley and Heine have opened my eyes. In fact, my literary outlook is changing. My adventures in prose have been no luckier than the other. A week ago, behold the *Mary Crystal* ms. (which I patched up and sent off after all some little time ago, thinking it was as well to make a few guineas by it if possible) in a torn and much battered envelope, with the usual printed form of polite editorial damnation. Am I, then, to continue the literary existence *en amateur* only to afford the magazines of the day superfluous mss. for their choking maws? By heavens, No! To-night a flash of light on the situation has suddenly come. What a fool I have been! Fine thing to become a Bulwer, or Wilkie Collins, or even a higher type like Dickens. No, by the Olympian heights of Langley! Far other aims be mine: I will write poems for posterity.

VII.—A WINTER MORNING.

Have just returned from the pit, after three or four hours underground, an experience which always gives one a keener sense of the beauty of the light and sunshine and other everyday things aboveground. I left the house at half-past seven,—some time before sunrise. Three-quarters of an hour or so earlier, on looking out of window I found the earliest morning twilight, time of mixed grey or dun, light and shadow. Between the houses, and in the valley more widely, lay the last of the night: but on the house-roofs and trees, and on the hill-tops, was the reflection of the dawn, caught

from afar, and having something pleasantly suggestive and new in it. From the candle-light by which I dressed, with its reddish tinge on walls and furniture, associated usually with night-time, it was a fresh experience to pass into the early morning twilight, although one that occurs two or three times every week in winter. And so too, when I set off, the keen, cold freshness of the air was none the less delicious because I knew it would have that effect. In early morning, before sunrise, the air has a fine scent of meadow and river and wood, which is only to be met with at this time. It is on stepping out of a still sleeping-house, with its close atmosphere, that we appreciate this delicate aroma best.

The dawn was changing from the grey to the red phase when I reached the pit-mouth, which seemed to yawn at me, with its depth of endless night, more ominously than usual. Just before going down, I saw Durham lying in the distance with what seemed to be a flicker of gas-lamps not yet put out, while above it the sun was imminent in a sky tenderly suffused with pale rose-colour.

This is making much of a simple morning's walk, but it is long since anything has impressed me more. A night of morbid dreams, suggestive of a Purgatorio, made the morning, with its freshness and restoration, one to be long remembered.

(To be continued.)

VIII.—FRAGMENT.

I'll climb to-night, I said,
And see the day die at the feet of night,—
Till earth and heaven are back to chaos fled,
And darkness knows not light.

And there, as freed by death,
The world withdrawn, I'll test the immortal fire,—
What Heaven outlasts the passionate human breath,
What love outlasts desire.

IX.—'A POET'S PILGRIMAGE.'

Heine's *Harzreise* has filled the last few days with its exquisite sunshine and moonshine. It is a most singularly charming, most perfect thing in its way, inimitably mixed of poetry and irony. Its sunny pictures of the Harz Mountains call up delightfully the summer-time in that out-of-the-world region, and inspire one with all sorts of mad, pleasant ideas of escaping like Heine next summer,—to Wales perhaps! Still more directly, the book has thrown a new light on one or two of my own literary projects. The idea has sprung, in fact, of remodelling the *Romance of Mary Crystal* on new lines altogether, and developing out of it a sort of romantic autobiography, in verse and prose,—*A Poet's Pilgrimage*. Mary Crystal can still serve as heroine in a general way, being alternated, however, for the sake of variety and the poet's education, with other gracious mistresses of his heart.

NOTES.

THE New English Art Club, forced by circumstances to quit the Dudley Gallery, tried a bold experiment in selecting a suite of rooms lighted with side windows only, and situated some distance west of Piccadilly. Necessity, besides being the mother of invention, is sometimes called novelty by those who have Mr. Hobson's choice, therefore it is best to spare praise or censure upon this new departure. Coincidentally with external change a large number of those original members of the club known as the Newlyn School abstained from exhibiting, so that the burden of the show was borne by the London Impressionists and their Scotch allies. A few singularly fine works hardly saved the whole exhibition from being below the high average it has hitherto maintained. Among the landscapes, Mr. William Stott's 'Amethyst Cloud,' a delicate colour scheme of aerial effects on the Jungfrau was particularly noticeable. Mr. James Paterson's 'Dusk,' and his 'Moniaive' also, continued the distinguished promise of his career. Mr. W. J. Laidlay's 'French Village' and 'Horsey Mere' showed him at his very best. Mr. Clausen's 'Village Shop—Winter Evening,' was a new work in night effects, and in many respects the most original work in the gallery. Mr. A. Roche had a very scholarly and accomplished landscape, 'The Hill Top.' Mr. Arthur Thomson's 'Chalk Pit' and 'Ploughing Up Hill' displayed fully the rapid advance of a very refined artist. Mr. Francis Bate's 'Marshlands,' a very pleasant scene, and several other canvases, deserve fuller notice.

Of the portraits and *genre*, 'The Three Children,' by Jacques Emil Blanche, was memorable for truth of vision and exquisite colour. In another way Mr. A. Roche's 'Good King Wenceslas' (reproduced in *Scottish Art Review*, April 1889) was equally delightful. The 'Jonquils' of Mr. P. Wilson Steer, a really masterly piece of decoration, and the 'Lily' of Mr. James Guthrie, were also among the best things shown. Mr. Steer and Mr. Sickert in their portraits of each other, Mr. F. Brown with a

very sumptuous full-length, Mr. Walter Sickert's 'Miss Fancourt' and 'Charles Bradlaugh, Esq.,' Mr. Sidney Starr's 'Mrs. Brandon Thomas,' and Mr. Roussel's 'Little Girl,' were the most remarkable of the many portraits hung. Mr. Francis James's flower-pieces were also equal to his high reputation.

In 'Stirling Station,' by William Kennedy, and 'The Hollywood Arms,' by Paul F. Maitland, effects of artificial light were cleverly and truthfully presented. The pictures worth severe condemnation were not a few; but despite these, to those who studied the exhibition carefully, there was sufficient first-class work to atone for the unnecessary intrusions. The absence of Mr. H. S. Tuke, Mr. Stanhope Forbes, Mr. Bramley, and many others, was of course fatal to the old reputation of the club as an impartial presentation of the best of all schools. For good or ill it has elected to represent a section only of the younger men. Whether it be the group destined to survive or not does not affect the great change that has taken place. As the gallery of a most promising clique it will always have unique interest; as a representative exhibition of all schools it has ceased to exist. This is to be regretted, however inevitable, and those who remember the equal balance of power of former years will be sorry, even although they favour the victors, that the *entente cordiale* could not have been maintained.

WE extract the following note on the late M. Chesneau from the *Revue Bibliographique Universelle* :—

M. Ernest Chesneau, inspector of the fine arts, who died on 24th February, was born at Rouen in 1833. He devoted himself to the study of questions in artistic criticism, and in administration of the fine arts. It was under the administration and by the influence of M. de Nieuwerkerke that he was appointed, in 1869, 'Inspecteur des beaux-arts.' M. Chesneau has left numerous works, of which

the list following gives an indication, on painting and sculpture, on the rival nations in art—England, Belgium, Holland, Bavaria, Prussia, Scandinavia, Denmark, France, etc.—and on Japanese art. The following is a list of his works:—*De l'influence des expositions internationales sur l'avenir de l'art* (1868, in 8vo); *L'art japonais: Conférence faite à l'Union centrale des Beaux-arts appliqués à l'industrie, le vendredi 19 février 1869* (1869, in 8vo); *Les Intérêts populaires dans l'art: La Vérité sur le Louvre, le Musée de Napoléon III. et les artistes industriels* (1862, in 8vo). *La Peinture française au XIX^e siècle.—Les chefs d'école: L. David, Gros, Géricault, Decamps, Meissonnier, Ingres, H. Flandrin, E. Delacroix* (1862, in 12mo). *L'art et les artistes modernes en France et Angleterre* (1863, in 12mo). *Le Décret du 13 Novembre et l'Académie des Beaux-Arts, suivi du rapport de M. de Nieuwerkerke, surintendant des beaux-arts, du décret du 13 Novembre de la protestation de l'Académie, etc.* (1864, in 8vo). *La Chimère* (1879, in 12mo). *Le Statuaire J.-B. Carpeaux, sa vie et son œuvre* (1879, in 8vo, avec portrait, fig. et 8 grav.). *Notice sur G. Régamey* (1879, in 8vo, avec portrait et 11 pl.). *Peintres et Statuaires romantiques* (Huet, Boulanger, Préault, Delacroix, Th. Rousseau, Millet, etc.) (1880, in 12mo). *L'Éducation de l'artiste* (1881, in 12mo). *Artistes anglais contemporains* (1882, in 4to, avec illustrations et 13 eaux-fortes). *La Peinture anglaise* (1882, in 8vo, avec grav.). *La Peinture française au XIX^e siècle.—Les chefs d'école: Louis David, Gros, Géricault, Decamps, Ingres, Eugène Delacroix* (3d ed., 1883, in 12mo, revue, annotée et complétée). *Joshua Reynolds* (1887, avec 18 grav.).

THE DECLINE OF THE ART OF TYPEFOUNDING.—On Wednesday evening, 16th April, a paper was read before the Society of Arts by Mr. Talbot B. Reed, upon 'Old and New Fashions in Typography.' After remarking that, with the exception of initial letters, vignettes, and *fleurons*, the old printers never strayed beyond the threefold limits of the Roman, the Italic, and the Black letter, Mr. Reed proposed to trace the historical development of Roman-faced type, illustrating his survey by a series of examples, both photographic and original. The aim of the earliest printers, he showed, was that their books should simulate, as nearly as possible, the manuscripts of their time; and, consequently, the forms of their types were scrupulously reproduced from the forms of the manuscript characters. The first printer who formed the Roman character with classic severity and proportion was Nicholas Jenson, of Venice, the beauty of whose models is celebrated in the types of Aldus. In France, at a somewhat later period of the sixteenth century, Claude Garamond refined upon these Venetian forms, and, by adding to them a certain distinction and elegance, made them peculiarly expressive of the period of French art during which that country became 'more Italian than Italy.' Froben, at Basle, inclining towards the German taste for what is fantastic, adopted certain mannerisms which gave to his types an individual quality without destroying their beauty and regularity. And, lastly, Christophel Van Dijck, in the types which he cut for the famous Elzevir Press, endeavoured to preserve such excellences of the Italian and French printers as were compatible with the ideas of use and convenience which controlled the productions of the Dutch press. These were the four successive developments which formed the 'golden age' of Roman-faced type, after which the character rapidly degenerated, until Bodoni, at Parma, by sharpening the fine lines of the letters, and thickening the heavy lines simultaneously, produced the modern Roman fashion. Technically Bodoni's productions were

as splendid as they were vicious artistically. The only method by which the type-cutter, in designing his letters, can determine the proportions and positions of his fine and heavy lines with the form of their *scrip* is by a reference to the written character in its perfection. In the types of Bodoni all such reference has been ignored, with a result similar to that which appears in the Italian art of his time, when the human form is designed according to an effete academic ideal, and not according to a conception of nature. The general effect of Bodoni's forms is preserved in modern Italian books, and to the fashion which he set may be traced most of the vagaries of modern type, as well as, perhaps, the misconception of lettering which, in this age of advertisements, has been the means of disfiguring our streets.

There was, however, about the year 1720, before the vogue of Bodoni, an English printer, by name William Caslon, in whose hands the Roman type recovered much of the classic beauty of the Elzevir letter. His punches have been preserved, and when, at the present day, a printer wishes to produce a book which shall be in any sense comparable to the best productions of the sixteenth century, he is obliged to use a fount either cut by Caslon or designed under his influence. In brief, we have no types of our own time which are beautiful. The science of typefounding is, perhaps, more exactly understood by us than it was by the early printers; yet, for all this, the taste, the scholarly appreciation for severe beauty, is wanting which may direct this knowledge to fine results. One reason of this want is that the art of writing, like the art of letter-writing, has become an accomplishment of the past, and of this the unsatisfactory lettering in the best of our book illustrations is a proof. When an artist now wishes to add to a design a legend, or other inscription, he is obliged to *draw* it, since he has not acquired the habit of *writing* in a fine manner Roman or Italic characters. A glance at such a work as the writing book of Lodovico de Henricis, published at Rome in 1523, shows the art of writing in its highest perfection. The invariable use of a reed or quill pen cut with an oblique, blunt point, as shown in this book, explains not only the positions of the *crescendos* and *diminuendos* of the letters and the forms which their *scrip* took, but also the manner in which they were written. Thus, a capital 'G' with its *scrip* was written with a single stroke of the pen; but if the same letter were drawn an indefinite number of strokes would be employed. The essential difference between these two methods of producing a page of letterings lies in this, that in a *written* page the letters compose an harmonious whole, while in a *drawn* page they remain a collection of individual characters, having no relation one to another. This delicate relation one to another, not only of the letters, and the several parts of the letters, but also of the spaces between the letters, is called, in the language of the typefounder, 'justification' of a fount. This subtle principle of 'justification' extends as well to the initial letters and other ornaments as to the margins; to the proportion, that is, which the leaf of paper bears to the mass of type to be printed on it. In the majority of our sumptuous modern books the initial letters and tail-pieces are designed without any reference to the type they are to accompany or the spaces they are to fill. Even such exquisite engravings as Turner's illustrations to Rogers' poems appear unsatisfactory when viewed as book illustrations, because not only were they printed by a different process from the type, but also because they bear no relation to the letterpress which they accompany. In printing, then, as in the other branches of design, the highest art is to achieve a unity of composition, '*ponere totum*.' —HERBERT P. HORNE.

ON THE STATUE OF NIKE APTEROS, COMMONLY CALLED THE VENUS OF MILO.

I.

THOU armless Splendour, Victory's own breath ;
Embraceless Beauty, Strength bereft of hands ;
To whose high pedestal a hundred lands
Send rent of awe, and sons to stand beneath ;

To whom Adonis never brought a wreath,
Nor Tannhäuser a song, but whose commands
Were blindly followed, by immortal bands
Who wooed thee at Thermopylæ in death :

No Venus thou ; but nurse of legions steeled
By Freedom's self, where rang her highest note,
And never has thy bosom felt a kiss :

No Venus thou ; but on the golden shield
Which once thy lost left held, thy lost right wrote :
' At Marathon and Briny Salamis.'

II.

Perhaps thy arms are lying where they hold
The roots of some old olive, which strikes deep
In Attic earth ; or where the Greek girls reap,
With echoes of the harvest hymns of old ;

Or haply in some seaweed-cushioned fold
Of warm Greek seas, which shadows of ships sweep,
While prying dolphins through the green ribs peep,
Of sunken galleys filled with Persian gold.

Or were they shattered,—pounded back to lime,
To make the mortar for some Turkish tower
Which overshadowed Freedom for a time ?

Or strewn as dust, to make, with sun and shower,
The grain and vine and olive of their clime,
As was the hand which wrought them in an hour ?

EUGENE LEE HAMILTON.

A MARTYR

He stood alone above a shifting crowd,
Poised on a stark stone column's dizzy height;
The gathered people laughed and jested loud
And all the noonday sky burnt blue and bright.

Wasted and worn he stood, his gaunt frame strung
To some high ecstasy, beyond the reach
Of fleshly torture—scorning cry or speech,
With bold bright eyes, and steadfast-smiling lips.
As one who sees his home-returning ships
White-sailed and safe the morning mists among.

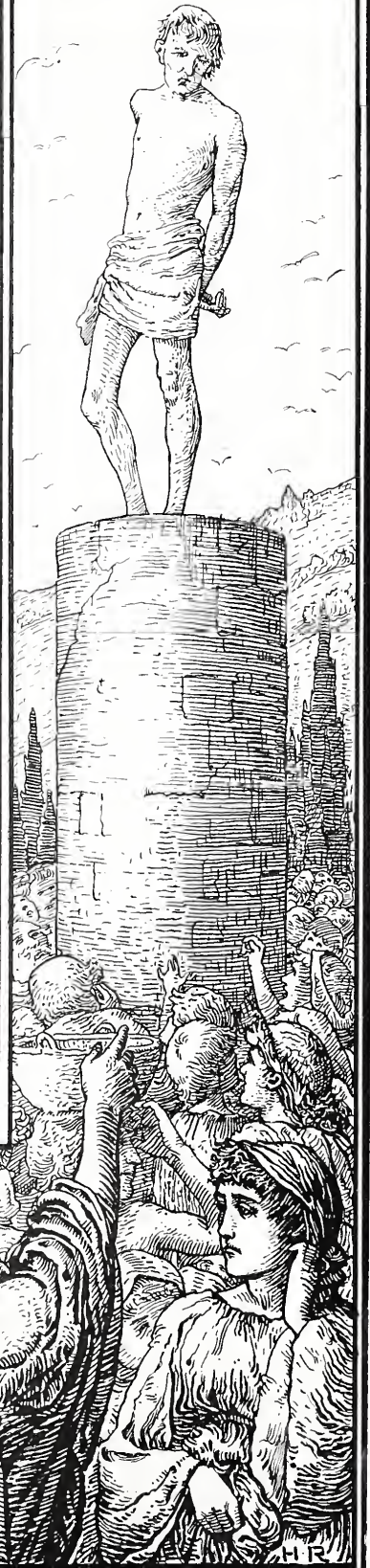
Then, as I watched, there came a haggard change
O'er his wan face—he tottered, frail and faint,
And all the golden rapture of the saint
Fell from his features, and his eyes 'gan range
Hither and thither—downwards to the throng
Up to the blind bright heavens. Dazed despair
Glared in that helpless glance—all hell was there—
Horror, and blank irrevocable wrong.

The people murmured, roused to gaze anew,
The martyr staggered—clark against the blue;
And then, while yet the eager multitude
Seemed like the very waves to seethe and nod,
One moment, strained and stark, erect he stood,
Shaking his impotent clenched hands on high,
Hoarse on the noontide brake his rattling cry—

'Ah, curse you! curse you—IF THERE BE NO GOD!'

A huddled mass swung leaden down the air,
The vast throng swayed—the column's height was bare.

GRAHAM R. TOMSON.



DISTORTED VIEWS.

PAINTER folks are proverbially unsordid souls, who leave the base pursuit of gold, and, lost in dreams of fame, despise the profits of commerce even as they scorn its advertising insistency. We know from various eminent authorities, especially in the instance of the wonderful artist-hero, who is only second in favour to the giant guardsman in many a modern novel, that they have not souls that grovel, and prefer in fact a hovel (with genius) to the marble halls and ready cash of dull Philistia. If one doubts the genuine character of this view, he has but to watch a stray artist turning over that priced catalogue which is the lectionary of the ante-chapel to the Temple of Art—Burlington House, where the peripatetic painter's fine scorn at the sales (of other men) is marked on every feature. Strolling down Melbury Road, or toiling up Fitzjohn's Avenue, you realise the lowly mind content with tranquil frugality, and believe more than ever that Art is sufficient to its votaries, who toil not nor spin for filthy lucre, but, plunged in the fancies of their imagination, are satisfied to dwell in lowly cots, and feed upon bread and water, so that it be eaten with high aspirations and quaffed with divine aims.

Yet even the least cynical at times doubt this crusted legend, and declare that the modern painter is as shrewd as the modern poet, and looks with as keen an eye as the sharpest man of business on the chances of making money, honestly, of course, but—of making money. There be even those that say a young artist to-day is as shrewd as any of us—nay, as many half a dozen—and underneath his wily but far-seeing enthusiasm veils the vigour of a Bismarck in his prime, and the economy of a Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Yet if one is bidden (and goes) to a Private View, our broader faith in the lamb-like innocence of the painter is again justified, and by the guileless character of the whole proceeding, his hereditary right to unworldliness and simplicity is once more purged of all business taint. For, whereas people notoriously bent upon advertising their wares to advantage, such as theatre managers, committees of charitable bazaars, royal chairmen of international exhibitions, and unknown writers of three-volume novels, do their best to reap the golden harvest while the first bloom of novelty is on their crop, the painters give their latest emanations of genius (and themselves) away in lavish and unlimited invitations. In other cases the thing offered at an advanced cost may be raw to newness, unfinished and unsatisfying, yet its vendors ask higher prices to share their unripe feast than they afterwards enforce for the well-ordered banquet, for even if larger sums are not asked for entrance, the limited issue of tickets and the need for early demand is turned to profitable account.

But the artist has a fine scorn of coin: it is his one tradition that remains. Long hair, soft hats, velvet

coats, and poetic quotations, have practically become the cult of the weakest amateur, if they exist at all; but this indifference to selling his wares is a fiction carefully preserved and elaborately acted, to the end that it deceives nobody, not even the blameless hypocrite himself. Yet on one of the days of his calendar that are marked as festivals, when a new show of pictures is ready for the public, such is his trust in the primeval honesty of mankind, that with one accord he and his fellows beat the highways wherein respectability lurks, and the byways where fattened plutocrats build themselves eligible and commodious family mansions, and compel them to come in and feast their eyes without charge, and bid them sweeten their weary task by libations of tea at an artistic Agape.

To excuse this monstrous fallacy they affect to treat this 'army of Genteels,' not as the Philistines they be, but as possible buyers. Puffed up with this baneful credulity they set their visitors at ease, and help their choice by condemning nine-tenths of the show (especially the very pictures the rabble so gathered together regard with real interest), the while praising chivalrously the works of the men they inwardly feel are personal rivals; they scare off the inchoate buyer and soothe him to satisfied inaction, wherein lurks no trace of shame at seeing for nothing what the rest of the world (if there be any future sightseers left) must needs pay a shilling, and, furthermore, purchase a catalogue, ere they may enjoy it. Nor are their visitors aught but fain to fall in with the mood of the hour: conscious of the fact that they are all but 'deadheads' and 'paper' (to borrow the decorative terminology of a sister art) they act as is the custom of free-visitants from time immemorial, and jeer at the show that costs them nothing, criticise the manners of the painters and the dress of their women-folk, and talk pointedly, but with alarming honesty, of the artists and their works, in a place where the gossip, if it falls not direct on the tingling ears of the subject discussed, is sure to reach him through a human telephone before ever the long day closes.

So far we have ignored the pleasant fiction that people are supposed to come to enjoy a quiet private view of works to be seen henceforth only as panting crowds part and admit one to inadequate peeps, and that (still theoretically) only personal friends of the artist, or known students of painting, are bidden. But this sophism is too fragile to be introduced hurriedly, and may only be brought in with ample padding above and below it, lest its unsubstantial fabric melt away with the first inspection. It may be brutally said that if any ordinary person really visits a picture gallery to see its contents—that is, to take a comprehensive and critical survey of the majority of works hung, not merely to pick out the numbers attached to familiar addresses in the catalogue—and if this fabulous and

possibly non-existent individual really does take the remotest interest in the art displayed, he would use all means in his power to avoid the one day conventionally set apart for him and for his kindred.

The first night of a new drama is hardly a parallel case, and may be held roughly to be synonymous with the 'press-view' of a painters' show, a thing logical and perfectly business-like in its conception and practice. It may also be argued that the opening day of an exhibition at South Kensington, or other important undertaking, is a social function, and that it is for the sake of seeing the celebrities collected, not because it is the first day, that a willing public is attracted to throw down its gold for right of entrance. This is true, but if any one doubts that exactly similar reasons attract 'society' and 'the outsiders' to a private view of pictures, he must be either unfamiliar with the thing itself, or strangely charitable to his fellow.

True it is that some societies, with a half-hearted economy that does them credit from a business point of view, and discredit socially, try a timid compromise, and sell their catalogues on these days, but the remarks evoked from an injured crowd of guests asked to pay for the details of their coming torture are sweetly unanimous, if not quite unanimously sweet. In fact, this halting compromise makes the worst of both worlds as thoroughly as the extremest pessimist could wish. To invite strangers probably neutral, if not mildly benevolent, and send them away as active enemies, is an unworldly notion that only the keen vision of an artist could have discovered. Like the emerald green in his own cheek, invisible to the dull eyes of the outside public, but clear to the trained sight of a professional colourist, so this artifice is so cleverly hidden by its artificers that no layman has yet solved its great mystery.

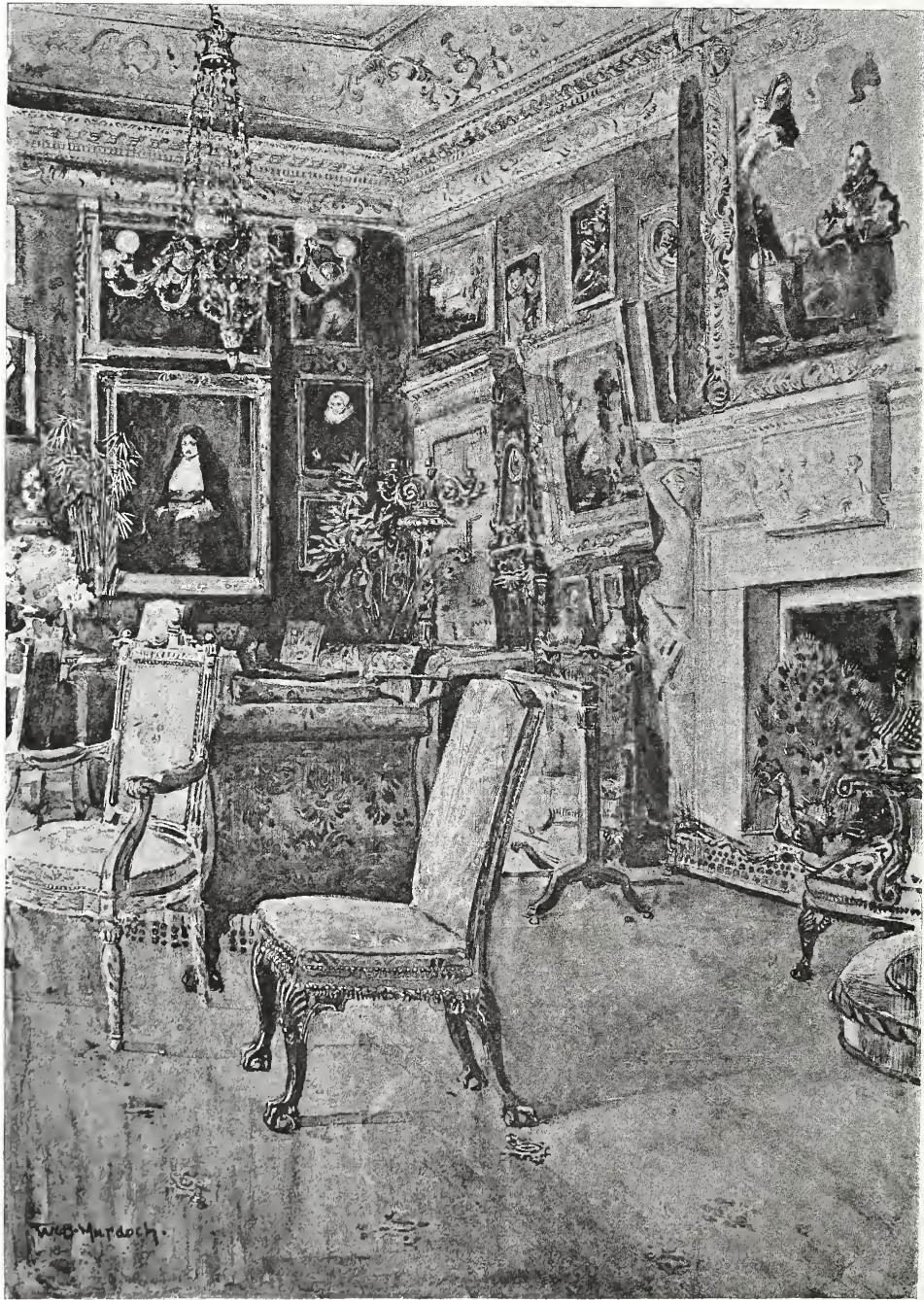
Of course there is one cogent reason that in itself, from a painter's standpoint, atones for the anachronism of the present private view. The pictures sell (he tells you) on that day, and if people were not asked to come they would not buy. This is good reason for the buying class to be bidden; and since to diagnose a potential purchaser in the body of an apparently healthy commonplace person needs a seer with second sight and a hundred other supernatural gifts, perhaps the easiest way to catch the goldfish is to make an indiscriminating haul at the spot he is supposed to frequent; but if this is really the reason for the existence of the 'private view,' why have certain societies established a 'buyers' view day,' generally fixed to come between the 'press day' and the conventionally secret inspection?

The private view seems to show signs of decadence. It is said one of the large dealers distributed three thousand cards of invitations discreetly and with knowledge, and obtained less than thirty visitors. And if the thirty who came were indeed the invertebrate penniless ones who get so few of these magic pasteboards that they look upon them as rare luxuries, that dealer's private opinion of more private views would be interesting to hear, but probably unsuitable for publication.

There is a legend of a private view to which every

possible visitor to the exhibition came, and that after it was over the turnstile never clicked again, and the commissionaire never once swept a shilling out of sight with the dexterous legerdemain of his class, through the long silence of the forsaken show itself. But as so far no instance is on record of the private view being limited to the official staff, it may be that the public would not welcome a reform, and be indignant if asked to pay a shilling for what had hitherto been forced upon them gratuitously. Yet human nature has other weak points besides the love of 'orders' and free admission. If a gallery with fair popularity limited its invitations to, say, five hundred, and issued these at a crown or half a guinea each, using diplomatic means to ensure certain people being present, and let the careful secret leak out through approved channels, it is possible that the treasurer of that society would be a contented man as the shades of evening dispeopled his stately saloons, and that even the artist would not have lost the sale of his wares, for, like his contemporary the energetic house-furnisher, he might 'return the entrance fee and price of the catalogue' out of the first order given by his client.

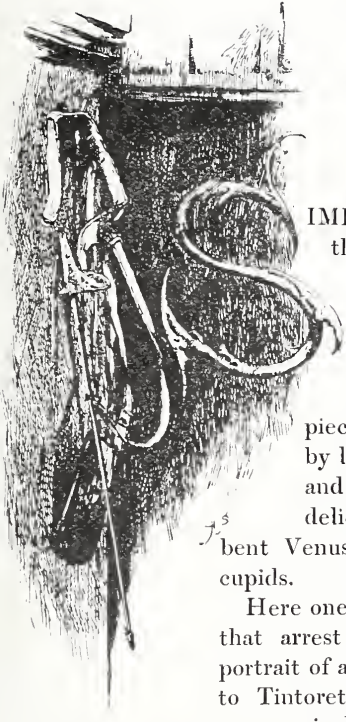
To analyse the heated chattering crowd of the private view, to note its contemptuous indifference to the works of art, its insolent abstention from even a polite glance at the things shown, is entirely superfluous. If there be indeed a human being who has never shared its (nominally) esoteric joys, he or she may dream of the stately conversation therein and the noble efforts of its visitors to discover unappreciated genius 'skied' or hung below the line. The painter who bursts into sudden fame thereat is a brother, surely, of the daughter of the bankrupt merchant who leaps on the boards of grand opera, and in one *roulade* of pearly notes becomes the 'diva' of the world: such familiar objects crowd the pages of our novels, but never appear out of them. The lordly millionaire, who sees the bravely clad but starving young genius hiding his inward pangs with Spartan endurance, as he notes the thoughtless crowd neglect his immortal work, and straightway produces his cheque-book and gives the interesting but involuntarily fasting man his biggest cheque and his prettiest daughter, is also unknown to real life. The shrewd painter who with his sisters, his cousins, and his aunts turns an honest penny like other licensed hawkers, has been seen once or twice. His candid and modest appraisal of his own work, and his impartial criticism therein, have been overheard. Instances of his victim led blushing and bleeding at his pockets to the secretary's table ere his captor bade him 'good day' have broken the idyllic record of the carnival of kindness. But such awful examples of the spirit of the Stock Exchange infusing an æsthetic devotee are as rare as demoniacal possession generally. Beneath the well-brushed hat of 'the modern young man who paints,' no Mephistopheles seeks to feed upon his invited guests; on the contrary he prefers they should depart with no pledge to purchase, and would not destroy the beautifully illogical position which has made the private view become a paradox and a platitude.



V.—THE DRAWING-ROOM AT HOPETOUN HOUSE.

NOTABLE HOUSES OF ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.

HOPETOUN HOUSE.—II.¹



SIMILAR in general style to the ceiling of the Saloon, but even richer in its details, is that of the Drawing-room (Illustration No. v.). There also is a finely carved mantel-piece of white marble, flanked by life-sized female caryatids, and bearing in the centre a delicate bas-relief of a recumbent Venus surrounded by sporting cupids.

Here one of the first works of art that arrest attention is a dignified portrait of a Doge of Genoa, ascribed to Tintoretto, though Dr. Waagen, we are inclined to think correctly, attributes it to Palma Vecchio. The seated figure is seen in half-length, turned in three-quarters to the left, the head wearing the ducal cap, the body swathed in rich folds of ermine and cloth-of-gold. The face, in the individuality of its features and the intensity of its expression, is eminently unforgettable, with its high cheek-bones, sharply curved nose, long grizzled beard, and black eyebrows shading the keen observant grey eyes,—the face of true king, a born ruler of men. The armorial shield which appears on the background shows *per fesse gold and sable* (or it may be time-darkened azure), *six bunches of grapes, counterchanged*;—bearings which have hitherto defied the efforts of the two most accomplished heralds in Scotland—one the late Lyon King—who generously endeavoured to identify them for me.

Opposite this picture hangs another admirable example of portraiture, a three-quarters length by Van Dyck, of Isabella, wife of the Archduke, and Governess of the Netherlands, the patroness of Rubens. This is a particularly excellent version of a portrait of which several *replicas* exist:—there is one at Keir; another was in the possession of Andrew Geddes, the painter, who reproduced it in an etching. The figure is seen to below the waist, clad in the habit of the Beguine Sisterhood,—a robe of subdued purple, with a black veil thrown over the head, its ends passing over the hands, which are crossed in front, while a knotted cord serves for girdle. To the left is a heavy curtain of cloth-of-gold, and a grey pilaster and wall relieve the figure to the right. The flesh-tints in their cool delicate grey tones show traces of the Flemish period

¹ Continued from p. 174.

of Vandyck, and the left hand, in particular, is modelled with great delicacy and beauty. This picture is flanked, to the left, by a charming little Cuyp, a cattle-piece, with a distance of winding canal showing shipping and windmills, and a lovely sky with grey fleecy clouds overhead, growing golden at the horizon towards the sunset. On the other side is a characteristic Wouwerman, the halt of a party of travellers; and here too the sky is touched with great delicacy. Above this is a good example of Cornelius Janssens, a portrait formerly inlet in the panelling at Midhope. It shows a girl with fresh, rounded cheeks, surmounting a wheel-ruff, and shaded by a quaint white cap. Above the Van Dyck is a Guercino, a 'Christ and the Woman of Samaria,' formerly in Andrew Wilson's collection, and sold for £147 at his auction; and over the fireplace hangs an important example of Guido Reni, 'St. Francis at his Devotions' with a vision of the Madonna and Child.

'The Embarkation of the Queen of Sheba,' by Claude, differs in its composition from the similarly titled subject in the National Gallery, London, that picture known as 'the Bouillon Claude,' in which ruins occupy the entire length of the picture, and where the Queen is seen descending a broad flight of steps. In the present work the foreground figures seem a little crowded, as well as unpleasantly hot in colouring; but the golden sky and sea of the distance and the graceful foliage to the right are treated with great tenderness and beauty. Near this work hangs a good example of Andrew Wilson, one of the best of the earlier Scottish landscapists; who deserves remembrance, too, for having introduced into the country many fine Italian pictures, several of which, as we have seen, are to be found in the collection we are now examining. The present picture, painted in 1820, is a view of Hopetoun House taken from a rising ground to the south, and showing, over the roofs of the mansion, a pleasant prospect of the Forth and of the Ochils beyond. It is an excellent specimen of simple, direct, and faithful landscape art. Before leaving the Drawing-room we may notice several pleasant pictures of children by Antonio Amorosi, and two groups of bust-portraits by Annibale Carracci; while among the decorative furniture are some elaborate mosaic tables, and an especially ornate clock, of brass richly inlaid with mother-of-pearl and enamel, signed with the name of the maker, 'Rabby à Paris.'

We now pass from the Drawing-room of Hopetoun House into the Dining-room, where the majority of the family portraits are hung. The earliest of these is

a series of bust-portraits, two of which are ascribed to George Jamesone of Aberdeen and present the general characteristics that mark his work. That to our left, representing Lord Advocate Sir Thomas Hope, the celebrated lawyer and statesman of the seventeenth century, is a bust-sized version of the half-

horse raised by the College of Justice as a bodyguard to General Leslie when he marched into England in 1640 at the head of the Scots army, and in the following year he was appointed a Lord of Session and Lord Justice-General. The similar portrait on the adjoining wall, in black and red judge's robes, is Sir



VI.—JAMES, SECOND MARQUIS OF HAMILTON, BY DANIEL MYTENS.

length seated portrait at Pinkie, which we have already described in a former paper, in the *Scottish Art Review*.¹ The portrait to the right, of a man with long black hair, and wearing judge's robes of red and ermine, is Sir Thomas Hope, second son of the above, ancestor of the baronets of Kerse. He was knighted by Charles I. at Innerwick in 1633. He commanded a troop of

¹ See *Scottish Art Review*, vol. ii. p. 82.

James Hope, raised to the bench in 1649 as Lord Hopetoun, the sixth and youngest son of Lord Advocate Sir Thomas Hope, and the immediate ancestor of the Earls of Hopetoun. It was he who, by his marriage in 1638 to his first wife, Anne, only daughter and heiress of Robert Foulis of Leadhills, acquired valuable mines in Lanarkshire, and by his skill in mineralogy carried the art of mining to a pitch

of perfection hitherto unknown in Scotland, thus laying the foundation of the wealth of the family, having also, in 1641, been appointed to the lucrative office of 'General of the Cunzie-house,' or Master of the Mint in Edinburgh. The present picture shows, especially in its full and prominent lower lip, considerable likeness to the bust in high relief of Sir James erected and still remaining over his tomb in Cramond Church.

Fronting the fireplace is a portrait of Charles,

place, clad in buskins and a classical mantle, seated in a curtained and columned alcove—sculptured torsoes strewn the floor at his feet, gems and coins lying on the table by his side—holding up in his right hand a small statuette with all the eager air of a delighted connoisseur.

John, the second Earl, is portrayed by Allan Ramsay in an attitude somewhat similar to that in which he appears in this artist's full-length, of which a copy



VII.—THE TUNNEL, HOPETOUN.

the first Earl, who, as we have already stated, also appears in a full-length in the Marble Hall. The picture in the Dining-room is a somewhat dark and colourless example of William Aikman, showing the nobleman in three-quarters-length, clad in armour, with his hand laid stiffly upon his side. The companion seated portrait of a blue-bodied lady represents his countess, Henrietta, daughter of that first Marquis of Annandale who is represented, in the grandiose fashion of French seventeenth-century portraiture, in a large gallery full-length over the fire-

by Raeburn hangs in the Marble Hall. Here, however, he is in half-length, clad in ordinary walking costume of a lilac gold-laced coat and lace cravat. The portrait of his second countess, Jane, daughter of Robert Oliphant of Rossie, a long-featured, brown-haired lady, in elaborate lace and a gown of grey and white silk, busied over an embroidery frame, has in it some slight suggestion of the touch and manner of Gainsborough. Beneath hangs a pleasant likeness of this lady's daughter, Sophia, afterwards Countess of Haddington, by David Martin,—a sweet little child

clad in red, her hands, crossed in front, holding a large volume, her hair crowned with a chaplet of flowers. Above one of the doors is a bust-portrait in judge's robes, showing the shrewd, firm face of Sir Archibald Hope, Lord Rankeillor, of whom an important full-length is preserved at Pinkie.

In the centre of this hall hangs an example of the definite and faithful, if rather hard, portraiture of David Allan, 'the Scottish Hogarth,' as he has been called, not unjustly. It represents the Hon. Charles Hope-Weir, F.R.S., of Craigiehall, second surviving son of the first Earl, from 1743 to 1769 member of Parliament for the county of Linlithgow. Two other little canvases in this room are examples of those cabinet-sized groups by the artist, which occupy an intermediate place between his works of portraiture and the subject-pictures in which he treated, for the first time, the familiar life of Scotland, and so became the precursor of Wilkie. In the first of these the Hon. Charles Hope-Weir is again depicted, now in company with his sisters, Lady Christian Graham and Lady Charlotte Erskine, one of whom holds in her hand the *Gazette Extraordinary* of the '14th September 1782,' doubtless containing news of the siege of Gibraltar, then in full progress. The other group shows the Hon. Henry Hope, fifth son of the second Earl, seated at a table, wearing a wig and a pale blue-lined dressing-gown, in company with his black-clad tutor, Dr. John Gillies, afterwards the historian of Greece, and the successor of Dr. Robertson as historiographer of Scotland. The youth points to a volume inscribed *Montesque de la Liberté*.

Charles, Lord Hope, the short-lived eldest son of the second Earl, and his brother James, the third Earl, are portrayed in two gallery full-lengths by Nathaniel Dance, R.A., painted at Rome at the time when that artist, studying in Italy, became so hopelessly enamoured of the fascinating Angelica Kauffman. The former appears as a thin-faced, dark-eyed young man, of refined and pensive aspect, seated, gun in hand, with two hounds by his side, and with dead game lying on the ground. The other is shown standing—a sturdy, resolute, soldierly figure, wearing the red, black-faced uniform of the 3rd Foot Guards. His brother and successor, John, the fourth Earl, a still more celebrated military leader, the Peninsular hero who commanded the British troops after the death of Sir John Moore at Corunna, is painted by Watson-Gordon in what appears to be a slightly-altered, bust-sized version of the well-known equestrian full-length by Raeburn, engraved by Walker.

A few other notable portraits remain to be mentioned. Two of these represent Sir Alexander Hope, G.C.B., a brother of the third Earl, and Governor of Chelsea Hospital. The earlier of them was painted at Vienna in 1801 by Friedrich Heinrich Füger, the illustrator of Klopstock's *Messiah*, a portrait and subject painter much patronised by Maria Theresa, and appointed Vice-Director of the Academy of Vienna.

Here Sir Alexander is represented in half-length, clad in a pale-blue Austrian uniform faced with red, a sabre being laid under his left arm, and powdered hair shading his notably handsome face—so softly dimpled is it, so sweetly rounded in its curves. The other is an exquisite bust-portrait by Lawrence, showing its subject clad in a red, black-faced English uniform, a picture with the utmost refinement in the flesh-tints, with the greatest spirit in the drawing that expresses the features—one of the most attractive of the pictures in the Hopetoun collection. It has been engraved very delicately in stipple by Walker.

I shall refer to only one other portrait in the Dining-room—the characteristic and forcibly handled Raeburn half-length of Lord President Charles Hope, great-grandson of the first Earl. The hand of the most powerful of Scottish portraitists has done full justice here to the firm, dignified, intellectual face of this great judge. Few readers of *Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk* will forget Lockhart's telling description of his impressive appearance upon the bench—of that 'without exception' 'finest possible piece of judicial eloquence delivered in the finest possible way by Lord President Hope.' The present picture was painted when he was Lord Justice-Clerk, and shows him in the robes of that office. In another portrait by Raeburn, that mezzotinted by Dawe, he appears in court dress, seated with crossed legs, holding his spectacles in his hand; and in the standing full-length by Sir John Watson-Gordon, in the possession of the Society of Writers to the Signet, he is shown clad in his robes as Lord Justice-General.

A few interesting pictures hang in the Library, which opens from the Saloon—among the rest an excellent Dutch picture of an old woman seated with a book on her lap; but the finest is that which our artist has sketched in our illustration (No. vi.). This stately figure, wearing the jewel of the Garter, and bearing the Lord Steward's white wand, is James, second Marquis of Hamilton, who died at Whitehall in 1625, poisoned, as some said, by the Duke of Buckingham. The handling of this noble picture, the painting of the black doublet and the grey lights that play over it, proves it to be the work of Daniel Mytens, one of the Court painters of Charles I., who returned to his native Holland after the appointment of Van Dyck as principal painter. It strongly recalls the treatment of the costume in the artist's portrait of the second Duke of Hamilton, now lent from Hamilton Palace to the Scottish National Portrait Gallery. The picture of the marquis exists in various other versions—at Hampton Court, Hamilton Palace, and Biel. That in the Royal Collection is included in the catalogue of works belonging to James VI. in 1624, and is there ascribed to Mytens. The present version is old and excellent, and it forms one of the chief items among the many excellent art treasures of Hopetoun House.

J. M. GRAY.

MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF.

WHEN the *Journal* of Marie Bashkirtseff — a young Russian painter who died at Paris, of consumption, at the age of twenty-three—was published a few years ago, it was seized eagerly by those who care to find in literature the genuine expression of the lives of men and women. But one scarcely

produced a version which worthily represents the *Journal*. The natural charm of the original, and its peculiarly personal savour, are indeed, on the whole, here very happily preserved. Something must always be lost in translation, but in reading this translation one is surprised to find that little has been lost. There is also



ventured to think that the long and uneventful diary of a young girl would appeal to a very large circle of readers. It is pleasant to find that this belief was a delusion; Marie Bashkirtseff is every day becoming better known. The French nation, always generous and sympathetic in such matters, has given her an honourable place in the Luxembourg as an artist; and as a diarist the circle of her readers is constantly becoming wider and more cosmopolitan. A translation of the *Journal* recently appeared in America, and has had an enormous circulation; and now in England a new translation has come from the hands of Miss Mathilde Blind. There can be no doubt that the English translation will be read as eagerly as the American, and it is fortunate that Miss Blind has pro-

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an Introduction by Miss Blind, which is, so far as I know, certainly the most satisfactory of the many papers that have been written lately on this subject; it is enthusiastic, but it is discriminating in its enthusiasm; one could not wish the reader to be furnished with a better preparation for the *Journal*.

I do not propose to review the *Journal*; it is a book to be read, from first to last, by all those who are interested in the genuine expression of a fascinating personality, and to be left alone by others. Nor do I wish to criticise Marie Bashkirtseff; so many foolish things, laudatory and the reverse, have been said about her that criticism is here clearly a hazardous task. I wish simply to take the opportunity offered by the publication of this excellent

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English version to point out why Marie Bashkirtseff and her *Journal* are of actual, and perhaps permanent, interest.

Born little more than a quarter of a century ago, Marie Bashkirtseff still belongs to the youngest generation that has yet entered fully into the activities of life. As the record of the progress towards fame of a variously gifted young artist, this *Journal* could not fail to be of interest. There is, again, an additional element of interest in the fact that the writer, a Ukrainian Russian by birth and nationality, French by education and choice, was born of the newest and most barbarous of European races, and educated at the centre of most complex European civilisation. More than this, however, the *Journal* is written by a girl, young, rich, eager, full of life and boundless ambition, and possessed of all that seems to make life most worth living. It has been curiously often forgotten by those who have admired or condemned the *Journal* as the self-revelation of a woman—‘a woman,’ one writer says, ‘who, almost for the first time in history, has had the courage to present us with a real woman’—that it was mostly written by a girl in her ‘teens. The light-hearted vivacity, the careless inconsideration for the feelings of others, the vanity and preoccupation with her own person, the audacities, and the curious little *pudeurs* and reticences about trifles, which the Marie Bashkirtseff of the *Journal* constantly reveals, are very characteristic of feminine nature no doubt, but one must distinguish. Nothing could be more girlish, it is true, but at the same time nothing could be less womanly. There are not many similar documents which one can quite fairly use for purposes of comparison, but turn to one of the most precious—the *Mémoires Particuliers* of Mme. Roland. The difference between the two, apart from all other difference, is that between the girl on the threshold of life and the woman who has known the deepest experiences of woman’s life. The difference comes out even in their way of approaching the shadow of death, which was visible to both, and which for Marie Bashkirtseff was the one great human experience which she was destined to know.

If we turn to the other most marked characteristic of Marie Bashkirtseff’s *Journal*—the quick but volatile impressibility, the wild ambitions and aspirations, and, through all, the constant self-analysis, the preponderance of the brain over the heart—we see also the characteristics of youth. It is by such seemingly unamiable qualities that the untrained energies of strong and finely-endowed natures first reveal themselves. In the book in which Tolstoi has certainly presented something of his own youth, we find the same characteristics in a more masculine shape. The young Marie, like all youthful diarists, often poses to herself in the mirror of her *Journal*, and sheds tears over the pathetic image. But she is keen enough to see through her own poses. It is foolish to describe this self-analysis as ‘cynical’; take away this clear self-analysis, and

the posing would indeed be without saving grace. A large part of the life of all of us, even in solitude, consists of posing; the sacred onion of old is not only the emblem of the world, it is the symbol of the soul; strip away all the laminae, and we have little left, and that not distinctive; the inarticulate cries, which we find also in Marie Bashkirtseff, tell us little of the individual, only of the elemental and common nature. The art of self-revelation is to show the coats of the soul, and to show that they are coats, and Marie Bashkirtseff certainly possesses this art. She insists, it is true, a little too much on the sincerity and completeness of the self-revelation; she has no very startling confessions to make; her spiritual and intimate experiences, considering how exceptional a person she was, were by no means extraordinary. Probably, if she had grown older and gained deeper experiences, the *Journal* would either have ceased to be true, or ceased to be written. As it is, there can be no doubt that such as Marie Bashkirtseff was, she appears here at full length.

As she is in her *Journal*, so she is described by those who knew her in life, with the same vivacity, the same charm, when, for instance, as one of her fellow-students tells, she used to seat herself ‘atop a studio table, swinging her mahlstick and the prettiest possible patent leather shoes as she chaffed her companions, serenaded them with her guitar, or lured them off to a champagne luncheon or to the Bois.’ Coppée, who knew her at her own home not long before her death, has written some interesting reminiscences: ‘At the age of twenty-three,’ he remarks, ‘she appeared much younger. Her face almost *petite*, but harmoniously proportioned and exquisitely moulded, her hair straw-coloured, her eyes sombre, and, as it were, burnt up by thought, devoured by the desire of seeing and of knowing; the mouth firm, honest, suggestive of dreams, the dilating nostrils of a wild Ukrainian horse, Mlle. Bashkirtseff gave at the first glance the rare sensation of a union of determination and gentleness, of energy and grace; and,’ he adds, ‘beneath the feminine charm one felt a strength of iron that was truly virile.’ To all those who are young and are haunted by the same ambitions and desires, Marie Bashkirtseff must be an attractive and sympathetic figure; to those who belong to an older generation she is frequently antipathetic; as Mr. Gladstone says, ‘she repels as much as she attracts.’ This is not a matter that can be argued about, and it is idle to discuss it. But a living human being is always interesting, and Marie is very much alive. ‘Il me semble,’ she writes, not long before the end of her life, ‘que personne n’aime autant tout que moi: arts, musique, peinture, livres, monde, robes, luxe, bruit, calme, rire, tristesse, mélancholie, blague, amour, froid, soleil, toutes les saisons . . . j’adore et j’admire tout.’ Not only so, but she presents to us a kind of life which, in a less marked form perhaps, is becoming by no means uncommon, and she will have done the world a service

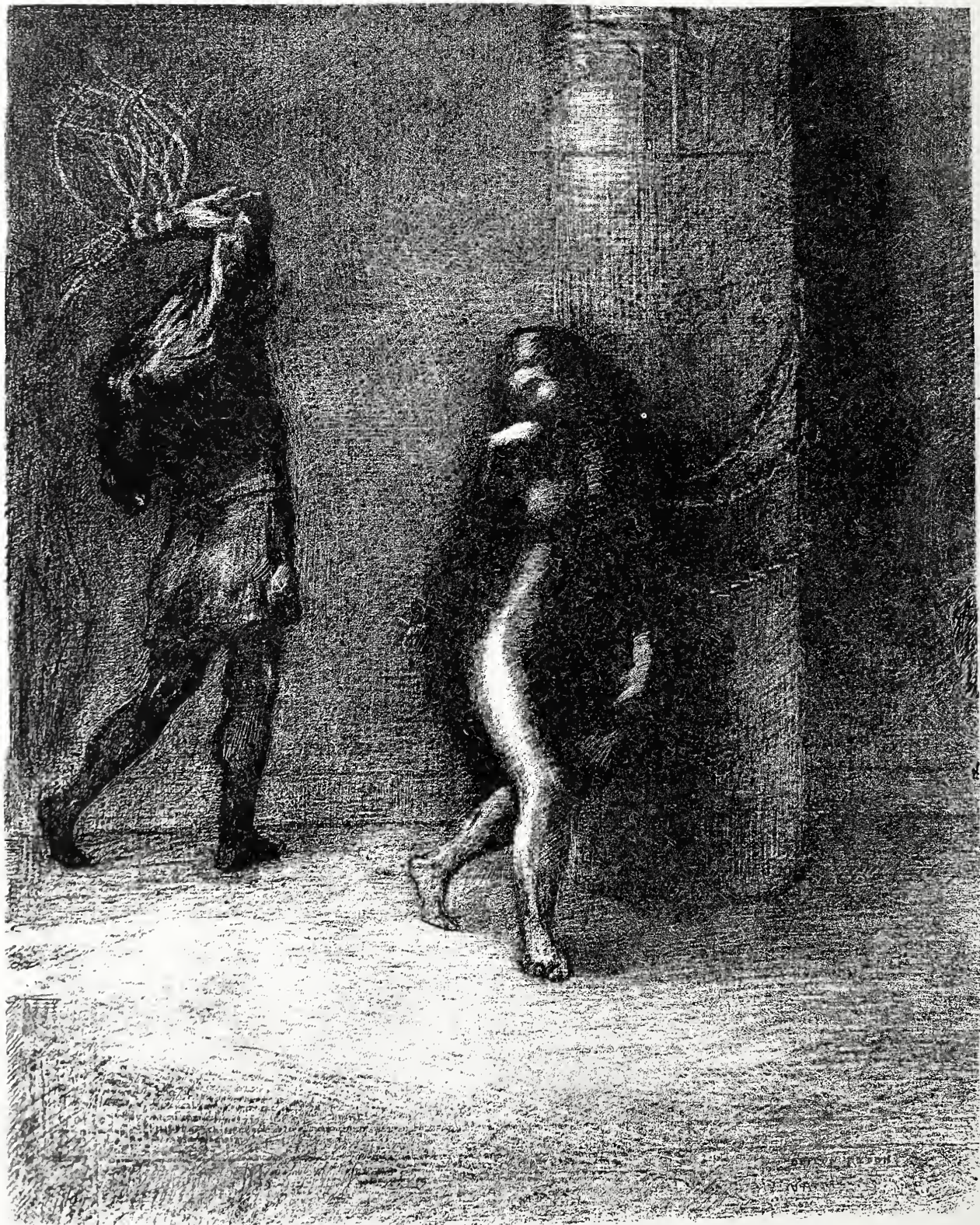
if by her own self-revelation she helps to make it more intelligible.

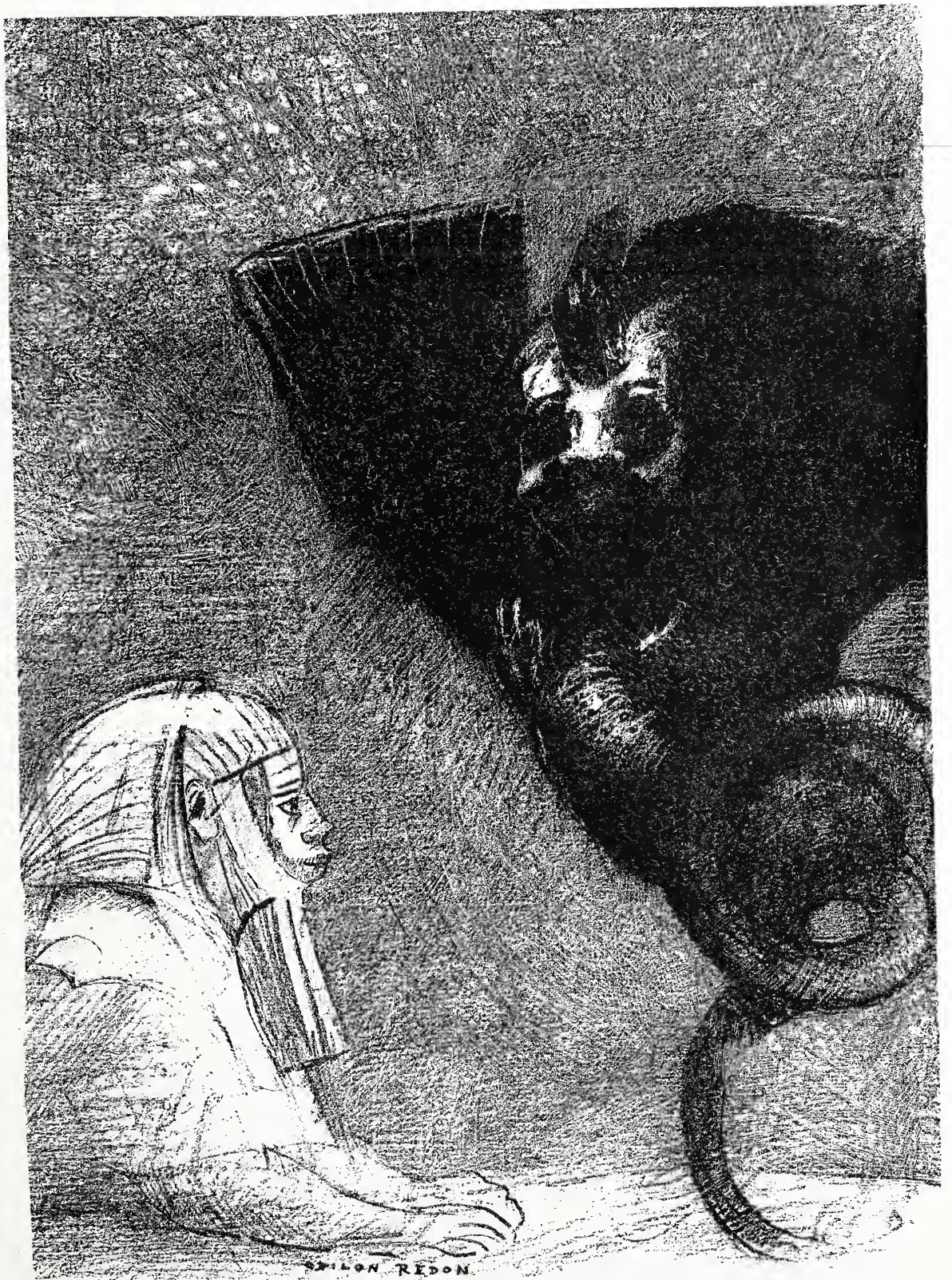
If we look at this *Journal*, as it were in perspective, from the beginning, and again similarly from the end, we obtain two quite distinct views. From the first point of view we see a very minute and realistic picture of a child absorbed in sentiment, and, in the small details of her rather conventional and fashionable life, displaying, as very young people do, an astonishingly cool and profound knowledge of the world, but scarcely yet showing any unusual power beyond that of self-portraiture. From the latter point of view she has gained intellectual, and to some extent social, independence; she has won by genuine hard work a recognised place as an artist; the brilliant child is becoming a woman, and gaining a woman's tenderness in her intercourse with her friend and brother artist, Bastien-Lepage, dying like herself. These last pages are the most interesting and the most pathetic in the *Journal*; they show how strong and original a spirit Marie Bashkirtseff possessed, and how certainly she had developed, both as a woman and as an artist. The gradual course of development by which the child became the woman is presented to us in this *Journal* in as full and many-sided a shape as such a development can be presented.

In many ways Marie Bashkirtseff's history is that of all women who, not content to float passively along the stream, are compelled by inborn instinct to develop their own individual lives. There is the period of wild aspiration and restless dissatisfaction, the long and fierce efforts to break away from the manifold restraining bonds, the care and affection of loving relatives, which are as mill-stones hung around the neck, and which lead to inevitable impatience and inevitable remorse; there is the delight, the too feverish delight, in the hardly-won privilege of work; there is the joy of freedom gained by work. 'At the studio one is one's-self, one is an individual, and has Art before one, and nothing else; one feels so happy, so free, so proud.' There is at the same time the craving for love, and the conviction that—yet, at all events—it cannot be satisfied; there is, too, so frequent after efforts that cost so much, the shadow of disease and death. It is a story that sounds strangely familiar, and Marie Bashkirtseff will have deserved well of her fellows if she helps to make it better understood.

At once Russian and French, Marie was thoroughly modern; she was working out for herself throughout this *Journal* all sorts of problems which the youth of to-day have to solve; very interesting, for instance, is the development of her ideas and feelings about religion. She is at once very modern and very human, and for this reason she is likely to be of permanent interest. Her *Journal* may in one sense be ranked with Augustine's and Bunyan's, with Cellini's and Rousseau's, with Casanova's and Restif de la Bretonne's; it is not perhaps among the finest of these, but by virtue of its humanity and its exuberant

life, and in spite of its excessive detail, it may at all events claim precedence of another recent addition to the same class—Amiel's *Journal Intime*. Amiel was not a failure by the decree of external fate, but by his own innate weakness; he was a *poseur* whose posing deceived himself; he wished to be a great poet, and was not even a minor poet; as a professor nobody ever heard of him outside his own town: so the soured and disappointed man spent a long life in writing interminable volumes to soothe his *amour propre*, and to prove that the failure was not so much his as the world's, too mean and narrow for so great and exquisite a spirit to be born into it unmutated. All this, too, is 'très intéressant comme document humain'; it is very modern, but the human interest is not large, and the self-revelation is indeed imperfect. Marie's *Journal* is her greatest achievement, but that is scarcely her own fault. Her artistic work is very interesting and very strong; it was gaining, even during the last months of her life, new power and more marked individuality. Her pictures show something of the same attractive blending, divined in her person, of masculine breadth and strength with feminine sensitiveness and keenness of perception. The portraits of young women especially—the strongly drawn head of the strongly featured Mlle. de B., the laughing girl called 'La Parisienne,' or the young woman squarely facing the spectator, with a veil over her eyes and her cigarette in her hand, called 'La Cigarette'—are sketched with an easy breadth and assurance which sometimes make us almost murmur, with Coppée, the name of Franz Hals. At the same time she catches with peculiar delicacy and felicity the fleeting expressions, shy or bold, of child-nature; among the 150 works which she left behind, paintings, drawings, sculpture, very many are daintily realistic studies of children; prominent among them is her picture, now in the Luxembourg, 'Un Meeting,' illustrated on page 201, the delightful rendering of such a scene as may be observed any day in one of the outlying boulevards of Paris. She had fallen unduly, one sees, under the influence of Bastien-Lepage, but one sees also that during the last few months of her life—precisely at the time, it is curious to observe, when she began to know and feel affection for the man—she was outgrowing this influence. It was to the poetry and realism of the streets that she felt herself more and more attracted; she speaks of the streets as a 'discovered treasure,' and her last unfinished picture of a street-bench and its group of occupants was characteristically called 'La Rue': 'Mon Dieu, que c'est donc intéressant la rue!' she exclaims. 'Les physiologies des gens, les particularités de chacun, les plongeurs que l'on fait dans les âmes inconnues. Faire vivre tout ça ou plutôt saisir la vie de chacun! . . . Dans cinq ou six siècles ce sera antique et les imbéciles d'alors le vénéreront. . . . Avez-vous regardé ça? Avec la rue et les gens qui passent. Tout ce qui contient un banc, quel roman! quel drame! . . . Ça y





est, ça y est, ça y est ! Il me semble que j'ai trouvé.' She seemed to be finding her way to become a Bastien-Lepage of the streets, to be bringing to that study something of the same insight and natural truth, the same poignant tenderness, which the Lorraine artist brought to the study of the fields, and with an added breadth of touch and delicacy of observation. No artist has yet arisen great enough to deal greatly with the life of modern cities, but the search for that power ever haunts the imagination of the artist, as for a new Holy Grail. London, with its everlasting

film of mist, and its everchanging panorama of tender or grandiose effects ; Paris, with its highly complex and nervous civilisation and curiously varied elements, with its piquancy and pathos so fascinating to the student of human life ;—these in their finest manifestations seem ever to elude the artist. Marie Bashkirtseff, when almost on her deathbed, exclaimed with joy when she thought her hands were on the discovered treasure ; but she died, and the treasure is yet to find.

HAVELOCK ELLIS.

A FRENCH BLAKE : ODILON REDON.

THE name of Odilon Redon is known to but few people in France, and to still fewer people in England. Artistic Paris has never had time to think of the artist who lives so quietly in her midst, working patiently at the record of his visions, by no means discouraged by lack of appreciation, but probably tired of expecting it. Here and there the finer and more alert instinct of some man who has himself brought new gifts to his art—Huysmans, Mallarmé, Charles Morice, the late Emile Hennequin—has divined what there is of vision and creation in this strange grotesque world which surges only half out of chaos—the world of an artist who has seen day and night almost with the eyes of Blake. Art of this kind must, of course, be only an ugly enigma to the good normal people who adore the see-saw of blonde and brunette through the placid pictures of Bouguereau. But there must be many, and especially in the country of Blake, by whom such work could be understood, by whom it must be valued. It is for them that I am putting together these notes, to accompany two reproductions of the work of an artist whom I hope some day to deal with more at length elsewhere.

The work of Odilon Redon—his later work, that which is most characteristic of him—consists of a series of lithographic albums, all published since 1880 : *Dans le Rêve*, *À Edgar Poe*, *Les Origines*, *Hommage à Goya*, *La Tentation de Saint Antoine*, *À Gustave Flaubert*, *Pièces Modernes*, and *Les Fleurs du Mal*. Each album contains from six to ten plates in large folio, printed on *beau papier de Chine*, without text, often without title, or with a vague and tantalising legend, such as 'Au réveil, j'aperçus la Déesse de l'Intelligible, au profil sévère et dur.' So, without an attempt to conciliate the average intelligence, without a word of explanation, without a sign of apology for troubling the brains of his countrymen, Odilon Redon has sent out album after album. So little effect have they produced that it has taken ten years to sell twenty-four out of the twenty-five copies of *Dans le Rêve*. 'Reste 1 exemplaire.'

Odilon Redon is a creator of nightmares. His sense for pure beauty is but slight, or rather for normal beauty ; for he begets upon horror and mystery a new

and strange kind of beauty, which astonishes, which terrifies, but which is yet, in his finest work, beauty all the same. Often the work is not beautiful at all : it can be hideous, never ineffective. He is a genuine visionary : he paints what he sees, and he sees through a window which looks out upon a night without stars. His imagination voyages in worlds not realised, voyages scarcely conscious of its direction. He sees chaos, which peoples its gulfs before him. The abyss swarms—'toutes sortes d'effroyables bêtes surgissent'—animal and vegetable life, the germs of things, a creation of the uncreated. The world and men become spectral under his gaze, become transformed into symbols, into apparitions, for which he can give no account often enough. 'C'est une apparition—voilà tout !' Like Blake, whom he so strangely resembles—totally unacquainted as he is with the work of Blake—he paints the soul and its dreams—specially its bad dreams. He has dedicated some of his albums to Flaubert, to Poe, to Baudelaire ; but their work is to him scarcely so much as a starting-point. His imagination seizes on a word, a chance phrase, and transforms it into a picture which goes far beyond and away from the author's intention—as in the design which has for legend the casual words of Poe : 'L'œil, comme un ballon bizarre, se dirige vers l'Infini.' We see an actual eye and an actual balloon : the thing is grotesque, but no more ridiculous than Ezekiel's wheel of eyes in the drawing of Blake.

The sensation produced by the work of Odilon Redon is, above all, a sensation of infinitude, of a world beyond the visible. Every picture is a little corner of space, where no eye has ever pierced. Vision succeeds vision, dizzily. A cunning arrangement of lines gives one the sense of something without beginning or end—spiral coils, or floating tresses, which seem to reach out, winding or unwinding for ever. And as all this has to be done by black and white, Redon has come to express more by mere shadow than one could have conceived possible. One gazes into a mass of blackness, out of which something gradually disengages itself, with the slowness of a nightmare pressing closer and closer. And, with all that, a charm, a sentiment of grace,

which twines roses in the hair of the vision of Death. The design, 'La Mort,' is certainly his masterpiece. The background is dark; the huge coils which terminate the body are darker than the background, and plunge down heavily into space, doubling hugely upon themselves, coils of living smoke: yet the effect of the picture is one of light—a terror which becomes beautiful as it passes into irony. The death's head—the little vague poverty-stricken face—is white, faint, glimmering under the tendrils of hair and roses—tresses of windy roses which stream along and away with an effect of surprising charm, the lines running out in delicate curves, to be lost in the night. And below, separated from the head by a blotch of sheer blackness, one sees a body—a beautiful, slender, supple body—glittering with a strange acute whiteness, with a delicate arm raised to the empty temples of the skull. Below, in its frightful continuation of the fine morbid flesh of the body, the black column, the huge and heavy coils, which seem endless. The legend is from Flaubert. Death speaks, saying: 'Mon ironie dépasse toutes les autres.'

The two designs here reproduced ('Ammonaria' and 'Le Sphinx et la Chimère') are from the same album—that which illustrates *La Tentation de Saint Antoine*—and are characteristic, though not the finest, examples of Redon's work.¹ The scene of 'Ammonaria' is before the temple of Serapis, at Alexandria. It is a Christian martyr whom they are scourging: she writhes under the blows, in the cruel sunlight: one feels the anguish of the bent and tortured figure, suffering visibly. The other design renders that marvellous dialogue between the Sphinx and the Chimera. 'C'est que je garde mon secret!' says the Sphinx. 'Je songe et je calcule. . . . Et mon regard, que rien ne peut dévier, demeure tendu à travers les choses sur un horizon inaccessible.' 'Moi,' replies the Chimera, 'je suis légère et joyeuse!' and it is a veritable hilarity that one discovers, looking at it rightly, in the regard of the strange creature—a spasm of ironic laughter in the blots of blackness which are its eyes, in the mouth that one divines, in the curl and coil of the whole figure. In the calm gaze and heavy placid pose of the Sphinx—lines of immeasurable age above its eyes—there is a crushing force which weighs on one like a great weight, something external. The power of the Chimera is of the mind and over souls. Vague, terrible, a mockery, a menace, it has the vertigo of the gulf in its eyes, and it draws men toward those 'new perfumes, those larger flowers, those unfelt pleasures,' which are not to be found in the world. In another design the Chimera, spitting fire from its nostrils, light glittering and leaping on wings and tail, turns on itself, distending its jaws in a vast ironic

bark: 'la chimère aux yeux verts, tournoie, aboie.' More terrible, more wonderful, more disquieting is 'Le Diable avec les sept Péchés cardinaux sous ses Ailes.' The design is black upon black, and it is only slowly that a huge and solemn, almost a maternal face, looms out upon one—Satan, placid, monstrous, and winged, who cradles softly the little vague huddled figures of the seven deadly sins, holding them in his large hands, under the shadow of his wings. And there is another Satan, valiantly insurgent against the light that strikes him, a figure of superb power in revolt. Yet another design shows us Pegasus, his beautiful wing broken—a wing that had felt the high skies—falling horribly upon the rocks—all the agony and resistance of the splendid creature seen in the trampling hoofs and heaving sides, and the head caught back by the fall. Again one sees a delicate twilight landscape of trees and birds, a bit of lovely nature, and in it, with the trouble of a vague nightmare, coming there inexplicably, 'Le Joueur,' a man who holds on his shoulders an immense cube painfully: the man and the trees seem surprised to see each other. There is another landscape, a primeval forest, vague and disquieting, and a solitary figure, the figure of a man who is half a tree, like some forgotten deity of a lost race: the forest and the man are at one, and hold converse. And there are heads, heads floating in space, growing on stalks, couched on pedestals; eyeballs, which voyage phantasmally across the night, which emerge out of nests of fungus, which appear, haloed in light, in the space of sky between huge pillars; there are spectral negroes, there are centaurs, there are gnomes, a Cyclops (with the right accent of terrifying and yet comic reality), embryonic formless little shapes, and, persuasively, the Sciapodes of Flaubert: 'La tête le plus bas possible, c'est le secret du bonheur!' 'Il y doit avoir quelque part,' says Flaubert, 'des figures primordiales, dont les corps ne sont que les images'—and Redon has drawn them, done the impossible. The Chimera glides mystically through the whole series. Death, the irony; Life, the dream; Satan, the visible prince of darkness, pass and repass in the eternal dance of apparitions.

I have called Odilon Redon a French Blake. The kinship is indeed wonderful. One sees it not only in their merits. The drawing of Redon, like that of Blake, is only too often faulty; his men and women are only awkward spectres, his human faces lack the very elements of beauty. But he, like Blake, and like Blake only, has given the sense of the beyond, has seen across and through the visible. He has the same awful loneliness, the same chill of the air that the stars and moon breathe in the night. But the heaven of his visions is after all a lower heaven than that where the morning stars sang together. He has not the supreme rapture: he cannot create God or the angels. That has been done once, and once only—by the divine child and companion of spirits that was Blake.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

¹ These examples are, however, those which were found to lend themselves most readily to reproduction. M. Redon most kindly permitted us an extensive range of choice, and has been good enough to express his satisfaction with the proofs submitted to him.—ED.

PARIS CAUSERIE.

PARIS, 14th May.

June 1890.

THE *vernissage* of the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts (*Les Nationaux*, as the new Society is already nicknamed) took place to-day, and the success of the new Salon was complete. The exhibition is held in the galleries of the Palace of Fine Arts of the Grand Exhibition of last year at the Champs de Mars. The artistic arrangements of the rooms are perfect. Two long galleries and ten small rooms have been hung with claret colour *courrette*, the upper part of the walls and the cornices are painted dull grey ornamented with gilt designs of leaves and palm branches, and at intervals are placed panels bearing the names of celebrated artists in gilt characters. A white vellum stretched frame-wise under the glass roofing softens the light, while a narrower vellum, about five mètres from the ground, is stretched down the centre of the galleries. The pictures are placed low down on a level with the visitor, here and there a second row of pictures has been placed over the first, but the space allowed between the frames avoids all appearance of overcrowding, and thus it happens that a certain number of exhibits of indifferent merit pass muster along with their betters, for it must be said that among the 1400 exhibits which figure in this 'select' Salon, a certain number appear to have been admitted *par camaraderie* to fill up blanks in the walls. The sculpture exhibits have been placed in the gallery under the Central Dome; tapestry, carpets, divans, a plentiful supply of shrubs and palms enliven the appearance of the galleries, which, crowded, as they were to-day, with pretty women in gay spring toilettes, presented quite a charming aspect. If called upon to express a sincere and impartial opinion, it would not be fair to say that the intrinsic and artistic merits of the exhibits at the Champs de Mars are very superior to the more numerous collection at the Champs Elysées. M. Puvion de Chavannes' decorative panel 'Inter Artes et Naturam'; M. Meissonier's 'Battle of Jéna,' M. Carolus Duran's portraits; the sculpture exhibits of MM. Dalou, Rodin, and Baffier, are all works of a high order; yet, the exhibits of MM. Harpignies, Benjamin Constant, Lefebvre, Chapu, Falguière, Leshaplanche, and others mentioned above, are equal to the best work to be seen at the *Nationaux*. Besides, the Champs Elysées Salon possesses a picture which, notwithstanding certain slight errors of drawing and colouring, is full of youthful vigour, and promise of something still better to come. I allude to M. Checa's 'Roman Chariot Race.' Now, what is wanting among the many specimens of good painting and faultless technique at the Champs de Mars is a work which strikes one as something new, original, with the dash and *audace* of the young beginner of talent, or possessing that spark of genius which marks the coming master.

The first Exhibition of the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts (president M. Meissonier) has proved a success, and I hear on good authority that they have already covered their expenses. From the artistic point of view the Champs de Mars Salon is superior to the Art Fair at the Champs Elysées, and it is very likely that next year many of the exhibitors at the last-named gallery will join the new Society, which will then become the Salon *par excellence*. One of the most notable features of the Société Nationale Exhibition consists in the number of foreign artists who figure among the exhibitors, almost all of whom are above the common average: take, for instance, M. Artz's 'Petite Menagère'; MM. Verstraete, Hagbourg, Mesdag, and Edesfelt, who have contributed some fine landscapes, marines, and scenes of popular life in Holland, Finland, and Sweden; Fritz Uhdé's 'La-bas est l'Auberge'; M. Von Stetten's 'The Eldest Sister'; M. Boldini's impressionist portraits; the fine sea-pictures of Messrs. Harrison and Moore, not to speak of other works of merit by Italian and Spanish artists. The hearty welcome given to foreigners, and the absence of medals—the awarding of which was a constant source of jealousy, intrigue, and discontent—will contribute to a great extent to the success of the Société Nationale. It happens that the drawbacks attending the distribution of rewards have just been shown in a striking manner on the occasion of this year's Médaille d'Honneur, which is given by Government to the Société des Artistes Française, with the object of its being conferred by suffrage on the best work of the year. The leading competitors were M. Benjamin Constant, M. Harpignies, and M. Français. It was decided that this year, and for the first time, the Medal should be given to a landscape-painter, so M. Benjamin Constant's name was eliminated. M. Harpignies' long and noble artistic career placed him at once first on the list, but owing to *camaraderie* influence M. Français obtained the Médaille d'Honneur. The painter of 'Matinée Bru-meuse' is a charming and 'sympathetic' artist, whose long career (he was born in 1814) fully deserves to be honoured, but M. Harpignies, who has not missed a Salon for the last thirty-seven years, is a greater artist, and his 'Crépuscule' at this year's Salon is a noble picture, vastly superior to anything M. Français has ever painted. Another instance, M. Ulpiano Checa's 'Roman Chariot Race,' is one of the most striking works we have seen for the last three years at the Salon, and, as the *début* of a young artist, deserved a Première Médaille, instead of which they vote him a Troisième Médaille. M. Van Beers, who has met with the same fate, has refused to accept the honour conferred on him in a sharp letter addressed to M. Bouguereau. We shall probably meet these

two victims of awards next year at the Champs de Mars.

Les Revenants, a translation of Ibsen's *Ghosts*, by M. Rodolphe Dazens, has been played recently at M. Antoine's Théâtre Libre. There were, as customary, only two performances, one for the press, the other for subscribers. It is difficult to say whether Ibsen's drama would be favourably received by the general public, but to judge by the attitude of the select audience of the Théâtre Libre, which was composed of the *élite* of Parisian artistic and literary society, I should say that the less literary element of everyday theatre-goers would vote the Norwegian dramatist—*ennuyeux*. The philosophical deductions to be drawn from *Nora*, *The Pillars of Society*, and *Ghosts* are so foreign to current French ideas, the style and form of the dialogue offer such a contrast to the concise and witty language of the French stage, that an average Parisian audience would in all probability fail to understand and appreciate the aim of the author. Ibsen was unknown to French literary men of the day until recently; two articles of M. Jules Lemaitre, written last September, and followed by the eulogistic appreciations of some of the young writers of the Impressionist school, first called the attention of a 'select few' to the work and strong personality of the author. M. Antoine deserves due commendation for his intelligent venture in producing *Ghosts* on his stage before a Parisian audience. Unfortunately the play was very indifferently acted, for the actors did not understand their parts. Alone, M. Antoine was admirable in the part of Oswald; his version of the celebrated scene with his mother was as good a piece of intelligent acting as I have seen on any stage. The audience was curious enough: the elderly spectators were quite at sea, though they tried hard to take an interest in what they had read was a *chef-d'œuvre* of a new order; an enthusiastic group of *naturalistes* were loud in their applause, but the ladies gave the most evident signs of *ennui*. It was altogether a strange and interesting spectacle both on the stage and in the house. M. Lemaitre, in the dramatic *feuilleton* of the *Journal des Débats*, says that *Ghosts* is a drama which stirs the spectator to the very depth of his soul, but it must be read and studied beforehand, and he advises his readers to content themselves with reading Ibsen's works until they can see them acted as they deserve to be. M. Sarcey, the 'influential' critic of the *Temps*, writes in his usual outspoken, familiar way: 'I am rather embarrassed in speaking of *Ghosts*. It is an understood thing that it is a work of the first order; this I have heard repeated for the last week in every possible manner, and loud were the exclamations of admiration at the Théâtre Libre on the production of the "incomparable masterpiece of the Norwegian Shakespeare." Before such admiration I feel uneasy; I must have been bewitched, but it is my duty to give my opinion and not that of others. The truth is that I did not understand much of Ibsen's

chef-d'œuvre, and had I not taken the precaution of reading it beforehand, I should not have understood it at all.' Alluding to the habit now adopted by actors of speaking on the stage as they would in a room, or in the habitual tone of everyday conversation, and which, if more natural, is not suited to the dimensions of a theatre, he says: 'I cannot insist too much on this point—in a theatre the audience must hear. It is all very well for people to tell me that *Ghosts* is supposed to be played under a leaden sky on a rainy day, that the dull monotonous tone of some parts of the dialogue contributes to the general effect of melancholy which the play must produce. All these reasons are quite indifferent to me. Representing as I do a unit of the audience, I must hear, for I cannot take any interest in the drama if I do not hear the dialogue. It is true that in everyday life one does not speak to a friend as if one was addressing 800 persons. But when 800 persons come to a theatre to hear, you must speak so that they may all hear. . . . *Ghosts* appears to be more adapted to reading than to the stage. All passes in conversation, in philosophical conversations argued and discussed by persons who do not explain clearly enough what they mean. Each personage in turn explains the state of his mind; now their minds are so different from ours that it is very difficult to sympathise with the feelings which inspire them or to understand the motives which make them act.' With regard to the confession scene between mother and son, M. Sarcey continues in his familiar strain: '*Dame, vous savez*, all this appeared very strange to me! Things may possibly happen thus in Norway. In Russian literature we find descriptions of certain states of mind I have great difficulty in understanding; it is possible that such is also the case in Norwegian literature. Yet, it seems to me that there are many of Shakespeare's characters I have no difficulty in understanding. . . . Certain subtle spirits called my attention to the last words of Oswald, "Sun! sunlight!" and reminded me that the drama began with the words, "How it rains!" This, they said, is the melancholy bass accompaniment of the drama, and accentuates its sadness; sunlight is what is wanted. I must confess that my powers of imagination are more limited. When I am told in the first act that it is raining, this detail doesn't interest me; I think no more about it once the dramatic action begins, and to me it is just as if it has never rained at all, for in a theatre it is only what we see that interests us. . . . But I suppose I must be wrong, for I seem to be the only person of this opinion.' No, M. Sarcey is not wrong; his impressions are those most likely to be shared by the general public; his love of 'calling a cat a cat' is the reason of his great influence in the dramatic world, and, though he is not always impartial, yet his common-sense view of things is generally ratified by the public. I do not say this to justify his somewhat narrow-minded criticism of Ibsen's drama, but rather to explain the influence his

judgment is likely to have on theatre-loving Parisians. I believe M. Antoine intends giving a few of his least *naturaliste* plays in London, where *Ghosts* is likely to meet with a better reception than it met with in this city.

Une Vie d'Artiste is the title of a volume of artistic reminiscences which has just appeared; its author is the well-known painter and poet—M. Jules Breton. The painter of 'Les Communiantes' is now a seventy-three years old member of the Institut of France, Officer of the Legion of Honour, and has won successively all the Salon medals, including the much-coveted 'Médaille d'Honneur.' He leads quite a patriarchal life at Courrières, in the north of France, his birthplace, where he paints and writes in the midst of his artistic family circle, composed of his brother (Emile Breton), his daughter (Mme. Demont-Breton), and his son-in-law (M. Demont), all three well-known painters of scenes of country life. Every year Jules Breton sends two pictures to the Salon, and this year his 'Lavandière' and 'Les dernières Fleurs' rank among the best exhibits now on view at the Champs Elysées gallery. During the last fifty years

M. Jules Breton has become acquainted with almost every French painter of renown, and his volume of reminiscences contains many curious and interesting anecdotes and impressions concerning Troyon, Rousseau, Dupré, Corot, Courbet, Bastien-Lepage, Millet, and other celebrated artists; it is a work specially interesting to artists and all who interest themselves in the history of French art during the last half-century.

M. Philippe Burty, the well-known critic and collector of old engravings and art curios, died suddenly a few days since at Parays (Lot-et-Garonne). It was Burty and the brothers de Goncourt who may be said to have discovered Japanese art, and Burty did his utmost to impress upon his contemporaries the lessons of brilliant colouring and fantasy of design which are to be learnt by the intelligent study of the art of the Far East. His influence was always exercised usefully, and his loss ought to be deeply regretted in art circles. He published several volumes, among which is a deeply interesting work on the etchings of Seymour Haden.

C. NICHOLSON.

THE PASSION PLAY AT OBERAMMERGAU.

THE last of the Miracle Plays is celebrating its twenty-sixth decade in this year of grace 1890.

Ever since 1633 has an unbroken succession of representations been given by the inhabitants of this obscure little hamlet, which nestles in a valley surrounded by noble mountains. The quietude of such a spot under ordinary circumstances, and the simplicity of the life led by these peasants, would seem to be the best preparation for the presentment of so sacred a drama as the Life and Death of Christ, and the earnest devotion and humble reverence with which the whole is carried out places the Passion Play above the ordinary canons of criticism. It is not fair to regard that as a theatrical performance which is not only a solemn fulfilment of a vow, but also a true act of worship, made by a devout people. The mere fact of European notoriety, and the presence of strange crowds, need not, and does not, detract from the sacredness of the subject, nor the genuine piety with which it is carried out. As they believe in their religion, so they believe in their play.

Early in the seventeenth century a terrible pest was ravaging that part of Europe, and Oberammergau, from its isolation, hoped to escape its contagion, for which purpose the strictest quarantine had been ordered by the chiefs of the village. A native, who had been engaged in some work outside the bounds, desiring to celebrate a festival in his home circle, crept in unawares, with the result of some forty deaths. The terrified villagers, in solemn assembly, vowed that they and their children's children would represent the Passion and Death of Christ every ten years for ever, and the plague was stayed. At first the play

was a mere development of the ancient 'Miracle Play' which was used as a pictorial instruction for the ignorant in the middle ages, when the arts of reading and writing were strictly confined to the monasteries, and it contained much of the grotesque and comic element which characterised those old prototypes of the modern drama. At last these things became a scandal, and provoked the righteous indignation of the Bishop of Salzburg, at the end of last century, so that in consequence all sacred plays were suppressed. The Passion Play at Oberammergau, however, was suffered to continue undisturbed; the text was revised and the objectionable portions expunged. In 1840 a beautiful and poetic version in blank verse was written by one Alois Daisenberger, a man of true culture, to whose kindly influence as village pastor the peasants owe much of their traditional reverence for their play. The stately choruses now in use, which are interspersed during the day between the representations, are also his work, and add a dignity to the whole; but, rightly or wrongly, the Daisenberger version of the play has been discarded, and a prose text substituted which is full of dramatic crispness, although less poetical, and has enabled the authors to insert bodily passages from the Bible itself, which the exigencies of blank verse did not allow. The music of the choruses, moreover, is also native work, and was written early in this century by Rochus Dedler, the schoolmaster and organist of the village. It is at once solemn and impressive, and is thoroughly suited to the purpose for which it was written. This is not surprising, since this part of the



Bavarian highlands is the home of the zither, and almost every one possesses a natural talent for both singing and playing.

Every possible step is taken to prevent the intrusion of worldly or sordid motives in the conduct of the performance. The custom still obtains for the burgo-master to allot accommodation to visitors in the village, and seats are then obtained by the peasant host at fixed invariable prices. The peasants are not allowed to charge more than what seems a very small sum for board and lodging. Strangers are still regarded by this happy people as sympathising spectators, and not as mere money-ducks, and the decennial contact with European and Western vulgarity does not seem to have smirched the character of this kindly race. The Bavarian peasant is a high-bred gentleman, with the courteous grace which so often distinguishes the mountain tribe. His salutations are dignified, and without a trace of servility. As an equal he does the honours of his country to any stranger who speaks him fair, or shows any interest in him and his, and if he does not dig, he is certainly ashamed to beg.

Great care is exercised in the important choice of a caste. To prevent favouritism and jealousy it is intrusted to forty-five householders, who arrange the parts by voting at the end of the year previous to the performance. Sometimes very different parts are played by the same man on different occasions, *e.g.* the St. John of last decade is the Judas of this. But if possible the same caste is adhered to, so that familiarity with a part may heighten its effect. Thus, Johann Lang, the burgo-master, plays Caiaphas for the fourth, Jacob Hett Peter for the fourth, Thomas Rendl Pilate for the second, time, and Josef Mayr Christ for the third time. The play is begun as early as five in the morning, when the band of the players marches with drum and trumpet through the village, after which they all troop to mass in the church as a fit preparation for the part each has to sustain. At eight o'clock a big gun booms away among the hills, which is the signal for the entrance of the Chorus robed in classically flowing garments, and golden crowns upon their brows. The only covered portion of the stage is the central pediment under which the principal scenes and tableaux are enacted, so that boisterous wind, cold rain, or fierce sun beat upon their faces unregarded as they sing on at intervals from eight in the morning till five in the evening.

The play itself consists of eighteen scenes from the life of Christ, preceded by illustrative typical tableaux from the Old Testament, during which the Chorus, in the manner of the old Greek drama, sings a running prayerful commentary. These tableaux exemplify the care and thought of the peasants more than anything in the whole representation. The artistic arrangement of colour, and the picturesque grouping of large crowds of men, women, and children, and the statuesque stillness with which even the smallest child stands, shows what artistic as well as religious enthusiasm can pro-

duce, without any technical training, and the rapid changes of posture made between each picture denote such organisation as any London manager would be proud of. The drama begins with Christ's triumphal entry into Jerusalem, and ends with the Ascension. Nothing is omitted which gives either dramatic force or religious weight to the succession of events that it portrays; and yet the story is told without bias, and with such perfect fairness that one is able to realise points in it which the Bible version only lightly touches. One is the position of the much-abused Pilate, his desire to please the people struggling with his evident intention and wish to do justice, which latter he exemplifies by having the ruffian Barabas brought forward and placed side by side with Christ; his fear lest the grumbling of the Pharisees might induce Cæsar to depose him from his governorship; and, lastly, his supreme indifference to the importance of their religion. 'What is truth?' exclaims this sceptical worshipper of his own gods, and in this query is embodied the whole spirit of Roman agnosticism. The noble bearing of Thomas Rendl in this part forms a striking contrast to the excitability of the crowd of Pharisees clamouring for their victim, and he it is who was chosen to play the part of Christ during the temporary indisposition of Josef Mayr. It is not easy, within the limits of an article, to give an adequate description of the impersonation of Christ by this now world-famous man. It is not by reason of his commanding height and singularly graceful proportions that he at once becomes the central figure in whatever scene is being represented; it is more by the dignified calm and suppressed power expressed in his noble carriage that he appears as the great Leader of the people. Rugged in exterior, and with a face furrowed with lines of sorrow and thought, the foreboding anticipation of his coming fate being ever present to him, there is yet a fixed inspiration of determination to drink the cup to its bitter dregs. Tenderness and love, such as only strong lines can express, occasionally break like sunbeams over his countenance when evoked by the presence of his mother, the women at Bethany, or some kindly personal office performed by 'the disciple whom Jesus loved.' He embodies the humanity as well as the majesty of Christ, without a trace of the effeminacy which so often characterises the pictures we are accustomed to see. Once, and once only, is his transcendent power momentarily aroused to action—in the scene where he drives the money-changers out of the Temple. Any irritation or haste in the use of the scourge, or in the overturning of the tables, would at once verge on the grotesque, but his righteous indignation is merely expressed for the moment by the act, which is done without the slightest loss of dignity. Great stress is laid on the importance of this act of Christ's in determining his future fate. The discomfited money-changers, accompanied by the Pharisees, clamour for redress at the hand of the Sanhedrin, who, moved to

wrath at his interference, and glad to find a pretext against him, immediately begin to compass his death. In the scene where the traitor Judas bargains with the Sanhedrin for thirty pieces of silver, Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea stoutly protest, as members of that body, against these proceedings, and, in order to mark their sense of the injustice, they withdraw together. These and several other illustrative points are admirably brought in, and they heighten the interest in scenes which, from their sameness and length, would be otherwise intolerably tedious. The bearing of Johann Lang, the burgomaster of the village, as Caiaphas the High Priest is very fine and impressive. When Christ is led before him, for the first time he rises to his feet, and, facing his prisoner with folded arms, accuses him of breaking the Law of Moses, and his 'He hath spoken blasphemy: what further need have we of witness?' spoken in a burst of half triumph, half rage, as he rends his clothes, give the full effect of the enormity of the crime committed by Christ in the eyes of the Pharisees. Here are the Old and the New Religion brought together face to face—the one proud and self-asserting, the other passive but firm. The spectator is then taken step by step through the successive events of the terrible night before the Crucifixion. The brutal treatment of Christ by the Roman soldiery is sufficiently real to appeal to the imagination without giving the sense of being overdone, while the silent patience of the sufferer stands out in full relief against their rough taunts and cruel blows, and they follow the tradition in forcing the crown of thorns on to the brow of Christ with two crossed sticks. Perhaps the most realistic scene of all is that which represents the road to Calvary. The slow, toilsome procession; the faltering step; the weary figure of Christ bending under the cross until he sinks prone under its weight; the protests of Simon of Cyrene at being compelled by the soldiers to assist until, recognising in the Sufferer the Holy Man of Nazareth, he cheerfully consents; the incident of Veronica as she offers him her handkerchief wherewith to wipe his face; his farewell to the women: 'Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves, and for your children. For, behold, the days are coming, in which they shall say, Blessed are the barren, and the wombs that never bare, and the paps that never gave suck. Then shall they begin to say to the mountains, Fall on us; and to the hills, Cover us. For if they do these things in a green tree, what shall be done in the dry?'—these words, so intensely dramatic, uttered by living beings before our very eyes, with all the attendant pain, crime, and wrong brought vividly before us, go deeper into the imagination than any painted or written record. In moments such as these the sense of acting is entirely forgotten, and the very living Christ seems to suffer and endure before our eyes. Stage and audience alike disappear, and we weep with the holy mother, and despair with the disciples. Then is the great culminating-point of the

drama reached, when from behind the curtain the blows of a mallet are heard, and upon Golgotha is disclosed the Christ, nailed hand and foot, supine upon the ground. The cross is slowly raised, and for five-and-twenty minutes, during which the seven 'last words' are spoken amid the jeering crowd of Romans and Pharisees, he hangs there with no visible attachment save the nails. After the death the scoffing multitudes withdraw, awed into silence by the terrible events of the earthquake and rending of the temple vail. Then follows the descent from the cross, so beautiful, that it comes as a relief to witness the slow tender care with which the body is gently lowered, and placed in the lap of his weeping mother.

Rosa Lang, the burgomaster's daughter, who takes the part of the Virgin Mary, displays great sympathy in her part. Her face is cast in a more tragic mould, it possesses to a greater degree the expression of constant endurance of grief, than one usually sees in paintings, and her voice has a rich pathetic ring in it which fitly conveys her great sorrow. The most picturesque character of all is the St. John of Peter Rendl. He is a truly handsome youth of almost feminine beauty, whose personality affords a striking contrast to the rugged grandeur of Mayr. His loving care of the mother of Christ, his look of thanks, almost melting in its tenderness, when his master washes his feet at the Last Supper, the beautiful comradeship between him and the other disciples,—ever and anon throughout the play does this pure figure intervene to soften the roughness which characterises the fishermen of Galilee, so that one realises to the full the affinity which exists between him and the Rabbi.

The Judas of Johann Zwink is a curious performance. Whether his monotonous and slightly stogy action is referable to an attempt at modern melodrama, or is a relic of the mediæval comic view of the 'vice,' is difficult to determine; it inclines to the latter, for, at his reception of the sop and his rapid exit, there was a slight titter among the peasant section of the audience. It has been a time-honoured custom for the common people to regard this incident as comic, and, though its irreverence strikes a jarring note in the harmony of the scene, it is nevertheless historically interesting as being a relic of the grotesqueries which characterised the old Miracle Plays. Though stogy, Zwink is decidedly powerful; his strongest scene is with the Sanhedrin, when he flings the blood-money upon the floor with 'May Hell swallow you and me!' and his weakest is his long soliloquy, and final suicide, which, however, would try the capacity of the most trained actor.

Criticism, however, can scarcely be applied to a work of such lofty aim, where all participate with a religious enthusiasm, and where the object desired is simply to hold up the Life and Death of Christ in its full beauty and meaning, and no one can be present at the Play without carrying home with him a profound impression of the piety, simplicity, and artistic culture of the villagers of Oberammergau. GILBERT COLERIDGE.

A BOHEMIAN HOLIDAY IN SWITZERLAND.

MY brother Jack and I were sent off on a walking tour to find a habitation for the rest of the family. We had done so with great success once before, in the north of Switzerland, but our hunting-ground this time



was the south-west. It was July, and the side valleys of the Rhone were very hot. Everybody we spoke to said they had never heard of anything so absurd as taking a house, we ought to go to a hotel like other people. We were at last directed to a place where several rooms might be let in the Saas Valley. What a place it was! Guided by a peasant we walked for some hours up the gorge that leads to Saas-Fee, and about half-way between Stalden and Saas-Fee stood a house with an unpronounceable name. It stood between the path and the torrent. One story high in front and three or four behind. Below it the cliffs fell straight down to the grey roaring Visp; above, and on the other side, they rose straight up to the deep blue sky. An interesting place to look at, but to live there for months! A fly that could walk on a wall might be comfortable, but for ordinary bipeds there could be no way of stretching the limbs except to walk along the rocky path up or down the valley. Above the cliffs no doubt there were flowery 'alps,' great stretches of peak and glacier, but little good they would have done us with that mighty wall of rock between.

No. We abandoned that one faint hope and turned our steps down stream again. We had in fact 'all the world before us where to chose,' but to choose through all the world takes time and money. We were roasting on foot in the valleys, and the rest of the family was boiling at Veney in the uncomfortable position of daily expecting marching orders from us.

It seemed quite casually that a nice-looking young woman told us that her uncle, Herr Major Barti, at Embs had a large new house which he wanted to let. Embs was described as the most delightful place on earth, and a Herr Major a landed proprietor sounded highly civilised.

We took train down the Rhone Valley again and got out at Tourtemagne.

We were the only people who got out there and the railway officials were much surprised that we did so, and quite determined that we should go on by the next train, after seeing the waterfall. We said we did not want to see the waterfall, but to go to Embs, and there see Herr Barti.

Thereupon the stationmaster (a little French Swiss), said he owed Herr Barti a call, and would go with us. On the way we picked up a big Italian who also said he would go to see Herr Barti. The little Frenchman told us this was the most important commercial gentleman in Tourtemagne.

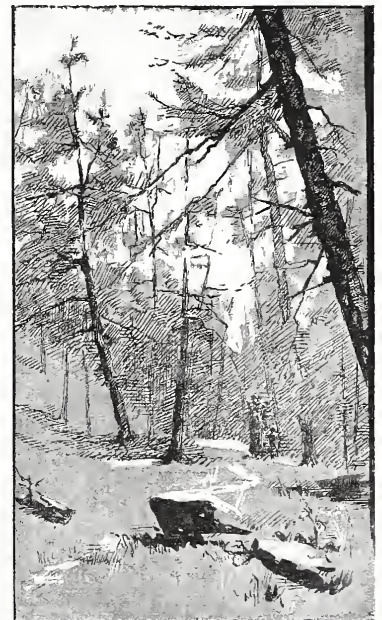
Embs is 1800 feet above Tourtemagne, reached by a mule-path, steep, rough, and shadeless. Jack and I would have done it in an hour, but our escort vowed that such quick walking was suicidal. We did at last reach Embs. A little cluster of dark wooden houses, and a white church standing on a green plateau with a few fruit-trees. Tempting little paths led up into larch woods, and the place looked fresh and breezy.

We went straight to Herr Barti's big new house, and there found Herr Barti himself. A tall, grey-haired man, attired in the usual baggy Swiss trousers, a dirty shirt gaping open in front, and an absurd little round hat like a child's. We would have liked to enter on business at once, but no, there must be refreshment, and in this our escort heartily concurred.

It may have been due to the refreshment that Herr Barti came to terms at once and with enthusiasm.

The house was large enough, and had the cleanliness of novelty; the situation was pleasant, and Herr Barti promised us good beds, a good kitchen range, and indeed all the requisites in abundance, within three days. For these three days Jack and I were to live in an inn at Tourtemagne, highly recommended by all the party.

We stayed only one night at that inn. Not that the



inn was very bad, but the Rhone Valley in the middle of July was intolerable. We were both depressed when we met for breakfast next morning. We went to see the waterfall, and the cold breeze from its icy mass

brought refreshment to us, and then we said simultaneously that such another night we could not endure. What it was is hard to say—not mere heat, but that quality that gives the Rhone Valley the name of being pestilential.

So we went up to Embs again, determined to stay there though we had to camp out in the woods.

Our house was in a great uproar. I have not yet mentioned Frau Barti, a sweet-faced, dark-eyed woman, with, alas! an incipient *goutre*, who said little in the first interview, but was

thrown into a state of almost hysterical joy by our taking the house. Then there was a niece, Marie, a tall slim girl with the features and complexion of a mulatto, who beamed upon us and seemed dying to serve us.

When we went up to Embs that second day to stay, Frau Barti had gone to Sion a-shopping on our account, a very suitable proceeding on her part, and three or four women had come into the house to clean, and all the other women of the village had come to hear the news and see how things got on.

For the present the proposal to camp out proved not such a very wild one.

Herr Barti promised us food almost as gaily as he had promised us everything else, so Jack and I spent the morning in the woods, and at one o'clock came in for dinner, as promised, but neither Herr Barti nor Marie had thought at all about dinner; one of the scrubbing women had upset her pail of water into the fire and extinguished it, but it did not matter, there was plenty to eat, eggs and bread. Raw eggs, and bread a month old. The Bartis thought it very odd that we could not eat these. Milk and butter? Oh yes, they could be got from the mountain by night-time. Meantime the hungry Briton had to wait till the fire was lighted and the eggs boiled; and after all, naturally enough, was fain to climb a cherry-tree and satisfy his hunger as he might with the poor largestoned fruit.

During these three days our spirits sank. We grew thin upon the hard bread and eggs, though we got milk and coffee besides,—not butter, it was too bad. We

were tantalised by the belief that there was plenty to eat if we could have got at it, but neither of us could cook much, and how was any one to cook at all, when all the fire in the house consisted in some sticks laid on an open hearth, constantly in the possession of numberless women and girls, who tried to heat pails of water over it, and frequently poured them into it to its extinction. Nobody seemed to think it mattered much where these pails of water went. So long as they came into the house, they must do it good. I began to wish I knew how scrubbing should be done. I had looked upon it as a performance that hitherto came naturally to women of the working class, as throwing stones does to boys; but when six women employ three days in scrubbing out six rooms, and can't get it done after all, there must be something wrong.

All this time there was no sign of Frau Barti and the kitchen range and the additional beds.

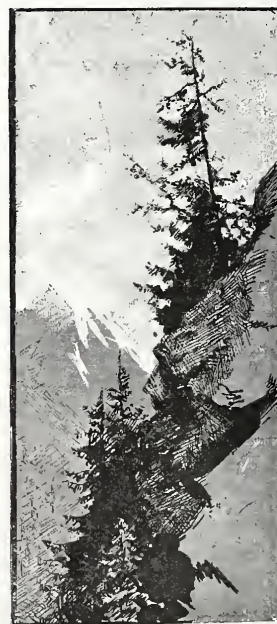
Suppose when the others came there were nothing but these damp and dirty floors for them to sleep on! And come they did, twelve hours before they were expected—in the morning instead of the evening. That day worked wonders, however. Frau Barti came home. All day the mule-path was alive with men carrying beds and bedding. Four men actually brought up the kitchen range, and tables, chairs, and a sofa came as if by magic.

Jack and I during our three days of starvation looked forward to the arrival of a kitchen range and baths, and a person who could cook, as the term of our sufferings; but when it came to details, it was not all quite simple, though Herr Barti said it was.

Herr Barti was not only a Major in the Swiss army, but postmaster, policeman, and shop-keeper at Embs, so he was the person to refer to for everything.

Meat, he said, we could easily get. It was only a matter of sending to Lenk, six miles off by mule-path. Fresh meat could be got there twice a week. In the garden there was abundance of vegetables; the early ones would be ready in about a week. Milk and butter could be got by ordering from the Alp, *i.e.* farm high up on the mountain, where all the cattle had gone for the hot months.

For the present, it was a case of live horse and the grass will grow, especially as the new kitchen stove would not work.



In Herr Barti's shop there were dried peas and beans, coffee, macaroni, sugar, and, wonderful to relate, tea. The Bartis were very proud of having tea, and seemed to consider it proof of great enlightenment. We bought some and made it. It smelt queer, it tasted queerer. We summoned Frau Barti; she smelt it, tasted it, and exclaimed, 'Cloves!' Was it possible we had infused cloves instead of tea? 'No, no,' Frau explained. The tea and the cloves lived in paper bags side by side in the shop, and they had no doubt got a little mixed, but it was quite wholesome. Wholesome doubtless, but detestable.

To the last, house-keeping at Embs remained laborious. The tinned foods that are such a resource at home were quite unobtainable, and over the arrival of everything we ordered there hung a painful uncertainty.

One morning after we thought ourselves quite settled, we came down to a dining-room blankly destitute of furniture. The things had disappeared as mysteriously as they came, had in fact returned to their rightful owner, the parish priest, from whom they had been borrowed for our use during an absence of his, needless to say without leave. After the expression of some indignation on our part, other tables and chairs came again as if by magic, but from whom they were begged, borrowed, or stolen we never knew.

Nothing ever happened at any particular time at Embs. Connection with the outer world was kept up by Marie Barti, who climbed down to Tourtemagne

with a big basket on her back three times a week, and in the basket brought up letters, bread, coffee, tobacco, everything in fact that the village did not produce for itself, all mixed up together. Marie was a slight girl of sixteen, and the load was sometimes enormous, but she gave the whole day to the journey, and did not seem to feel it.

Sometimes we went to Tourtemagne ourselves; but that important commercial gentleman who was our first acquaintance there was not a satis-

factory tradesman. To get a sheet of blotting-paper in Tourtemagne was quite impossible, and efforts after a tooth-brush were ludicrous, but too disgusting to relate.

Lenk was always described to us as a great town, so

to get a whiff of civilisation Jack and I went there one day. We saw two great old churches, and little else. A few dilapidated houses, and a very few inhabitants.

There was a druggist's shop, and into it we tried to get, but the druggist had gone to Leukerbad, and the person with whom he had left the keys had gone somewhere else.

Except for these practical difficulties, Embs was a very pleasant place to live at. This was mainly due to the great friendliness and pleasantness of all the people. Refined I cannot say they were, for they were very dirty; but they had the perfect manners that seem natural to people in a very simple society, and they were very musical.

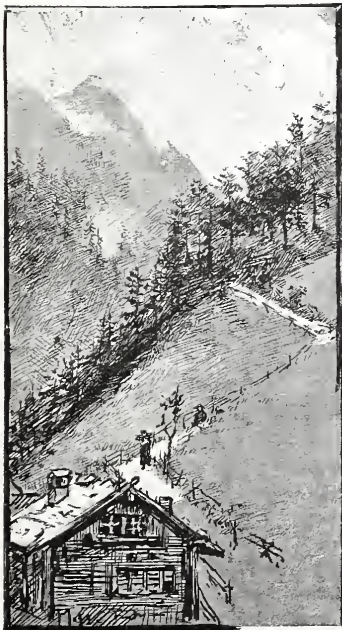
The universal desire to serve us cannot have been quite disinterested, but it was always prettily and never forwardly expressed.

Sometimes it was embarrassing, as when a small boy introduced all the fat caterpillars he could find into our parlour, because he had seen one of my brothers rejoice over the discovery of a curious one.

We made many splendid expeditions from Embs; but who would attempt to describe Switzerland after Mr. Ruskin and Mark Twain. We did a good many Bædeker tours, and those who were strong did, what we liked much better, scrambling and rambling among the wild peaks, the spurs of the Weisshorn that were immediately around us. There we saw chamois gambolling about, and gathered handfuls of edelweiss, and many other flowers we valued more.

We got quite a sense of proprietorship in the Val Tourtemagne, the steep valley, sixteen miles long, through which the Tourtman Bach flows from its great glacier in the Weisshorn down to the Rhone. Flow is hardly the word—it rushes down, a roaring torrent, of which any few yards would in England be considered an important waterfall, gray with glacier sand, and with never a pool till it takes one great final leap into a deep dark pot. An awful stream, in which no fish could live nor human being bathe.

The Rhone confined within its artificial bank is no better. The flat Rhone Valley has considerable charm. The old dark wooden houses, the old inns forsaken since the railway has come, great stone churches, winding lanes with flowery hedgerows, and quaint



carts drawn by oxen passing slowly along them. It lets one understand the mediæval aversion to mountains. It would be all so much better without these vast slopes of gray rock at each side that shut out the sky and distance.

Yet the gray slopes have woods of stone pine, and little aromatic shrubs and stone crops growing at their feet, and the little villages that look like flies on the wall, have each a character of their own, perhaps as much character as Embs that we grew so fond of.

It was when our party began to break up that the Embsers came out strongly. One of my brothers was

the first to go, and the night before his departure all the musicians of the village ranged themselves along our garden railing and sang to us, singing beautifully in parts. When the last moment came, Frau Barti fell on the young man's neck and wept, and presented him with a large tin box of mulberries, juicy, and leaking freely.

When the people knew we liked it they often serenaded us. Several of them had beautiful voices, and I have never enjoyed any concert more than that which I heard from my own bedroom window whilst the moon rose behind the dark trees in our valley.

REVIEW: SCOTTISH NATIONAL MEMORIALS.¹

THE artistic and antiquarian collections contained in the Glasgow International Exhibition of 1888 were rich and important enough to merit a very substantial and permanent memorial, and this they certainly have found. First came the *Century of Artists* recording and reproducing its loan collection of pictures and works of sculpture; and now we have an even more sumptuous volume devoted to the archaeological collection that filled the 'Bishop's Castle' of the Exhibition.

Hitherto the standard book of reference upon Scottish antiquities has been the admirable little catalogue of the museum which the Archaeological Institute brought together in Edinburgh in 1856, a volume published by the Messrs. Constable, and edited by Mr. Albert Way, with the assistance of the best antiquaries of his time. The imposing folio

that has just issued from the same press vastly outshines its modest forerunner; indeed, in the tasteful excellence of its printing and general aspect, in the beauty of its coloured and other full-page Japanese-paper plates, and in the multitude and illustrative richness of its subsidiary woodcuts and reproductions, the large-sized edition of the book, of which a copy is now before us, may rank as one of the most sumptuous works ever published in Scotland.

The editorial supervision of the book has fallen to Mr. Paton, of the Glasgow Corporation Galleries. He has gathered round him, as fellow-workers, some of the most accomplished of contemporary antiquarian specialists; and these, entering upon the labours of men like the Ways and Robertsons of a previous generation, have been able to throw much fresh light upon old Scottish relics, and to concentrate in the focus of their volume much light that was previously scattered and unavailable.

The volume opens with a description of Prehistoric, Roman, Early Christian, and Mediæval Remains, a section assigned to the very competent care of Sir Arthur Mitchell and Dr. Joseph Anderson. These early relics, however, formed a very small portion of the contents of the Bishop's Palace, the emphasis of whose collection lay in its gathering of objects connected with the Reformation, Covenanting, and Jacobite times. The chapter devoted to the 'Memorials of Mary Queen of Scots' is prefaced by an interesting general account of the records that survive of her gems and personal ornaments from the pen of Mr. A. J. S. Brook; and Mr. A. Henry Constable contributes a particularly accurate and exhaustive examination of the famous Kennet Ciburium, a relic figured in the chromo-lithograph forming the frontispiece of the volume, while such of its details as its enamelled scriptural subjects are illustrated in many other plates and minor cuts. The collection was rich in the autograph

letters of the Queen, including an extensive series addressed to the Laird of Rowallan, lent by Lord Donington, and two of very special interest lent by Mr. Alfred Morrison. The chief contents of these papers have been embodied in the letterpress, and a portion of one of the latter, a pathetic communication by the Queen to her brother-in-law, Henry III. of France, begun on the night before, and concluded on the morning of her execution, is given in facsimile, as well as another letter signed jointly by Mary and Darnley her husband.

Among the illustrations from the volume with which its publishers have kindly enabled us to enrich our present article No. 2 portrays one of the cuffs of a pair of gloves said to have been embroidered for Darnley in 1565 by Queen Mary, lent by Mr. Murray Threipland. No. 1 reproduces a rich crystal jug, mounted in silver gilt, presented by Queen Elizabeth to the Regent Mar for the baptism of one of his children. It bears the maker's punch of James Cok, and the deacon's punch of George Heriot, the father of the celebrated goldsmith of the name, and must have been executed about 1565-7.

Of representations of Queen Mary we have an excellent plate from the Blairs College portrait, probably the original and most authentic of the several slightly varying 'Execution Pictures,' and another plate reproduces the scarce engraving, by Elstrache, (portraying Mary, in full length, standing beside Darnley), from the impression acquired by Her Majesty the Queen, at a cost of £100, at Prince Labanoff's sale in 1887. An impression of the same print realised no less than £150 at the previous Dent sale. Darnley again appears in the volume—here along with his younger brother—in a rendering of the De Heere portrait at Windsor, of which a larger—but less excellent—version is preserved at Holyrood. To these plates, and to the catalogue entries of the other portraits of the period that are shown, as well as to many of the Jacobite portraits, Mr. Gray, the Curator of the Scottish National Portrait Gallery, has appended rather elaborate notes, embodying the latest results of the researches of George Scharf, James Drummond, Mark Napier, and other students of Scottish portraiture.

Among the other plates in this department we may mention the admirable transcripts of the Jamieson portrait of the 'Great' Marquis of Montrose, in the possession of the Duke of Montrose,



FIG. 1.

¹ Glasgow: James MacLehose & Sons, 1890.

and of the celebrated and most impressive 'Cartwright' portrait of John Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee. The portraits

now in the possession of Cluny Macpherson, which was engraved for printing the Prince Charles paper money, by Strange, at Inver-

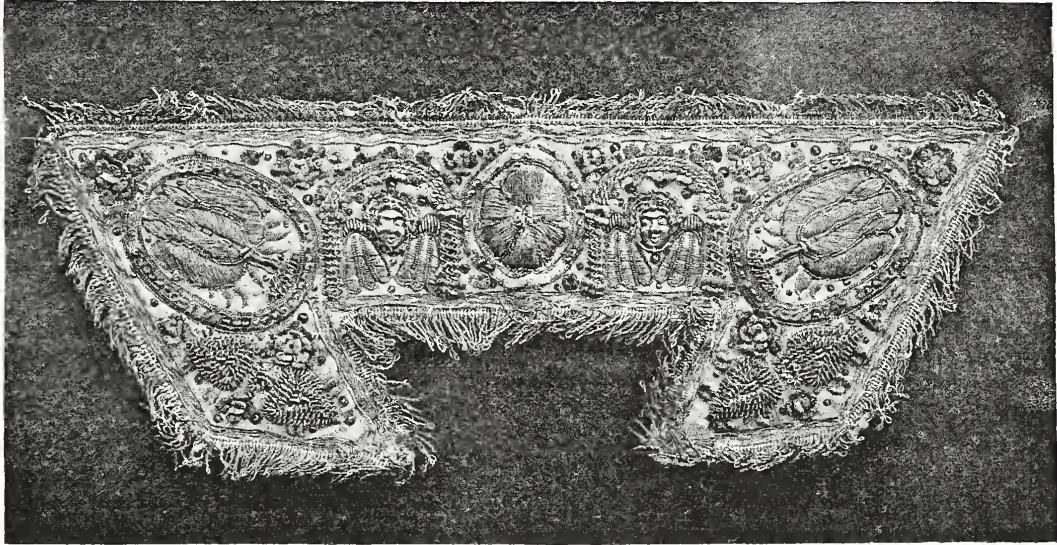


FIG. 2.

which we reproduce are a delicate little wax⁷ head, in relief, of Robert Owen, of New Lanark (No. 3), and an oil portrait, by Alexander Nasmyth, of Patrick Miller, of Dalswinton (No. 4); the former lent to the Exhibition by Mr. J. B. Greenshiels, the latter by Miss Grogan.

In the section devoted to the Jacobite period, the gathering of personal relics of 'Prince Charlie,' and of

ness, a few days before the battle of Culloden. A good collection of Scottish medals, miniatures, and seals was included in

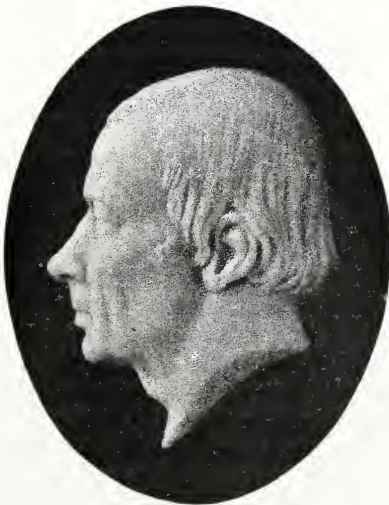


FIG. 3.

members of his family and of his adherents, are particularly numerous and interesting, many of them—like the items lent by Miss Edgar, a direct descendant of James Edgar, the private secretary of Prince James Francis Stuart, and those contributed by Mr. A. Pelham Trotter, the representative of Sir Robert Strange and his ultra-Jacobite lady—possessing excellent pedigrees, and being entirely authentic memorials of the most romantic period of Scottish history. Especially curious is the page-plate giving an 'impression of the 'copper,

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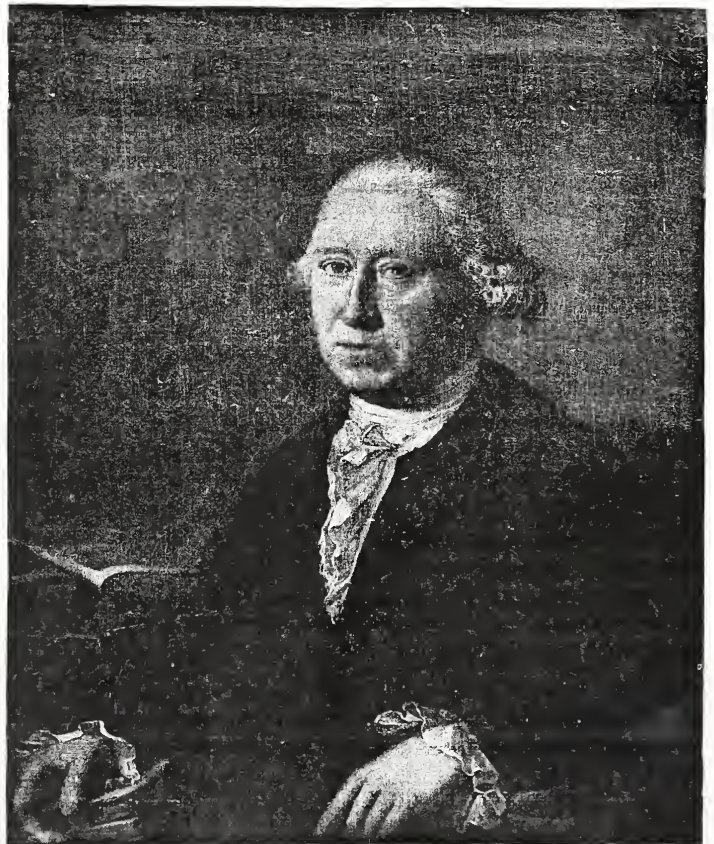


FIG. 4

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the Exhibition, and many of the most interesting of these—among the rest several of the early seals of the Bishops and See of Glasgow—have been reproduced in the illustrations; and a selection from the admirable portrait-medallions of eminent Scotsmen, by James Tassie, represents the latest important development of medallic art in our country, these heads having been originally

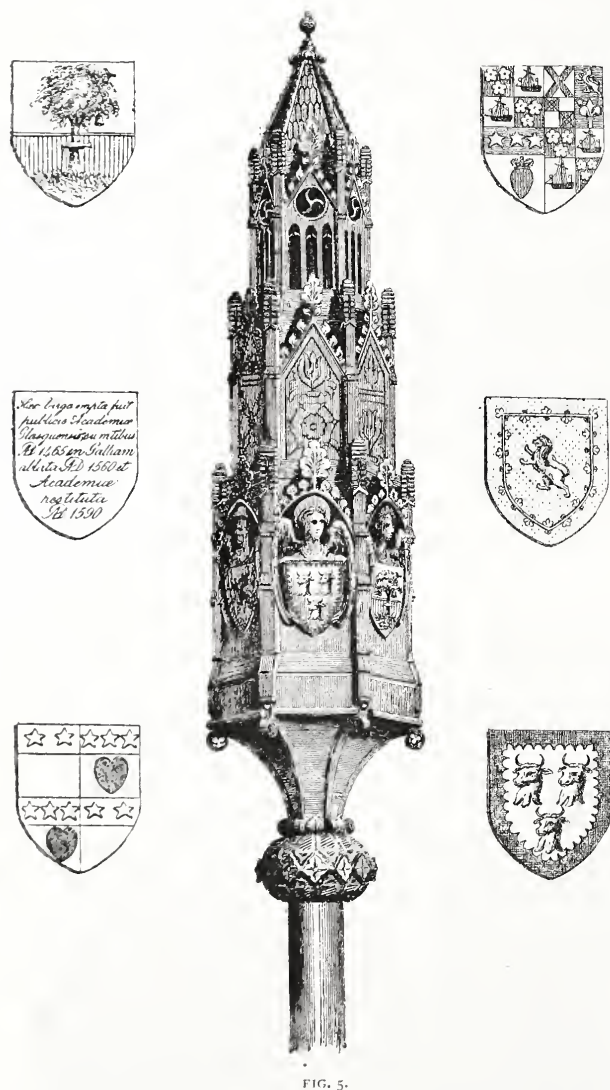


FIG. 5.

modelled in wax, just as the great Pisano and Pasti medals of Italy were, though the material finally used for casting them was not the bronze or lead of the old medallists, but an opaque, vitreous, enamel paste invented by Tassie himself, and his scientific helper, Dr. Quin.

In the department of 'Scottish Literature,' which is dealt with by Dr. David Murray and the Editor, we have a curious collection of books that either were printed in Scotland or are in some personal or other manner definitely associated with that country. Thus a copy of Wynkyn de Worde's *Golden Legend* is included, because it once formed a part of the library of Sweetheart Abbey, near Dumfries. The series of books printed in Glasgow begins with that curious little volume the *True Christian Love* of the Rev. David Dickson; but, though it bears a Glasgow imprint with the date 1634, it is doubtful whether this book was indeed printed in the capital of the West, whether the 'J. W.' of its title-page be not the John Wreittoun who is known as an Edinburgh printer of the time. That the next item, the quarto *Protestation of the Generall Assemblie*, 1638, was actually printed in Glasgow there is

no manner of doubt, for it is so specifically stated on the title-page, and in the very year of its issue its printer, George Anderson, had been induced by the Magistrates of Glasgow to transfer his business from Edinburgh to their own city. Among the other books are several scarce editions of the works of the whimsical Zachary Boyd, and the *Hebræa Lingua*, 'Execudebat Georgius Andersonus, Anno Christogonias M.DC.XLIV,' the first Hebrew book printed in Scotland; while as examples of the productions of the Foulis press may be named Montgomery's *The Cherry and the Slae* of 1751, and the first, surreptitious, edition of Hamilton of Bangour's *Poems*, 1748. Many reproductions of title-pages illustrate these works, and some excellent plates, renderings of old Scottish book-bindings, are given. These latter include the richly-tooled morocco cover of the *Hebræa Lingua*, a particularly rich example of the work of the beginning of the eighteenth century; while among earlier examples are the 'Chained Bible' of the High Church, Glasgow, a good specimen of tooled leather stretched on wood, and protected by brass corners and central bosses; the stamped calf binding of the charming little 'Manuscript Book of Receipts' of the Countess of Wemyss, 1630; and the copy of Stephen's octavo *Biblia Latina* of 1545, impressed with the quartered shield, bearing the fess and mascles, the chevron, and otter's head, *timbred* with a mitre, of Archbishop James Beaton.

We next pass to a series of chapters dealing with the 'Burghal Memorials' of the chief towns of Scotland, which are very fully discussed and elucidated by the Editor, Mr. J. C. Mitchell, Mr.

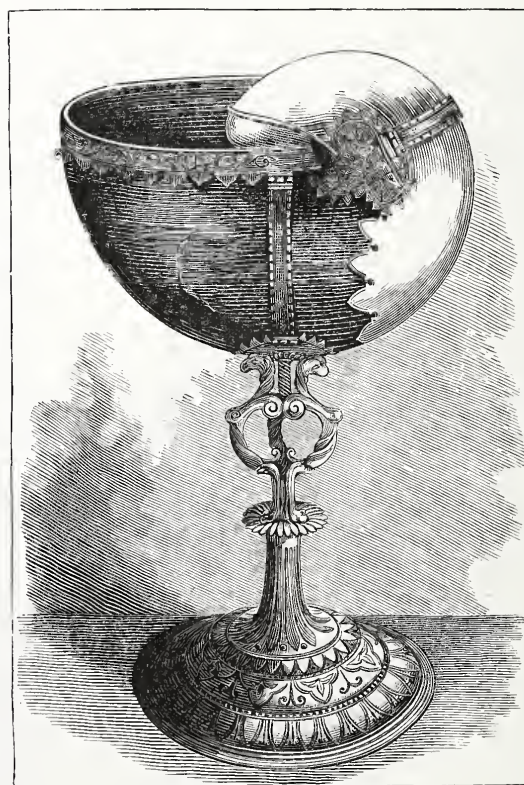


FIG. 6.

C. D. Donald, and Mr. J. Dalrymple Duncan. Here we have descriptions and illustrations of a quite wonderfully rich and varied collection of all manner of municipal antiquities. Here we find the ancient Seals of Aberdeen, the Marshal Staff of Scotland, the leaden badges of King's bedesmen or 'blue-gowns,' upon which Mr. A. J. S. Brook contributes a valuable note, the famous 'Siller Guns' presented by James VI. to the Incorporated Trades of Dumfries and of Kirkcudbright, the hour-glass of Glasgow Cathedral, the superb mace of the University of Glasgow, dating

from 1469 (which we reproduce as Illustration No. 5), the Maces of St. Salvator's and St. Mary's Colleges, St. Andrews, and many another beautiful or quaint relic of the past.

Next follows a record of some curious Scots Masonic documents, including the charters granted, about 1600 and 1628, by the deacons and masters in the various lodges in Scotland, to the St. Clairs, Lairds of Roslin, constituting them 'patrons, protectors, and overseers of the craft,' and the Minutes of a Lodge of Scottish Masons which existed in Rome from 1735 to 1737, and included in its membership many well-known northern Jacobites. Allan Ramsay, the painter, and his travelling companion Dr. Cunningham, afterwards Sir Alexander Dick of Prestonfield, joined this lodge in 1737; and a reproduction is given of the minute of 20th August of that year, admitting John Murray of Broughton, the Secretary of Prince Charles Edward. Among the signatures to this entry is that of 'Alexr. Clark,' we presume the artist son of the first baronet of Penicuik, whose name is also appended, in 1729, to the original indenture of the 'Edinburgh School of St. Luke.'

The volume of *Scottish National Memorials* concludes with a section devoted to various illustrations of 'Scottish Life,' arranged under the headings of 'Military,' 'Industrial,' 'Domestic,' etc. Here we have a thoroughly useful and informative chapter upon Old Scottish Plate and Early Scottish Hall-marks, the town-marks of the principal burghs being reproduced, by that accomplished specialist Mr. Brook, who also deals very fully with the subject of Scottish Archery, and figures a highly interesting series of Archers' 'Arrows' and other prizes and badges. From this section we are enabled to reproduce a very interesting item as our Illustration, No. 6, 'The Loving Cup' of the celebrated George Heriot, the work of Robert Denneistoun, an Edinburgh goldsmith, who was his contemporary, exhibited by the Heriot Trust.

In the space at our disposal we have only been able to indicate very roughly some of the rich contents of this sumptuous volume. It is one that will be valued by the lover of beautiful books, and will form an indispensable addition to the library of the Scottish Antiquary.

IN ARCTIC SEAS: GLIMPSES OF LAPLAND AND SIBERIA.

WE approached Lapland, not as do tourists ordinarily, by the mail route along the coast, but from far out on the Arctic Ocean. We had experienced those unending days of calm and of soft sunshine so characteristic of an Arctic summer; the few gulls and looms, even the monster whales, that lazily plunged about the vessel or spouted on the horizon—the only life in those vast ocean expanses—lost much of their interest to us when the snow-capped mountain-tops of northern Norway showed faintly visible perhaps sixty miles away.

As we steamed forward, peak after peak came into view, until, in the then somewhat softened light of midnight, we had a vast range on our right filling the whole eastern horizon.

Later in October we steamed among these magnificent fiords and islands, passing within a hundred yards of vast mountain precipices that rise for a couple of thousand feet, it may be, sheer from the tranquil water.

The snows of early winter had then fallen, yet they had not clothed the bases of these mighty earth-giants, whose rich purple contrasted with the virgin purity of the upper slopes—which at sunrise and at sunset were lit with fire, while through the day there were innumerable shades and varied lights of gleaming white and gold on rounded slopes and serried ridges.

Passing at some distance on our outward voyage from this mighty range, we were a little disappointed as we neared the North Cape to find that a flatter land and long extent of cliff had taken the place of the more southern ranges. Yet the North Cape breasts the Polar Sea with a noble front of high and frowning cliffs, upon which, even near the water's edge, were the last traces of the heavy winter covering of snow.

A storm forcing us to anchor in one of the numerous fiords a little to the eastward of the Cape, we were surprised to find in the more sheltered valleys a greensward as rich, and almost as well studded with globeflower, with crane's-bill, and with buttercups, as any of our own mountain meadows.

Upon the level of the valley near the shore were a few wooden houses of the strangely isolated fisher-folk who dwell so far to the north. Afterwards we saw others of these tiny settlements dotted here and there about the Cape, where, through a smiling day of summer, and the fierce and dark cold night of winter, these Norsemen live. It might be that on some grass-covered bank or raised sea-beach—nestled under frowning crags upon which no life, even of the veriest plant-outcast or lichen, might be found—would one see three or four small huts, or the yet more rude and comfortless dwellings of the hunting Laplander.

We were to see more of the Lapps at Vardö, a prosperous and most ordinarily conventional little port to the extreme north-east of Lapland. Very strange indeed these men looked in their coarse reindeer skin or brightly-coloured garments and their quaint hats, which were much like red or blue 'mortar-boards.' Their low stature, their light complexions, with shrunk if ordinary-looking type of face, taken along with their costume and their gaily-painted, high-prowed, gondola-like fishing-boats—all recalled some picture of an ancient race. They, in truth, seemed out of their time and place among the concrete piers, the magnificent mail-boats, the customs- and harbour-officials swaggingly clothed in black and gold lace. It was as if the Norsemen of old had been doomed to mingle with the matter-of-fact people and sights of a small commercial centre such as is to be seen anywhere—but too commonly, indeed, in the small ports of our own commercially-minded little island.

The residents of fishy Vardö, however, take pleasure in the sweetest of our garden plants, for in their windows *roses* and *geranium*, *fuchsia* and *mignonette*, vie in sweetness and in colour with any grown by us. Many of the inhabitants are lovers of music: concerts, amateur and professional, are not unknown—indeed, civilisation has penetrated there. But, with excellent mail-boats from Christiania and from Archangel, what is not possible?

There is a strangely ancient fort, the houses of which are buried under huge grass-covered mounds, upon which are antiquated cannon; here it is that a garrison of some twenty men may occasionally parade. But especially are there horrible boiling places for the making of oil from whale's blubber, and train oil from decomposing livers of the cod-fish; there are smells in keeping with all this, and with great heaps of dried cod-fish heads, collected for guano; there are the most ancient-looking wheel-and-axle hoists on pile-built quays; there are the comfortable and ordinary Norwegian houses, some with delightfully green turf-covered roofs; finally, some thousand and a half inhabitants living through summer and winter on a curiously shaped and small island—such is Vardö.

In winter the inhabitants mostly clothe themselves, as do the native races, in furs; yet, thanks to the Gulf Stream, the climate is not so terribly cold as in similar latitudes to east and west.

In summer in the Arctic regions it is not the mid-night sun alone that is notably attractive, but there is a calm and even climate—lights and shadows from a continuously low sun are as those of morning and evening with us; whilst, as the nights grow shorter or longer, there are the long-lasting glories of an extended twilight—all conditions most favouring the picturesque.

But to the Arctic voyager the most impressive sight is that of those vast expanses of ocean covered with the solid gleaming ice-floes—which tell so forcibly a tale of winter's cold. Such we saw whilst steaming to Novaya Zemlya, at first as a circle of surpassing brightness upon the horizon—then, perhaps yet more awe-inspiring and sublime, as far-reaching expanses of brilliant white intersected by lakes of water, as in some gigantic maze reaching to the dimly seen mountain land on the horizon.

Not only off Novaya Zemlya, but in the Kara Sea, where the ice, as seen from the masthead, extended to the far horizon, and in the Yugor Straits, where huge floes were marched past us by currents and tides, did we see this evidence of a mighty world-force unknown to us, except as in dreams, so feeble is our knowledge of ice and frost in the temperate regions of the earth.

When skirting along the edge of the pack or cutting through 'tails' of drift we should send to right or left of our strongly protected bows hummocks, and smaller ice-floes, making our masts quiver with the blow; or we should scrape with our vessel's doubly-timbered walls the fretted and water-worn sides of floes, upon which were pools of water showing the indescribable blue of the ice below. With all the soft colours of the changing sky, with the brilliant white and the curious tones of green and blue and grey, there were the grotesque and delicate forms of the slowly moving hummocks, sharp or dull sounds, the musical rippling of the water against the fretted floes; every sense was gratified—one could gaze for hours at the novel scene.

Winter in Siberia had given signs of its approach

before we left, and the land was covered by a thick mantle of snow; but when we arrived the low flat monotonous stretch of the 'tundra' region was brown to the eye from the scanty autumn-coloured grasses and herbs. A few low hills, the last traces of the Ural range, bounded the horizon to the east, passing, as cliffs of a hundred feet or so in height, into Waygats Island north of the straits. Except for these, which were little more than high mounds, the surface of the earth was dismally flat, covered with marshes and pools—the most desolate region imaginable.

At the Straits village there is not food for the considerable herds of reindeer that form the wealth of the Samoyedes—so scanty is the vegetation, so poor and marshy the soil. A few log huts, belonging to the Russians, of ruder build than those seen in Norway; and a few of the picturesque, yet most dirty and primitive tents ('chooms') of the Samoyedes, with the smallest conceivable church and a glaringly depot, were all that were to be seen in the way of habitations at the settlement. A schooner was drawn up on the beach ready for the migration of the Russian traders at an early period. Sledges were packed with the goods of the natives ready for their return south, and it appeared as if the village was to be deserted during the winter. This, we learnt, is not the case. The walrus hunters are religious; they erect sacred crosses along the coast wherever they go, and have had a tiny church presented to them by the wealthy merchant who has set up the depot, but their priest is not compelled to reside for the seven weary winter months with the few natives of Chabarova. He leaves a species of curate in charge, who, it is probable, is the most unkempt and savage-looking of his order, with long matted hair, not unlike that of the aborigines—a visage indescribable in Western phrases, only by a shade excelling that of the beardless low race inhabiting the country. This race is regarded as the least civilised of any among the Arctic peoples, and we think with reason. Their stature, of course, is diminutive, yet they are powerfully built, living a healthy life as hunters of bear, fox, wolf, walrus, and seal.

We saw nothing of the Samoyede idols carved from driftwood that (strange to think of it) has been perhaps carried by the warm ocean current from the American shores. Their graves are less carefully covered with bones, and such offerings for the dead, than has been the case. The little pagoda-like church, and the gilt imagery of the Greek faith, are too strong for the faith of this people.

The clothing is much as among the Lapps: reindeer skins deftly sewed by their women, and at times ornamented with bright cloth, are formed into picturesque caps, all-enveloping coats, and mocassins. In winter the fur of kids is worn next the skin, the outer garments being of coarser fur. We saw but few ornaments among them, perhaps such have been snapped up by the Russian traders. Their dogs are most attractive, and are useful—not, however, to draw sleighs, for

which the swift reindeer serve better—but to herd the reindeer, and at times, further to the east, to tow barges on the rivers. Reindeer will, five abreast, draw a sleigh over the smoother grassy places of the tundra as over snow with great swiftness. With a long iron-tipped pole, not unlike a lance, the driver may quicken his team by prods upon their flanks, or he may retard his sleigh among pieces of ice in steep or difficult places.

The life of the Samoyede is that of the happy hunting savage. He has but few wants. His reindeer

supply most of these. His vast country of marshes and everlasting plain is in summer traversed only along the river-banks and coasts; in winter these more northern tracts are left for lichen-covered places further south. Again the intrepid Wiggins, with his Arctic steamer, has been across the Kara Sea and reached the mighty river Yenesei. He has succeeded where the old merchant adventurer failed; but despite his reverses, he still believes in an awakening for Siberia from the North. We ourselves are not so sanguine.

PHILIP SEWELL.

‘THE GRAY BOOK OF LANGLEY.’—III. (By COLIN PERCIVAL.)

EDITED BY ERNEST RHYS.

X.—SKETCH FOR POEM: ‘WINTER-NIGHT SONG.’

THE night is wild:
At window and door
Wails the restless wind,
With the cry of a child,
As if trying to find
Some way in known before.

On Wulfshaw height
The trees toss high,
Where the storm holds the night,
And the winds give cry.
Ah! who there alone,
Beside them stands,
As they seem, stirred and blown,
To reach beckoning hands?

All day long the snow
Has been driven and swept
O’er the white fields below.
Now ’tis midnight, I know,
And the wind has not slept;
For I know, as I write
In the fire’s ruddy glow,
How the storm holds the night.

While the dark village sleeps,
I sit here and write
In the fire’s friendly light;
But my thought still keeps
Its watch on the height.

XI.—SKATING: THE WEATHER AND THE IMAGINATION.

Three hours’ skating on the Wear at Durham, under the cathedral, by torch-light last night,—a most unusually picturesque experience. This was the second time. The first was less lucky. I ventured on the mill-dam here a few days ago, when the ice was rather crazy, and went through. After cautiously circling near the shore, gaining assurance, I made a bolder sweep towards the middle, when the ice broke under one foot, and immediately, following a vain attempt to save myself by the other, down I went. The reputation of the dam is not a good one, but the sensation as I went under was rather comic than otherwise. On gripping the ice again, and looking round, I was tickled to see a little boy who had been sitting on a gate near by, a solitary spectator, scuttling off

up the road in a state of panic. The frost was very keen last night, but a thaw has followed, which, like all changes in the weather, has set the imagination working by the atmospheric reaction upon the senses.

There is nothing like these days of reaction—a thaw after long frost—for inspiring one through sensuous avenues. At such times the vivid suggestions of like periods in the past arouse singular premonitions of the future. This evening it seems as if I were on the verge of some new phase of existence, as if the to-morrow, when its curtain is rung up, might have something more wondrous than ever beforetime to disclose.

XII.—THE RIVER BROWNEY.

The Browney is my only friend:
It is not as the human,
With man’s half-faith—a word may end!
With fickle love of woman.

It greets me day by day the same,
Though Fortune kiss or flout me,
And cares not for the praise or blame,
Her girls may tell about me.

So let me still the Browney sing,
And let the girls go hang them!
If now I sigh for anything,
It is that once I sang them.

It would be a good idea, one thinks, to keep a sort of log-book of the Browney, with a bit of verse or prose on occasion to record the passing winds, weathers, and other natural affairs of the valley day by day. Better to do this than to be always recording one’s own moods and sentimental adventures. So here goes:—

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 2, 1881.

There are no stars at all to-night;
Now earth and sky are one,
Veiled in the fog’s distemp’ring light;
And Browney stream is lost to sight
From Esh to Neville’s Stone.

THURSDAY, FEB. 3.

Ah, listen to the wind! All day a mist
Has crept across the hills with wintry gloom;
But now the wind is rising:—Browney, hist!
It is the Spring that cries afar,—‘I come!’

This—like the day before—was a day of mist and rain, such as often follows a hoarfrost. In the afternoon the Browney burst its ice, which had survived many previous partial thaws. At the narrower parts of its channel great sheets of ice were thrust out upon the grass by the pressure. I tried to cross on the floating ice above the mill-dam, but it proved treacherous, and made me beat a hasty retreat.

SUNDAY, FEB. 20, 1881.

More days of mist. Yesterday the east wind brought one from the sea that turned everything to a dull grey lifelessness. There was no light in the air, and the Browney lay as a dead thing. But late at night, crossing the bridge, I saw where the stream crept on stealthily below—betrayed by the red glare of the furnaces at the coke-ovens—like a dark snake. Then the thought of the sunlight, imprisoned for centuries in the coal, and now at last liberated in the furnaces, and reflected thus on the Browney, occurred as something very new and strange. As I looked down at the river, and heard the noise of the pumps, the colliery lost its tawdry associations of trade and money-making, and seemed to become one with the primal forces of fire and water,—part of the elemental enginery of the world.

A good hint for the Browney chronicle may be taken from Clough's poem, 'The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich,' which calls up a hundred reminiscences of old holiday-times in Lakeland. One passage I had seen quoted some time ago, and so it was doubly impressive when re-discovered now :—

'There is a stream (I name not its name, lest inquisitive tourist
Hunt it, and make it a lion, and get it at last into guide-books),
Springing far off from a loch unexplored in the folds of great
mountains,
Falling two miles through rowan and stunted alder enveloped,
Then for four more in a forest of pine, where broad and ample
Spreads, to convey it, the glen, with heathery slopes on both sides.'

TUESDAY, FEB. 22.

The river draws its silk robes through the wood,
And o'er the fields new swept of the weary snow ;
With many a fret and surge of its pulsing flood,
Hastening to marriage with the sea below.

XIII.—ST. VALENTINE.

All sorts of rhymes have been running in my head since that last fit of the usual distemper. Dr. H.'s magic elixir must have done good. Indeed, I feel ever so much stronger. It is as if the fires of youth and poetry had been dealt fresh fuel. So, my sweet Lady Valentine, shall I begin then to write at last the love-songs and romance so long intended? Far in advance of these slow pen-strokes runs the young rhymester's fancy. It leaps out and foregoes all singular chances of the future, and all hopes and fears. In this winter's rain it feels a lurking summer, and smells the roses.

SONG.

Slow the Night has gone ;
Like a shadow, Day
Comes up, cold and grey,
As the dawn uncloses :
Human hope there's none.

But if Love shall find
That my lady's grace
Holds its loyal place,
And her thought reposes
Still in heart and mind ;—
Ere the day has gone,
You may hope again ;
In the winter's rain
You shall smell the roses,
You shall see the sun.

XIV.—THE DEATH OF KEATS.

Sixty years last night since Keats died. I have been reading his 'Life and Letters,' for the first time, getting great hope and fear out of it, and some solace too. Poor Keats! the tale is too sad. His face, as well as his hand (which Coleridge said had death in it), shows the fatal augury. The portrait frontispiece seemed to be missing in the copy of the 'Life and Letters' that I borrowed, and I concluded it was lost, when lo! as I was reading, it suddenly fell out upon the table from the middle pages of the book. There he was, with his large wonder-struck eyes and fatal contours of cheek and nostril. It was as if he had suddenly stepped into the room—so real an apparition, that I felt the tears start.

Last night he died, but sixty years ago ;
Last night I left the shadows in this room,
And lighting then my candle passed upstairs :
And as, with shivering candle, I went by,
The grave clock in the kitchen struck the hour,—
Eleven it struck, with sonorous stroke on stroke :
'Twas at the eleventh hour he died, O Time !

For o'er a week his life had held me bound—
The hope, the ardour, and the dark result ;
The might of song, the high, o'ermastering love
For beauty, and that lady, now unknown,
Who queened it to the death ; the whole report
Of one whose life was youth—no more ! because
The gods loved him so well, or feared that song
Had else left heaven for earth ; his whole swift tale,
His name, his song, had held me, heart and soul,
Until last night, when all at once it seemed
As if he lay there in my chamber—dead !

* * * * *

Dear heart of song, that stopped to beat last night,
Your rhymes of beauty, that have charmed the world,
And taught us godlike speech, may well bring shame
Upon my boyish verse. Had I your rhymes,
Had I your magic rhymes, your praise were great,
And greatly sung once more ; for there are those
Who still hold dear your story and your song,
Your poet's hope and sorrow ; and who crave
Still light to lead the poet's life on earth,
In these lorn days. Still live then in our hearts,
O heart of song ; so shall the world be young,
And truth and beauty fill the awakening day.

Feb. 24, 1881.

OUR PLATES.

The photogravure which forms the frontispiece of this number is the portrait of ADRIAN PULIDO PAREJA (No. 133, Old Masters Exhibition, 1890) by Velasquez. We are enabled to reproduce it by the kindness of the owner, His Grace the Duke of Bedford, K.G. The other plate is a portrait of DON BALTHAZAR CARLOS (No. 138, Old Masters Exhibition, 1890) by the same artist. This we are enabled to reproduce by the permission of His Grace the Duke of Westminster, K.G.

REVIEWS.

A. Selection from the Liber Studiorum of J. M. W. Turner. A Drawing-Book for Art Students suggested by the Writings of Mr. Ruskin. With a Historical Introduction by Mr. Frederick Wedmore, and Practical Notes by Frank Short. London, etc. : Blackie & Son, Limited.

THE very great utility, to use no stronger expression, of a careful study of the *Liber Studiorum* for any one who desires to become a draughtsman or painter of landscape will be readily acknowledged, even by those who do not share Mr. Ruskin's passionate enthusiasm for Turner's work. To reproduce satisfactorily the *Liber* at a cost which would place it within the reach of the average student was a worthy design, and so far as certain of the reproductions are concerned the attempt has been more than justified by the result. Those of the series which are reproduced in mezzotint from photogravure plates which have been worked over by Mr. Frank Short are extremely interesting, not only as giving a very excellent reproduction of Turner's work, but also as showing how a judicious reinforcement of a mechanical process by artistic skill can produce a result impossible otherwise at anything like the cost. There are four of these mezzotint photogravures, and three of them are of the highest excellence ; the fourth is rather hard. The reproductions of the etchings are very satisfactory ; but the process blocks which constitute the smaller illustrations in the text are by no means good. The colour in which they are printed, too, is unsuitable. The book as a whole, however, is a luxurious drawing-book, and the practical suggestions by Mr. Frank Short are as valuable as one would have expected from so earnest a student and so competent an artist and craftsman. The introduction by Mr. Frederick Wedmore gives an account of the *Liber*, and quotations from Mr. Stopford Brooke and Mr. Ruskin are interspersed throughout the portfolio.

The Stuart Dynasty. By Percy M. Thornton. London : William Ridgway. 1890.

Though many archives have been ransacked for material for this volume, it cannot be said that any important fresh light has been thrown either upon the characters of the Stuart monarchs, or upon the 'occurents' of their reigns. The chief interest of the volume lies in the admirable reproductions by Messrs. Walker & Boutall of Stuart portraits, that of James II. of England, the property of the Queen, being reproduced with specially remarkable delicacy.

Complete Concordance to the Poems and Songs of Robert Burns. J. B. Reid, M.A. Glasgow : Kerr & Richardson.

A young person on being asked, in *malice prepense*, whether she did not think Shakespeare greatly overrated, replied innocently,

'Perhaps he is, but he is so much quoted, you know.' 'That is because he has simply collected common sayings and strung them together,' was the wicked answer. The same inconsequent observation might be made of Burns. He is so much quoted that he has patented all the good things, for after laboriously turning an original phrase, we find that some listener with a good memory fixes it as Shakespeare's or as Burns's, or transfixes us with a line from one or the other expressing the same notion vastly better. With Mrs. Cowden Clarke's *Shakespeare Concordance* and Mr. Reid's *Burns Concordance*, we can verify our references, and see whether or not our good things have been anticipated. The publication of such a volume, involving a large outlay over a great number of years, is highly creditable at once to the enthusiasm and the patience of publisher and editor. The work has been done once for all, and with marvellous thoroughness and accuracy. The most noticeable philological point which the *Concordance* readily enables one to determine is the origin of the words used by Burns. Without going so far towards the elimination of the spirit from the letter as that German professor who is at present engaged upon his *magnum opus*, '*On the Irregular Verbs of Robert Burns*,' it is interesting to note that, so far as a rapid calculation discloses, the proportion of Scotch and Saxon words is very much smaller than one would have suspected, although no account is taken of the repetition of the same words, which in a reliable estimate should be taken into account. We find then in a few pages of the *Concordance* the following percentages : Scotch, 10 per cent. ; Saxon, 24 per cent. ; French, 28 per cent. ; Latin, 38 per cent. That the Scottish national poet should have so far departed from the well of the Scots tongue pure and undefiled, if it ever were so, as to use 66 per cent. of Latin and French words is rather remarkable. A more thorough analysis of Burns's words than we have been able to make might, however, upset this calculation and conclusion.

Anent Old Edinburgh, and some of the Worthies who walked its Streets, with Other Papers. By Alison Hay Dunlop. Edinburgh : R. & H. Somerville. 1890.

The Book of Old Edinburgh, written by Miss Dunlop and her brother as a guide to the Old Edinburgh Street in the Exhibition of 1886, came upon most people as a surprise, for few had suspected that there was living in Edinburgh an antiquarian woman with the spirit of the Society of Antiquaries double distilled in her, and with a pen as graceful even as Dr. John Brown's. *Anent Old Edinburgh* is one of the most charming books of its kind. The racy Scots stories and the topographical sketches ought to be read by every stranger who wends his way down to Stockbridge, or up the Canongate and the High Street to the Lawnmarket and the Castle.

PROPHETIC.

MORN and even, sun and star,
But a weariness they are
When the maid I love is far,
So far.

Shine and shadow, cloud and clear,
Late and early, all are dear
When the maid I love is near,
So near.

For she is the eyes of me,
And the sunshine falling free
Over mountain, meadow, sea,
Grass, tree.

Hers the only frown I heed,
Only lectures that I read,
And her conscience all the creed
I need.

If you doubt that this is so,
Only love a maid, and lo !
What I vainly strive to show
You 'll know.

When that maid with mocks shall burn you,
Slight you, summon you, adjourn you,
Round her little finger turn you,
Spurn you,

Flout and flatter, frown and freeze,
Load you with absurd decrees,
Keep you crawling on your knees
To please,

And yet make the world so bright,
Wrong transforming into right,
That the darkness shall be light,
Black white,

You 'll remember what I said,
And no longer shake your head ;
You will bow it low instead
And wed.

MARGARET ARMOUR.

THE TWIN STATUES OF AMENOPHIS III. AT THEBES.

THOUSANDS of years—

As now with the light of evening on their heads
and featureless faces, their bases wrapt in gloom,

All the hours before dawn or after sunset, in the
clear circling of the moon and stars, or through the
long day, braving the terrific heat ;

While the caravans of camels go by below, and the
peasant ploughs with his ancient plough, or reaps his
clover and lupins, century after century ;

And the flood-waters of the Nile wash up and recede
again, and the sun darkens in the occasional sandstorm
or rarer showers of rain,

Thousands of years—

Like great rocks, human, colossal, part of the earth
itself,

Cosmic, wondrous, far-back allegories of the human
soul—

They sit, looking out over the world while the
generations pass.

And the travellers come and gaze, and go away
again—wondering what they meant who made such
things ;

The philosophers of Greece come, and Alexander
comes, and the Roman emperors come ; and the

Christian fathers and monks (fit successors of the
Egyptian), and the Mahommedan conquerors, and
Napoleon, and the scientific men, come—and go away
again ;

And the wandering Arabs come and light their
camp-fires—and go away again ; and the Cook's tourist
comes and goes away again ;

And the river changes its course, and the mountains
crumble in the heat of the sun, and the sandhills shift,
and villages are built and are buried ;

But of him who placed the figures there these words
do survive :—

‘I, Amenhotep, have made the name of the king
immortal, and no one has ever done as I have in my
works ;

‘I made these two statues of the king, wondrous
huge and high, forty cubits, dwarfing the Temple
front ;

‘In the great sandstone mountains I hewed them,
one on each side, east and west ;

‘And I caused eight ships to be built, whereon
they were floated up the river,

‘And placed them here to last as long as heaven.’

ED. CARPENTER.



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